THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

7 JANUARY 1972

No. 3,645

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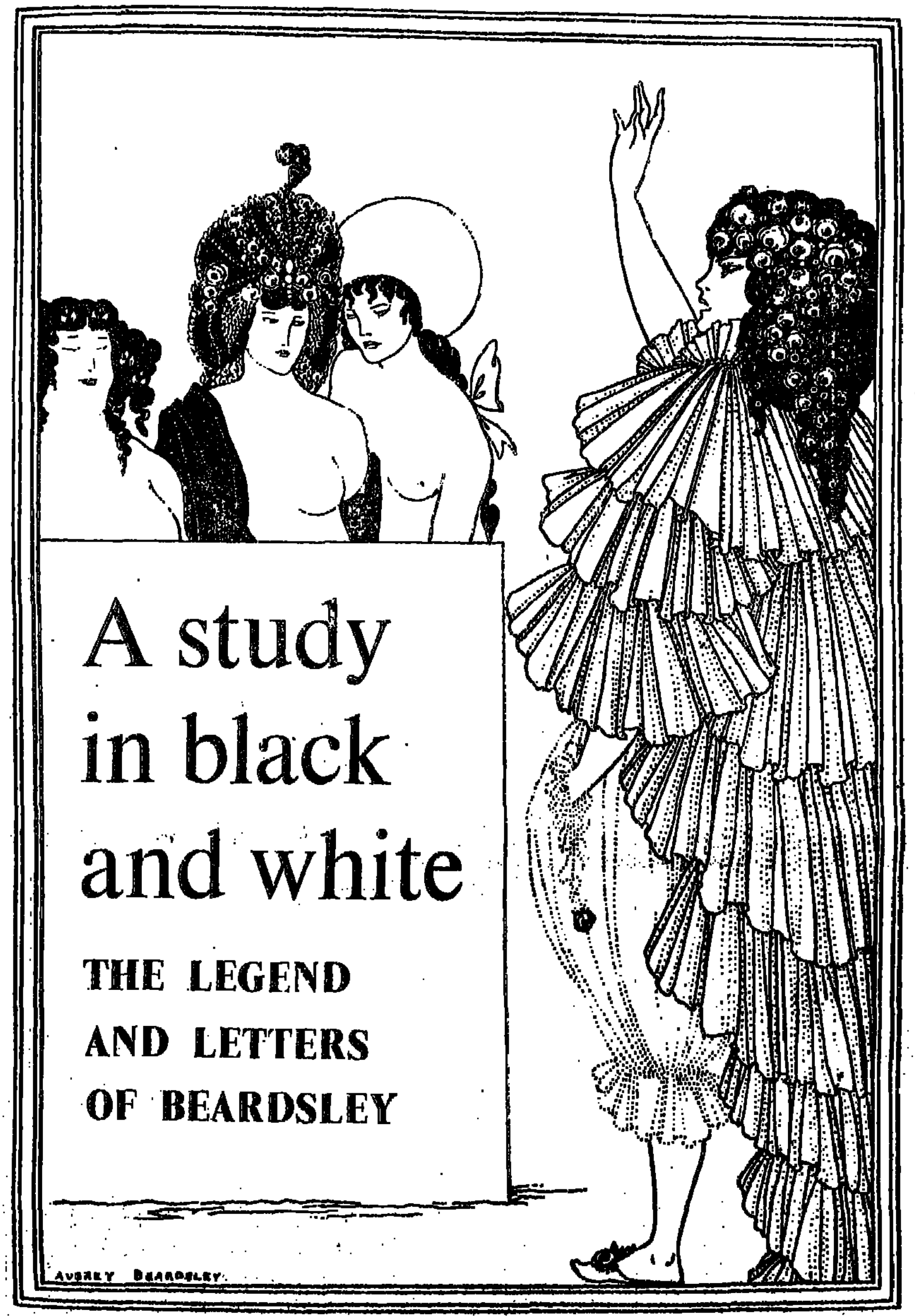

Lysistrata haranguing the Athenian women.

A study in black and white

THE LEGEND AND LETTERS OF BEARDSLEY

The Letters of Aubrey Beardsley
Edited by Henry Maas, J. L. Duncan, and W. G. Good
472pp. Cassell. £8.40.

The Lysistrata of Aristophanes
Translated by Samuel Smith
Illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley
61pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £12.60.

HISTORY, according to a famous Dutch historian, is always an imposition of form upon the past; the comprehension and interpretation of a meaning. Even mere narration is already the communication of a meaning and the assimilation of this meaning, may be of a semi-aesthetic nature. In cruder terms, history consists of stories we invent about the past. We do so to define our relation to that past or more simply still to define ourselves. Such inventions are *schemata*, patterns, the most famous being that paradigmatic *ancient-medieval-modern*. Sometimes, the form may be a mere lucid mnemonic. The past in the case of the later nineteenth century or the earlier twentieth century may become the present; it is the passing "now" to which we may feel compelled to relate, so displacing given meanings of the word "modern". Such a pattern was conditioned by Darwinism: the demon of natural selection raged through the arts.

A restrictive practice, it triumphed in the creation of a "modern" poetry with G. M. Hopkins as precursor and T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound as Messiahs. And this position was supported by incisive pleadings, canons or apostolic lines, modestly termed "main lines" or "lines of wit". A similar law can be applied to the history of art. There the relation of artists to nature furnished the evolutionary *schema*. Control over nature involved first the Impressionist record of light, then the Post-Impressionist perception of sudden or latent harmonies in the natural scene. What such evolutionary schemes must repulse is the "sport" or "freak"; and just as the existence of a Hardy and to a certain degree of a Yeats probed the coherence of a "modern poetry" which surpassed Victorian poetry by eliminating it, so the presence of an artist like Beardsley probed the coherence of an imposed history, one might even say of a politics of art. Beardsley would have offended the iron shade of Sir Henry Cole, for he had virtually no formal training; he equated the descriptive and the decorative. He had a disreputable inheritance. He was not an easel painter; he drew mostly in two dimensions; he preferred "appearance" above "nature"; he was tainted with "literature". He was a poet of frustration, the radical voyeur. He was, regrettably, British.

"The Fra Angelico of Satanism"—everyone remembers that phrase from Roger Fry's *Athenaeum* essay of 1904. It is the climax of a concise, brilliantly dismissive account of Beardsley's drawings. In five words Fry offers us a Beardsley imprisoned in the *fin de siècle*—"a recurrent phase of complex civilizations": Alexandrian, silver Latin, or dying medieval. The phrase typifies the rhetoric of that essay: praise highlighted by instant radical qualification. Beardsley suffers, we are told, the "stigmata" of the religious artist, "the love of pure decoration, the patient elaboration and enrichment of surface, the predilection for flat tones and precision of contour". What Beardsley therefore fell short in was "the sense of mass and relief, the extravagant richness of invention".

Already the dogmas of plasticity and solidity are present, even though the recognition of Cézanne as emergent deity lies in the future. Was it Sickert who compared Fry lecturing (could not one say preaching?) to a heron, that priestly bird, with one repeated monotone, "Cézanne, Cézanne"? The phrase epigrammatically summarizes a further defect, hints at solemn adolescence. Fry's Beardsley was severely devoid of either wit or humour. And finally the Satanism, though Fry denies it, must suggest in any context of the 1890s, not Baudelaire or Carducci, but trivial or morbid inversion of value, for though Enoch Soames had not yet proudly muttered of Catholic Diabolism, Aleister Crowley, Arnold Harris Mathew and still dimmer heresiarchs stalked that decade of the *petites églises*.

Imprisonment within a phase; but it was rather within a phrase that Beardsley was imprisoned. Five years ago Robert Melville confessed that Fry's essay had delayed his appreciation of Beardsley for thirty years, and even when Mr Melville did capitulate it was still to the "Fra Angelico of Satanism" and "not without a sense of guilt". And the capitulation remained grudging: "In the main Fry was right . . . where [he] went wrong was in his assertion that Beardsley was never amusing or witty." This now seems evident enough and is substantiated here and there by Beardsley's letters, rapid and pragmatic though most of them are.

Fry's reaction to Beardsley had been anticipated by a distinguished contemporary, but one with a different version of art history, who argued acidly against any notion of "Cézanne as deity". In place of solidity and plasticity, the visible signs of Grace, we meet "tone", "colour", and "quantity". In an article on the New English Art Club and the Meissonier Exhibition in the *Spectator* of April 22, 1893, the year when Beardsley became "Beardsley", D. S. MacColl spoke revealingly of "freakish talent", though acknowledging Beardsley's "technical resources in a fine line and rich blacks. He is a prodigy of appreciation and manner, and when he has digested Burne-Jones and the Japanese . . . ought to do good work." But Beardsley's reaction to Pre-Raphaelitism was to be less digestive than emetic; he progressed in his art by deliberate stylistic and iconographical caricature. In a later article in *The Spectator* on "Realism and Caricature", however, MacColl still associated Beardsley with Botticelli, Burne-Jones, Blake, Toulouse-Lautrec and Crane—an odd pantheon—as masters of caricature:

> imposing a pattern wistful or otherwise upon a world imperfectly seen. The danger of this slighter hold upon fact, or of a shutter let down before the eyes, is that, as time goes on, such grain of life as was originally present may be exhausted, the feint of reality worn out. If . . . the fun dries up, all that remains is the fact of distortion bereft of significance, is that paradoxical conception "mere technique".

Clearly the New English Art Club is the deity here. And in another article, devoted exclusively to Beardsley, written in 1898 and published two years later in the Russian Symbolist magazine *Mir Isskustva*, MacColl anticipated Fry by asserting that Beardsley was "of the Saint Anthony tribe, his dreams were visited by guilty and forbidden shapes, and he went into the scriptorium to record them in scrupulous delicate tracery". The description itself is more scrupulous, though in an obituary no one is exactly on oath.

Since then Pennell's "Master of the Line Block" has been re-established, an image which attempts independence, whatever limits it may suggest, of a priori histories. But amusingly the game of natural selection and emergent deity can be played in reverse.

In a Sunday newspaper article, anticipating the splendid exhibition mounted by Brian Reade at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1966, Kenneth Clark observed of the second drawing for the "Toilette of Salome":

> The complete exclusion of anything, any conventions or probabilities which do not contribute to the essence of the design is startling. No wonder the young artists of the nineties who felt the need for abstraction—the Kandinskys and the Klees—looked with astonishment at this drawing, and at the precision with which Beardsley had

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هكذا من الأصل

extracted these shapes from the cloak and related them to the chair . . . It was of course his original talent as a designer and not his intimations of immorality which accounted for Beardsley's influence on the pioneers of modern art on Munch, on Kandinsky, Diaghilev, Mackintosh and Picasso himself, all of whom owe a demonstrable debt to Beardsley.

And Mr Reade has suggested connexions with the Cubists.

Beardsley had much to survive—his own legend, to begin with, partly self-generated though less obviously than with many of his contemporaries. He came into existence at the point of coincidence between linear inventiveness and the invention of the photographic line-block. He was both child of the popular media of his day and their victim, destroyed on the public, middle ground where established and "new" values most violently coincided. He was imitated, and some of the imitation was brilliant, was more than imitation; Will Bradley was producing Beardsleyish posters and illustration in the United States of the 1890s, an instant phenomenon, like Beardsley himself. How soon Beardsley began to be forged is another question. Was it because of this that Beardsley changed his style every summer? And Beardsley was parodied—some of the imitation was parody anyway—almost as soon as he invented himself: an entertaining anthology could be compiled from the illustrations, poems and features which filled, at a random citation, the pages of *Punch, Lika Joka, Granta*, and *The World*. And from the beginning it was sensed that there was something troubling about his art that transcended visual jokes and surface obscenities.

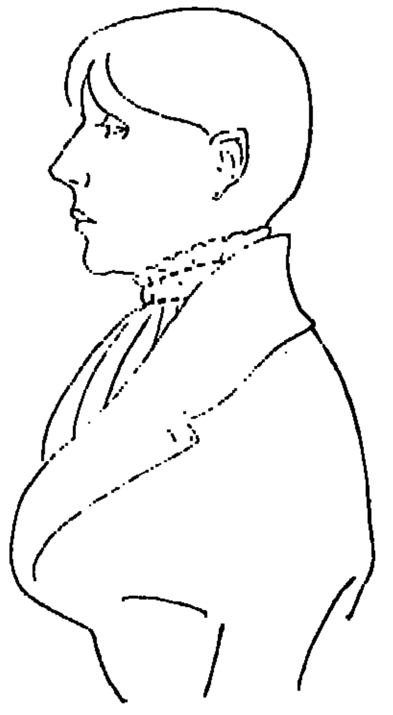
Yet Fry's essay did much to contain Beardsley within the limits of schoolboy taste. If we pursue Beardsley's bibliography, we find that before the revival of the earlier 1960s, if the names of A. E. Gallatin and R. A. Walker are omitted, it looks somewhat spectral. Foreign interest there always was, but the English story—apart from Symons's essay, a good book by Robert Ross, and a moralistic book by Haldane MacFall—is mainly one of collections of drawings, catalogues of exhibitions and a sputter of articles. A look at the prices in the Elkin Mathews catalogue of 1950 offering some pieces from Walker's Collection is itself a comment on Beardsley's reputation.

He threateningly reappeared in the early 1960s through a revived Art Nouveau: the pale, Existential face, an attainment in black-and-white. Acquiring psychedelic support in America and communicated through the cheap reprinting of his selected works, Beardsley impinged on the young, who warmly responded to his ladies with mask-like faces and blank eyes; were they not obviously, in the idiom of the moment, "stoned"? The drug-culture and Art Nouveau between them combined in the famous sleeve of the Beatles *Revolver* with its four heads in black-and-white. The heads were staring, the faces figurative, and the hair on each head ran into that of its neighbour. It looked like Beardsley; it should have been Beardsley; it was not Beardsley. But like Beardsley it told the young what they wished to hear about themselves (but the lines were too thin). The sleeve was a massive public event and it coincided with another.

Exhibitions can echo and they can also create a general mood; the Victoria and Albert Beardsley exhibition of 1966 stabilized the revival with its stunning range, programmatic coherence, and immensely detailed catalogue. The Exhibition provoked a brilliant review in *Encounter* by D. J. Gordon. And since the Exhibition there has been a biography by Stanley Weintraub, a critical account of Beardsley as man of letters by Annette Lavers, essays by Brian Reade, Brigid Brophy and Derek Stanford (on the erotic element in Beardsley's art); and now a reprint of Samuel Smith's version of Aristophanes's *Lysistrata* with Beardsley's illustrations and a collected edition of Beardsley's letters. Beardsley has arrived. In place, one might say, of "Beardsley".

The letters re-edited

Most of the letters date from the later years of Beardsley's brief career and many have been printed before, though often in lacerated, misdated, or even translated form. In 1904, the Reverend John Gray edited *The Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley* with considerable dash. Some of those letters were addressed to Gray himself; most to Gray's friend, André Raffalovich. Those to Gray passed from the Dominican House at Edinburgh to the University of Reading; those to Raffalovich from Edinburgh to Blackfriars, Oxford, and are now,



Self-portrait, from Posters in Miniature.

like most things, in the library of the University of Texas. In 1924, R. A. Walker edited Beardsley's letters to A. W. King, his old housemaster at Brighton Grammar School; in 1937, those to Leonard Smithers, and in 1955 a sizable set of miscellaneous letters from the Gallatin Collection at Princeton.

Walker was, however, unable to date a number of the letters to Smithers, for the envelopes had been rearranged, while his apparatus was minimal. The present editors include Henry Maas, who was involved in the admirable edition of Ernest Dowson's letters and who has since edited those of A. E. Housman, and W. G. Good, the well-known collector. They have rearranged the letters in plausible order, even when dates cannot be precisely established, and they have expanded Walker's notes. They have also culled additional letters from the Huntington Library, Leeds University, private collections such as those in possession of the Ross family and those published in memoirs; and they have used catalogues to furnish extracts from letters that have disappeared.

What they have not informed us about, however, is their variations from Walker's texts. For example, in a letter which Walker simply dates as 1895 and Mr Maas and his associates as "circa 15 January 1896", Walker's text reads: "They [ie *The Sunday Times*] are so very friendly to me, and have rather important book articles"; in the present text this reads "very friendly". Detailing their editorial procedure, the editors tell us that they have corrected slips of the pen: but could this be Villikins and his Dinah Cockney? If so, the tone becomes somewhat different, and if this spelling has been normalized, then it should not have been. Similarly in a letter postmarked November 7, 1895, also to Smithers, Walker's text reads: "I should also advise you very strongly"; whereas the Maas text omits the word "also"—which can barely be a case of correcting a slip of the pen. Who is right? Short of a wad of photocopies or a trip to California, the reader has no means of judging whether he is reading Beardsley's words or not. It is normal editorial practice to record corrections of previous editions.

Again, the notes, though very useful in detailing allusions to drawings, are in other areas sometimes uninformative or even misleading. To describe "F. H. Evans" as "an enthusiastic amateur photographer" is subtly misleading and a glittering meiosis. Evans was a pioneer in platinotype and taken very seriously by such professionals as the late Alvin Langdon Coburn. The note on J. W. Gleeson White does not give us his full name and begins with the statement that he was a poet. White, to be sure, published a few mediocre verses, but what the note does not mention is the rather more relevant fact that he was an accomplished, eclectic designer of books. In proper quest for terse and neutral notation, the editors occasionally fail to communicate what would be useful. The tendency is more pronounced with those who are recipients of letters, not the object of momentary citation. About Leonard Smithers, the courageous and somewhat unscrupulous editor who moved between the open and the hidden worlds of publishing, we know; as, thanks to the devoted biographical labours of Father Brocard Sewell along with the Victoria and Albert Exhibition, we now know about André Raffalovich and John Gray.

But what of the man mentioned in the famous and painful last letter to an unmoved Smithers?

> Jesus is our Lord and Judge. Dear Friend, I implore you to destroy *all* copies of *Lysistrata* and bad drawings. Show this to Pollitt and conjure him to do the same. By all tha obscene drawings.

Beardsley probably beg pondring with Herbert (Jerome) Pollitt in 18 physical collapse enforced ence on his mother and h The editors tell us a little litt was up at Trinity, C that from 1898 he was in dence with Wilde, who des as a "gilt sunbeam masque clothes", and that he was with Crowley. A number ley's letters to this occlu survive, distinctly relaxed in Beardsley was prepared to (perhaps to excuse failure mission) about a severe hae at a time when he was as sister Mabel, Raffaloi Smithers of his improv health.

Clearly there is a story the editors seem to have m own clues. In a letter to of February 19, 1897, alludes to E. F. "Dodo" amiably light Cambridge *Babe B.A.*: "It contains mortal references to your h vant." It also contains Pollitt as the central chara Trinity, who possesses "a Mr Aubrey Beardsley's f from the Yellow Book, round a large photograph celli's Primavera" while in case are several numbers *low Book*, "which the Bab bitterly had turned grey night since [Beardsley] had draw for it". True, "T B.A.", though smooth androgynous—Beardsley "pretty Pollitt"—is also the "performances of the half-back at Rugby footba does not altogether seem Charles (Jerome's) style. litt was notorious in the C of the 1890s we may gather pages of a university perio *Cambridge ABC*, for whi ley had furnished a cov Rather oddly, Pollitt is ciated with the robust Loie Fuller, whose dances invention, dramatically us lighting and elaborate swirls of drapery, embod Nouveau line. A Frenc addresses him as Loie F concludes:

> Inquiétant mystère où nous
> laisson
> Androgyne troublant . . . ou
> troublante g

And the skirt-dancing for wh

Tailpiece, from Salome

abe" was also famous is mentioned another satirical account.

He] appeared in the second Act and ang, or rather whispered, a song from Bo-bang" in a delightfully *fin de siècle* manner; a frock of pale green atin and black-watered silk with long lack gloves became him exceedingly. nd he was altogether quite as charm- g as usual as he waltzed on and off tage, or eyed his audience in affected stures. His skirt dance was, of course, rilliant

Pollitt was a Lance-Corporal in the AMC during the First World War, ved at Tring, and would have made n engaging footnote.

The calendar of dissolution

The letters to Smithers and Raffa- vich which form the bulk of this olume begin in 1895. It was in the pring of 1896 that Beardsley's ealth finally broke, and the remain- ng letters are largely a calendar of issolution. From now on, his doctors and his mother bundled him from one place to another in search, not of recovery, of stability at least. one was Paris or London, and hough some were found at first harming, all soon became depress- ng. Beardsley was now separated rom friends and barely a day passed without a letter. From his illness nd his weakening body, for the most art, he maintained a distance that tenmed self-pity and despair: "I m only a poor shadow of the gay ococo thing I was"—where style t least suggests continuity. Self- atred he had always practised on is "sallow face" and "croaking ung". The doctor gives him a com- lex medicine that perfectly blackens is stools and a "turpentine bath" hat provokes his skin to "a magni- ficent rash". "An exciting overflow" overs yet another haemorrhage, and when the physical horrors insult uman dignity but must still be re- ounted he simply concludes: Rather beastly was it not?"

All that now enabled him to live was obsessive work, and the condi- ion for work was imprisonment. The impossible polarization, as D. J. Gordon suggests, of Raffalovich and Smithers; the imprisonment by his mother who, in the words of the ame writer, "dominated and was dominated by him". Neither he nor is patrons were really deceived: Smithers judged him incapable of ustained effort, and the rhythms of is disease led Beardsley himself into ontradictory comment. On both Smithers and Raffalovich he was ow financially dependent; both, to luralize Wilde's phrase, had become is owners. For Smithers, Beardsley ssumes a coarse *mondain* tone, a cynical gaiety", perfectly out of lace in one who had had so little ccess to women. He observes that chastity has become almost a habit ith me . . . but it will never become ature"; and after the extraction of tooth with three long roots, he dis- overs that even "my teeth are a ttle phallic": everything in fact is hallic, except the appropriate area of Arthur Symons. Writing to Raffalovich, he is more low-toned though an excess of devotional suchness is sometimes on display.

Raffalovich, that rejected child of a wealthy international Jewish banking family domiciled in Paris, came to London and, attempting a salon, succeeded only (the paronomasia is attributed to Wilde) in founding a saloon. John Gray, like Raffalovich a homosexual, was the gifted and beautiful child of working-class parents who, with little formal education, through the examination system attained the position of librarian at the Foreign Office; he became dandy, poet, translator of the *Symbolistes* and protégé of Wilde, from whom Raffalovich acquired him. Gray had been received into the Latin church in 1889 and must have assisted in the conversion of Raffalovich, while both Raffalovich and Gray assisted in the kindling of grace in Beardsley; Raffalovich quickening it with ghostly advice, devotional literature, and judicious applications of money.

An "Uranian" or platonizing homoerotic by the middle 1890s, Raffalovich was able to rationalize his detestation by polemics against Wilde for descending rather than ascending the Ladder of Love. When he found himself, after Wilde's release from prison, in dangerous proximity to "Sebastian O'Scar", Beardsley had to tread diplomatically. To Raffalovich he hinted that he would leave Dieppe to evade Wilde's presence; but he seems, from loneliness or compassion, to have met Wilde in the company of others. And Vyvyan Holland, Wilde's younger son, tells how he was taken by his mother to see Beardsley in the hotel at Mentone shortly before the last scene, and how Beardsley "spoke with great affection of my father". To be sure, when a successor to *The Savoy* was proposed, Beardsley made it a precondition that Wilde should never contribute, whether openly, pseudonymously or anonymously. Oscar's style would have been dangerously recognizable.

The editors judiciously remark that Beardsley probably took his patron rather less seriously than Raffalovich supposed. With Gray, Beardsley was more at ease and he seems to have admired the devotional rococo of Gray's *Spiritual Poems*. There is no reason, however, to assume that the Smithers-Raffalovich letters represent a Verlaine-like *Parallèlement*. From the double polarity of Smithers-Raffalovich and Mrs Beardsley, he could not escape to a heaven of infantilism, to Mabel; from his reversion to infantile dependence on his mother, he could escape only into "sanctity", and death. The voyeur ended by looking only at himself.

Mr Reade has interpreted Beardsley as a passive and non-aggressive homosexual, and so vulnerable to advances from either sex (Ada Leverson, Wilde's devoted friend, is said to have represented the heterosexual forces). Raffalovich's approach to Beardsley was emotional, even pre- [illegible] provided the economic security for Beardsley to die decently. But Beardsley obliged by dying more than decently, in spiritual anguish clinging to his crucifix and to [illegible] the terrible last letter to its conclusion "*all* obscene drawings . . . In my death agony." That agony persisted for more days: in his sister's words, Aubrey "died as a saint", a "benediction to the house", adored at the end by all the strangers offstage. A Jansenist saint perhaps, even if his earlier Catholicism had its tinges of *Saint-Sulpicerie*. The editors print two letters in the Ross Collection from Mabel as well as a long letter from Mrs Beardsley describing the last days (Mrs Beardsley, according to oral tradition was out of the room and so unable to preside over the moment of death) and the Requiem Mass at Farm Street.

The finger of Grace then had been visible some time before the end, despite all the *chic* religiosity, with its epithets "adorable", "sweet", "delicious", and so forth, though we can enjoy the period description of a painting of Saint Sebastian's martyrdom: "There is a charming soldier in the background picking up the arrows that have missed the saint." Period too are those allusions to boy and adolescent saints much in vogue at the time. There is Corvo's cult of Saint William of Norwich, and Gray himself celebrated St Stanislaus Kotska and St John Berchmans. It was in such an image, the adolescent saint, that Gray presented the Beardsley of the *Last Letters*, insisting on descriptions of the consumption. "Whatever is of horror", he wrote to the publishers, "is vital . . . as it serves to exhibit the moral victory of the sufferer and the power of divine grace within him"; and the same principle permitted the suppression of Raffalovich's name and modulations of the text.

The rococo saint

Beardsley had earlier seen himself as a perpetual prodigy; it consorts with the sexual infantilism, the child's desire to arrest death by refusing to grow up. Every year he advanced the date of his birth. If for Wilde it remained essential to hover promisingly at the age of thirty-nine, for Beardsley to advance beyond twenty-one was failure and death. Of course a joke, in a deeper sense there may already have been the recognition that the price of identifying self and style was the negation of development, or at least a circularity; he would never accommodate to Nature, never really move beyond linear patterning into the world of gross volume in spite of those initial letters for the *Volpone*.

It was precisely the dandiacal element in *fin-de-siècle* Catholicism that gave it sufficiency. Sanctity, like architecture, has its styles, subject to dating no less than to revival and Beardsley is not the only "decadent" or rococo saint. Huysmans is reported to have offered his atrocious sufferings to God, when throat and mouth were one purulent wound, declaring that "it was necessary for me to suffer all this in order that those who read my books should know I was not just making literature". And the dandyism of Beardsley's earlier spirituality is soon subdued by comments which whatever their ironic reserve of surface seem to hint at anxieties of commitment: "I have just been reading a Port Royalist version of Saint Augustine's *Confessions*. I am quite astonished at what he says about beauty and the use of the eyes." And again from a letter of February, 1897:

> Heine certainly cuts a poor figure beside Pascal. If Heine is the great warning, Pascal is the great example to all artists and thinkers. He understood that to become a Christian, the man of letters must sacrifice his gifts, just as Magdalen must sacrifice her beauty.

Pascal was still able to offer the *Provincial Letters*, and Beardsley planned a new "Catholic Quarterly Review". The first title, *The Peacock*, was too much associated with the Aesthetic past, and it was renamed *Books and Letters*, appropriate to the "savage strictness" Beardsley intended as editor to

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apply to the flush of his neo-classic and Jansenist enthusiasm.

This collection of letters is, finally, indispensable as an act of synthesis, even if it does little to enable us to control the empty spaces of a brief history. We learn little about the leap in Beardsley's art from the tepidities of neo-Burne-Jones and Simeon Solomon and the active badness of much of the early work in *The Studio* to the nastiness of the "Incipit Vita Nuova" and the personal style of "Siegfried". Until sickness permitted him to brood over the more delicate translation of pencil into the public image, he has little to say about the technical aspects of his art. We learn little of the falling to those extravagantly mulierastic courses that may have followed his dismissal from the *Yellow Book*, which damaged his health without restoring his reputation; or rather we only know what we knew before from the note in Margery Ross's *Friend of Friends*: "Mrs. Beardsley was a lively and courageous woman as will be seen from the letters printed here; but there are others, not included in this book, written in despair and sorrow." This is probably the only cache of letters that remains, and some should surely have been printed here if only to add further counterpoint to the Raffalovich and Smithers letters and complete our tour of Beardsley's prison.

Some have denied Beardsley all access to women, allowing him only the solitary act; Mr Reade suggests there were "only two beings he might be said to have loved", and if his relationship with Ellen Beardsley was sharply Oedipal, with Mabel Mr Reade, partly from his oral sources, suggests at least adolescent sexual play and associates Aubrey with Mabel's miscarriage (the relation to some of Aubrey's imagery is clear enough). There is also the mysterious young man who Lord Tredegar claimed was Beardsley's son (by Mabel ?) and of whom a photograph appeared in the Victoria and Albert Exhibition. But we should need to know rather more not about Beardsley merely but also about Lord Tredegar before this transcended conjecture. From Netta Syrett's autobiography we learn that Mabel at the age of twenty-two was able to tell her friend the Lesbian facts of life. And though the image of Mabel has been fixed at a later stage, as the beauty of Yeats's "Dying Lady" in gaiety and bravery, a photograph of her in her younger twenties tells us a different story. It shows her with a round snub-nosed schoolboy face and a very masculine tie beneath. (And we remember that Raffalovich, in an article in *Blackfriars* in 1928, observed that she had stayed with Renée Vivien, one of the most flagrantly sapphic of Baudelaire's "nonconformist daughters".) Miss Syrett obligingly records for us her late flowering beauty.

On November 14, 1894, Mrs Beardsley tells Ross about "that poor little boy" on his way to a hydropathic establishment at Malvern, "very depressed at parting with me", and about her last view of him in a third-class carriage, looking "like a little white mouse caught in a trap". (That letter interestingly concludes with thanks to Ross for speaking to Wilde about Mabel's stage ambitions.) On his arrival at Malvern the "little white mouse" is miserable, "all day moping and worrying about my beloved Venusberg. I can think of nothing else. I am just doing a picture of Venus feeding her pet unicorns which have garlands of roses round their necks. (By the way, don't tell anyone of this subject)." The drawing has not survived; but the subject relates to the *petit déjeuner* of Venus and her Unicorn Adolphe in *Venus and Tannhäuser*. The unicorn, unique beast, loves Venus only but is limited in his access to the Goddess and is finally assured of her love by delicately genial and manual acts. Clearly Adolphe represents the Artist as type and also Beardsley himself. Here as elsewhere Beardsley perverts traditional iconography and story: the Unicorn who can only be trapped between the legs of a virgin, to be later assumed into allegory of the Incarnation.

The rhetoric of the letters in its minor mode resembles that of *Venus and Tannhäuser*. Latinisms and Gallicisms confront schoolboy slang: Tannhäuser's torso is "scrumptious". The Venus of the unfinished story is excess, just as her empire includes all versions of love, so it anthologizes *fin-de-siècle* prose. There are evanescent allusions to Dorian Gray and Whistler's *Ten O'Clock*. But *Venus and Tannhäuser* also subverts the mechanized permutations and flat prose and faces of Pornotopia. The method is anti-climactic, so that what might almost be an extract from a "hidden" book—"as for the rest of the company, it boasted some very noticeable dresses"—is followed by the Paterian "exquisite and august disease". The penumbra of true and false authorities had its precursor in Swinburne's work. The Venusberg's claustrophobic excess is reflected in the illustrations where, as Annette Lavers points out, "Beardsley goes knowingly too far: the monstrous proliferation of rococo detail devours space, stifles the character, rapturously exists for its own sake". The Chevalier Tannhäuser has to make his way towards the "ombre" portal of the *Mons Veneris* through a Morris wallpaper. In "Helen at Her Toilet", nature is typically represented as inimical to the artist, dressing and undressing suggest sexual cults and rites, and also childish make-believe emphasized by the central figure of the banal child beauty in its corrupt context. Tannhäuser subverts Pornotopia also by his effeminacy, and Venus is herself reduced to child status by Mrs Marsuple, mother and mistress of sensual ceremony in this garden, itself a reflex of the False Earthly Paradise tradition.

"Embroidering" the text

The conventional wisdom on Beardsley as illustrator is that he remains arrogantly abstracted from his texts. Certainly he avoided the word "illustration" with its suggestions of submission, and on occasion accurately enough: *The Rape of the Lock* is "embroidered". *Salome*, on the other hand, is "pictured". These "pictures" represent a decisive moment in illustration in the same sense as the Pre-Raphaelite contributions to the Moxon *Tennyson* had heralded the characteristic work of the 1860s. Beardsley, however, did not design or supervise the volumes as a whole as did Morris and, after his early period of designing, Ricketts. For this reason, purely as book illustration, Ricketts's *Sphinx* of the same year with its printing in three colours, abandonment of traditional title page, text in small capitals, double catchwords and intuitive initials, is startlingly pre-emptive. But the actual images themselves, though distinguished, have a passive relationship to Moreau and others. It is precisely here, whatever Pre-Raphaelite, Japanese and Art Nouveau elements remain, that Beardsley's impact is made. The elements of his first style are resynthesized into the foundation of the *Yellow Book* style; but as a related series the *Salome* "pictures" possess an intensity, an originality of conception and execution that is wanting in a number of the later drawings.

Without the *Salome* illustrations, the Beardsley "boom" of the earlier 1960s would have remained a virtual impossibility, for those Beardsley posters that glare down at us from many a suburban book and art store wall are mostly enlargements of those designs. Understandably, this has provoked a reaction but, though authorities differ on the evaluation of these drawings, on one point they unite: that, except on a parodic and facetious level, Beardsley's designs have little or nothing to do with the play that they happen to accompany, offering commendable proof that the best means of illustrating a literary work is either to ignore it altogether or to produce a pictorial travesty of it. Sometimes the arguments derive from examining the relationship between Wilde and Beardsley; sometimes, and more reputably, the complex negotiations between Lane and Beardsley, which affected the tone of the revised illustrations. More considerable arguments depend on contemporary reaction, including the notice in the *Saturday Review* which asserted that "illustration by means of derisive parody of Felicien Rops, embroidered on to Japanese themes is a new form of literary torture". But the most incisive arguments are iconographical, such as those put forward by D. J. Gordon, who insists on the central difficulty: that Beardsley's images demand to be "read" and yet by deliberate ambiguity often defy reading, and he instances the kneeling angel's gesture on the frontispiece. In the act of kneeling before the hermaphrodite deity she turns her head towards the viewer, "with a sort of smile: she is either inviting us to join in the pleasures of this worship, which Beardsley is here offering—it *is* a frontispiece—as the theme of Wilde's text, or to laugh knowingly at the god and the whole affair of *Salome*; or to do both, perhaps".

The convention of Beardsley's distance from *Salome* partly issues from current evaluation of that text. Kenneth Clark merely shrugs it off: "Beardsley, whose favourite authors were Ben Jonson and Racine, must have recognised *Salome* for the rubbish that it is; and may have had a fair idea that it would be remembered solely as the pretext for his drawings." Beardsley admired others apart from the two named, and his own literature is closer in more than a chronological sense to Wilde than to seventeenth-century models. And recently both Richard Ellmann and Kate Millett have found new and interesting versions of *Salome*: some continued vitality it clearly has. Moreover its sophisticated infantilism of style must surely have appealed to Beardsley. Allan Life has acutely suggested that text and "pictures" are more nearly related than is supposed.

Our characteristic impression of the *Salome* drawings tends to be based on the first edition of 1894 which suggests a faint affinity only between text and "picture". The illustrations, though arranged in reasonably sequential order, are almost arbitrarily placed, for after "The Eyes of Herod" the plates are invariably positioned eight pages apart and, if the text bears any relation to the plate opposite, such is certainly not the publishers' fault. Only the "Climax" is aligned to *Salome* and the final erotic frisson, the princess contemplating her prize. Among the drawings omitted is another toilette scene, rejected (as usual) for its erotic detail, and a much more powerful and relevant design showing the meeting between John and Salome. And Dr Life observes that,

> Aside from the toilette scenes, which have only the vaguest equivalents in the text, it seems clear that the artist has selected the principal scenes in the drama for illustration—precisely those, in fact, which a conventional draughtsman of the nineties would have chosen.
>
> Whether Beardsley chose the topics himself does not really affect the argument.

Part of the difficulty in interpreting the relation of Beardsley to his text lay, of course, in its involving a biblical subject. The audience expectation may well have been conditioned by the laboriously researched theatres of Poynter and Tissot, or the sword play, murders and passionate embraces, in the Boydell-Kenny Meadows tradition, or elegant patchworks of authentic costumes and backdrops in the fashionable manner of E. A. Abbey and Marcus Stone. But since these conventions were both violated, the only attitude possible to the reviewers was, as Dr Life points out, to welcome the designs as a capital joke at the author's expense or to condemn them as "attempts to represent the mummers of Judea as conceived by Mr Oscar Wilde portrayed in the style of the Japanese grotesque as conceived by a French *decadent*".

Self-portrait in silhouette

However, though specific parallels may be at times tenuous, only four of the thirteen drawings published in the first edition—"The Black Cape", the *cul-de-lampe*, and the designs for the title page and "list of pictures"—are unassociated with any important episode in the play. Beardsley depicts the young Syrian and the page of Herodias contemplating the moon; the temptation of the young Syrian by Salome, the page of Herodias mourning his friend, the arrival of the queen (though admittedly not the King), the King obsessively gazing at Salome, the dance itself, the head of Iokanaan being presented. Even in the frivolous designs with their deliberate anachronisms—that famous Godwin table, for example—Beardsley still manages to distil the essential components from a literary episode derived from the play as a whole and combine them with stylistic and thematic motifs of his own in a new and distinctive integrity. But this new work, by preserving affinity with its original source, creates a reciprocal association between illustration and text, in which parallel aspects of each assume an augmented significance. Salome and John's double attitude of attraction and repulsion in the "John and Salome", where the internal struggle within both presents unexpected parallels, is stressed by Beardsley's placing the heads of the two combatants in profile, and by incorporating the lines of their robes. He employs the same techniques in the frontispiece, where they emphasize the tenuous bond between the young Syrian and his homosexual companion, and John and Salome are even given a strong physical resemblance, only slightly reduced, as in the "Dancer's Reward", by the comparative coarseness of her features. And some of the imagery that Wilde employs—half-moons, serpent shapes, ropes and thorns—is selected by Beardsley.

But the affinity between pictorial and literary versions of *Salome* extends beyond the superficial level of parallel incident and characterization. Wilde might even have written the play with Beardsley as illustrator in mind for, as Dr Life points out, its poles of imagery veer between black and white; jet black hair and silver helmets, sepulchral lakes and ivory mirrors, being continuously juxtaposed. In the illustrations, the white rather than the dark areas predominate, and the powerful images displayed by both illustrator and dramatist are appropriately associated with whiteness: the moon, half-moons, lunar motifs in the Peacock Skirt, white half-moons even trip behind her heels as she dances; there are lilies of silver, mirrors of silver, and white roses, paralleled in the illustrations by the constant recurrence of pattern roses. And there is the association in text and picture of grape, blood and death. Only the familiar phallic imagery has little authority from the text.

Challenges to the censor

"*The Lysistrata* and all obscene drawings." Beardsley's obsession with the phallic is in part mischievous: the pudenda could be incorporated all too facilely into his drawings; the phallus posed a more radical visual challenge to the censor. But he had also to contend with Smithers: "If there are no cunts in the picture, Aristophanes is to blame, and not your humble servant." Smithers published *The Lysistrata* in a (presumably) limited edition of a hundred copies in late 1896. We need not pause over Beardsley's hurried terminology or distinguish between "obscene" and "pornographic"; both categories vary at different times and in different contexts. Everything depends on the viewer, and Beardsley often gives one the sense of being his own. Did Beardsley intend to offer ings, of which he thoug God by destruction Magdalen had destroyed that occasion of so ma sinners? And what perusal of the *Lysistrata* conduce to?

These illustrations bifu are first those which foc often with ambiguous pudeur or solace, or sim ing, and often naked exc borate stockings. In Athens, for obvious rea solace was mostly a femi in one image, an older or may not be touching man's erect penis, and th doubt what one small ang But it is typical also of that one of the Ladies who is about to assist a her feet planted in a po makes the act of chari impossible. Then there images where the focus tingly on the penis, invari cised, though the tran Dowson's friend, the Samuel Smith, speaks of ing a bed rather caverno the company of a frie skin". But we do no Beardsley used Smith's It is in prose; and, like translations of the co jagged in tone, veering but dated colloquial as "It's all fudge" to and spiced also with a of Kelly's cribbage. And familiar, frantic, and fee at rendering Aristophan Sam Smith is clearly no Dudley Fitts.

It remains impossible assess Beardsley's distanc text except by applying so sense of what the play from its past topicality, tively about. But the comically inflated vascu sanction Beardsley's and indeed (like the Man's on the Herald focus on the penis, the typical enough that w have no clue whether mittee Man is impotent his attitude is to the Hera the Herald's own non-com expresses. Beardsley cen trates the obvious dramati with one exception: the sex-war between the aged women of the chorus. Just discount the angel, so w count the absurd dwarf the illustrations, dwarfed in relation to the actual the *Lysistrata*, but in rel own glaring *objet retroa* ishistic pillar of hair (eve hair is stylized). Beardsley have travelled from Hi sance iconography and a ably used by him as some personal emblem, rather used his butterfly or Mac plant-formation.

As a group, the *Lysistra* tions are impressive i MacColl-Harrison volume paintings and trips to Museum furnished Beard idiom that ministered to tions: that background of now emphasized, mysterio faces that freeze and drama. And given the that women played so mi in reproduction, the phallu in *Lysistrata* not merely man identity, but also opposes war: an emblem ness. Ironically war wi virility is the enemy of the diversion from sex-war. Th piece shows Lysistrata hol ling an olive branch ove phallus while making the solitary vice. The effect o strations, in spite of the quality of the figures, is n graphic; they do not pro tasy about phantasy but o precisely, as one critic has effect reverence for the ph phallus, however, is certain of the play, and Beardsle heroically displaying it, has with his text and with his o infantile, of the purest tou

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A sense of duty

THE LIFE OF FIELD MARSHAL LORD GORT

I MAY arouse some surprise that the first full-length biography of the Sixth Viscount Gort, a ld Marshal and a VC who ld the two highest posts available to a soldier in his time Chief of the Imperial General ff and Commander-in-Chief the only British army in the ld, should appear twenty-six ars after his death and thirty-two rs after his army was forced to hdraw from the Low Countries. e average reader may also feel ne doubts as he picks the book ; his memories of Gort are obably rather vague but he is ely to think of him as a sterling her than a striking character, d to expect a dutiful but dull ife and Times". Such appre- nsions are unlikely to survive yond the first page. The sparkling d perspicuous style, the judicious esentation of the narrative, bring oid conviction that this is one of rare books which deserve to be d through twice in succession, ce for the pleasure of a story well d and the second time to savour e skill of the telling.

To praise it in those terms may rhaps arouse a different apprehen- on: that the ostensible subject- atter has been sacrificed to make mere prop for epigram and liter- y device. On the contrary, this is serious and well-researched study. R. Colville has been authorized d assisted by the family and has awn on documents and eye-witness counts to a degree which gives surance that nothing of import- ce can have been omitted; his two ges of acknowledgments are a arantee of authenticity. On Gort's reer in the First World War he has en assisted by expert military ad- ce, feeling no doubt that as a Sec- d World War fighter-pilot he eded guidance in the ways of that latively archaic period of land war- re. The result is concise but lucid d stirring. When he comes to deal th the climactic years of 1939 and 40 he can draw on his own inside owledge of Whitehall and the cen- l direction of policy, since he was en a private secretary at No 10, first Chamberlain and then to hurchill.

A well-written book on even a inor character can give pleasure— e thinks of Johnson on Savage or J. Symons on Corvo—but since ristotle it has been a canon of lit- ary criticism that a hero should be some importance. Was Gort worth l this trouble, as a personality and part from the positions he held? ord Montgomery has recorded in s memoirs the laconic verdict that he was entirely unsuited for the b" of CIGS. Lord Alanbrooke, whom Gort was critical when lanbrooke served under him as a orps Commander, called him "a nce-corporal".

Such judgments are unlikely to ithstand Mr Colville's analysis of s character and achievements. He as of course outstandingly brave, ith his VC, DSO and two bars, d MC; that is, by a standard asso- ation of ideas, likely to make ople think he was not clever. In ct he was a thoughtful and indus- ious student of his profession, with shrewd judgment of men and an onoclastic outlook on traditional ilitary wisdom, and very quick in pprehension. His rivals accused m of a fad for matters of minute tail, which is the point of Alan- ooke's remark: but the same fad as cultivated by both Napoleon d Churchill. Mr Colville prints a tter from him to Sir Basil Liddell art in which he shows his en- usiasm for the principles of guer- illa warfare, which should make him em right in line with the thinking the 1970s; it is sometimes for- otten that he was one of Liddell art's earliest disciples and was con- antly in fruitful correspondence ith him from 1920 up to the time became CIGS. If he was less nder the spell of the enchanter than ome of his contemporaries it was ecause he doubted his basic theo- etical conclusion that the defence as always stronger than the ttack. On this point Gort's experi- nce in May, 1940, was to prove him e sounder thinker.

Gort knew that it was generally lieved, and feared it would be held his discredit, that he owed his pointment as CIGS in December, 1937, to Liddell Hart's influence on the Secretary of State, Leslie Hore-Belisha. Certainly it was a revolutionary appointment; he was the youngest man ever to hold the post and only two years earlier had been a Brigadier. He was known to hold very modern ideas on war, particularly on the use of armour and close cooperation with the air. But apart from changes in the higher ranks there was little of a revolutionary nature that either the CIGS or the active and able Secretary of State could achieve in the short space of time they were left, before the storm burst upon them. What was needed was more soldiers and, even more vital, tanks and guns. He did his best; Sir Harold Brown, responsible for the supply and production of munitions at the War Office from 1936 to 1939, described his arrival as "like a breath of fresh air so far as 'Production' was concerned". It was not his fault but Guderian's that other commanders at a later stage of the war were to reap the benefit of the impulse he gave.

To match his skill in the description of tactics at battalion level in the First World War, Mr Colville shows an equally sound grasp of strategy in his account of the three weeks' campaign in which Gort led the British Expeditionary Force in its advance to the Dyle and its retreat to Dunkirk. He writes from the point of view of Gort's headquarters which were, as Gort had from the first insisted, under the general direction of the French Commander-in-Chief. "Much ill has been written of Gamelin", he comments, "and to defend him would indeed require greater skill than he showed in composing his own *Mémoires*." What we have is a clear and connected account, without polemics, of the successive disasters which fell on the BEF as it struggled in the net of the German armoured units, all of them fatal except the final crowning mercy. It is an effective way of leading to his conclusion, that it was Gort's skill and resolution which was responsible for the safe return to England of her last army which alone could defend her from invasion.

On his home ground of Whitehall warfare Mr Colville writes with even greater authority, and *Man of Valour* is a valuable source even for such a period as this, the subject of so many memoirs and histories. He shows an almost superhuman impartiality over the controversy which soon began to divide Hore-Belisha from his protégé. His verdict on Hore-Belisha is like Pollio's on Cicero, admitting faults but condoning, and insisting on judging him by what he did best. His wisdom did not match his intelligence, he was not always truthful, he was a publicity hunter and at times overbearing; on the other hand he was a hard worker, a reformer of untiring zeal, and deeply public-spirited. He fought hard for the army in the Cabinet, and carried reforms which both improved its efficiency and made it a more attractive career. He and Gort were genuinely close in their ideas though incompatible in temperament. The responsibility for his removal lay

J. R. COLVILLE:
Man of Valour
270pp. Collins. £3.50

not so much with the generals, though many were discontented, as with the formidable P. J. Grigg, who became his Permanent Under-Secretary in August, 1939; of him Mr Colville writes:

> he respected men for their competence and not in the least for their position. If he thought ill of the Minister he served, he said so to all and sundry, including the Minister. He held truthfulness to be a cardinal virtue, tact a social affectation.

The occasion of Hore-Belisha's downfall was a difference of opinion about the state of the defences on the BEF's front which need not have amounted to anything serious if the antagonism had not already been there. There is an eye-witness account, a curiously moving one, of how he received his quite unexpected dismissal by Chamberlain. The verdict is that plainly he would have been better advised to accept the presidency of the Board of Trade and survived in the public service to hold office, as he would have done, next year under Churchill.

The chapter headed "Appeasement" excites the expectation that Mr Colville, from his intimate personal knowledge, will give the reader his conclusions on Munich. It is to be hoped that he will do so, but here for reasons of literary economy he refrains. He records Gort's view that it provided an essential respite, but otherwise, though revealing his own feelings, he once more holds the balance with Olympian impartiality between Chamberlain and Churchill. This chapter does, however, give a most valuable insight into the way in which the British government was carried on during this period:

> Great Britain was in effect governed by a Cabal composed, like the original seventeenth-century instrument, of five men on whose opinions the actions of Gort and his fellow Chiefs of Staff were dependent. They were Mr Chamberlain, Sir Horace Wilson, Lord Halifax, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare.

(The order, he makes plain, is of descending importance.) Their characters follow, delineated with a gravity and spirit worthy of Clarendon. Brief quotation may give some of the flavour, though not all the balance, of the judgments:

> Neville Chamberlain, whose lot it was to be first the object of his countrymen's hysterical gratitude and then the victim of their disenchanted bitterness, was a determined, masterful man with a tireless sense of duty and, during his brief apotheosis, an almost mystical belief in his mission. . . . His motives were invariably high and nothing would ever have induced him to put his personal interests or those of the Conservative Party before what he believed to be the advantage of his country. . . . He was cold in outward manner, but when glimmers of warmth appeared they won the loyalty of those towards whom they were directed more readily than the welcoming smiles of more obviously attractive men. . . .
>
> Sir Horace Wilson . . . was subsequently created one of history's leading scapegoats. . . . He was totally unselfseeking and held that while it was the duty of a civil servant to guide his master, he must also identify his policy and his interests with those of the Minister he served. . . . His influence exceeded that of the politicians in the Inner Cabinet. It was not an evil influence; indeed, it was in many respects a wholesome influence; but on foreign affairs and defence his advice should neither have been sought nor followed. . . .
>
> Whenever they think they will be believed, the Foreign Office insist that their Secretary of State is a wise and lovable hero, although they have occasionally made exceptions. . . . Halifax was lifted respectably close to the top of the heroic pedestal which the service expected its chief to occupy . . . he was not, however, a strong enough man to restrain the Prime Minister from some of his less well-advised excursions in the field of foreign policy and he thought an excess of zeal indicative of bad taste. . . .
>
> Sir John Simon . . . was unloved because he was indecisive, appeared ungenerous and was often contemptuous in manner and speech. . . . A brilliant advocate, he had been as unpopular at the Bar as he later became in the House of Commons; nor did his own colleagues trust him . . .
>
> Sir Samuel Hoare . . . was widely mistrusted and almost universally known as "Slippery Sam". . . . He bore little resemblance to Laval, with whom his name will for ever be linked on account of [the Hoare-Laval Pact] and he would never have shirked his duty nor sold his country to Hitler even though he might not have been among the first to fight on the beaches.

The whole chapter is an extraordinarily vivid reconstruction of the atmosphere of a period when a small group of wilful men, led by a strong Prime Minister and his *alter ego*, a civil servant, could defy the majority of the Cabinet, Parliament, and public opinion in pursuit of ill-founded convictions.

As for Gort's character, its final illumination appears in the fourth part of the book, which records his last three appointments before his early death from cancer. He received no further high command but served as Governor in Gibraltar and Malta and as High Commissioner in Palestine. His courage remained as great as ever, as did the austerity of his life and his high puritan sense of duty. What also comes out, however, in the first two posts is his intelligence and foresight, as shown by the work he did in improving defences and organizing the distribution of food. The effect of his brief spell in Palestine was equally marked; terrorism virtually ceased and he achieved the almost impossible feat of being equally acceptable to both Jews and Arabs.

Mr Colville's great merit lies in convincing the reader that the subject he has chosen is fully worthy of a book so thorough in its detail and so masterly in its style.

The Problems of the Labour Party

John Mackintosh, M.P. for Berwick and East Lothian, looks at the problems of the Labour Party in an article in the current issue of *The Political Quarterly*. He examines the composition of the P.L.P., the waning influence of the unions, and the effect of the Common Market rift. He argues that a future Labour Government cannot be composed of only one section of the Party, but maintains that no section is clear enough about what it would like the next government to do to enter into meaningful discussions with the rest of the party about the terms of any accommodation. To win the next election it is necessary for the Labour Party 'to bury the Common Market hatchet, to face the leadership issue some time in 1972-73 and to work out a series of long-term policies'.

America: What's gone wrong?

The rest of the January issue of *The Political Quarterly* is devoted to examining what has gone wrong in the United States, or why it appears that so much has gone wrong. Samuel H. Beer of Harvard University writes on 'The Disorders of Modernity: the American Case'; Esmond Wright on 'The End of Innocence'; Bernard Crick on 'The Strange Death of the American Theory of Consensus'; James M. Glass on 'Yippies: the Critique of Possessive Individualism'; Harold Seidman on 'Crisis of Confidence in Government'; and D. C. Watt on 'American Foreign Policy and Vietnam'.

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JANUARY 1972 ISSUE—65p
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The organizer of the "Org"

RICHARD GEHLEN:
Der Dienst
Erinnerungen 1942-1971.
424pp. Mainz: Hase und Koehler. DM 28

E. H. COOKRIDGE:
Gehlen
Spy of the Century
402pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.75.

The reader of Konrad Adenauer's memoirs will search all four volumes in vain for any reference to General Reinhard Gehlen, although he probably deserved his reputation as one of the most influential men in Adenauer's Germany. A leading figure in Nazi military intelligence, he sagaciously arranged, as the Third Reich approached its end, to transfer to American custody not only his collections of archives—mainly covering the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe—but also a small group of close colleagues and himself. After a year's work in the United States with his new associates (mid-1945 to mid-1946: the Grand Alliance was already falling apart before the Cold War was publicly apparent), he returned to Germany to set up the "Gehlen Organization", which at first worked under the supervision and with the financial backing of the CIA. With the recovery of West German sovereignty in 1955, the "Org", as its members called it, became the federal intelligence agency of the Bonn government, "attached" to the Chancellor's office at a level high enough to protect its activities and its budget from public or parliamentary scrutiny. Gehlen remained head of the organization until his retirement in 1968.

Almost by definition, the student of espionage and counter-espionage has to work from incomplete or distorted evidence, but the would-be student of Gehlen's role in postwar Germany will get very little help indeed from his recent memoirs. The book—which has neither footnotes nor index—does give an impression of Gehlen's high talents as a military intelligence man on the Russian front (it includes some of his reports). It also affords an insight into the mentality of the young Prussian officer of 1920 who became the bigoted anti-communist of the 1960s: the concluding chapter is an anti-Red sermon of the most elementary kind, which shows all too clearly why Gehlen became such a favourite of the Dulles brothers. What the book fails to do—not surprisingly—is to give any comprehensive picture of what activities the Gehlen organization actually carried out in the years from 1946 to 1968.

Gehlen gives his own account of his "duel" with Ernst Wollweber, his East German counterpart: naturally, East Germany was a centre of "Org" activity and there are stories of brave deeds by Western agents on the Berlin sector frontier. The author also describes in some detail his battles with rival espionage agents in West Germany and with political opponents in Bonn: he blames the leakage of military secrets in the *Spiegel* affair of 1962 on "a prominent political personality" (unnamed: does he mean the present Defence Minister, Helmut Schmidt?), and makes light of Adenauer's suspicions that Gehlen himself was responsible. *Der Dienst*, like many other autobiographies, reveals, unwittingly, more about its author's view of life—and thus of his approach to his important duties—than it does of what really happened.

F. H. Cookridge's biography at least provides a more detached view of Gehlen's activities. The author has had access to the relevant archives for the period up to 1945—which, like Gehlen himself, he covers more fully and convincingly than the postwar years—and he is a well-known writer on spying. He has little difficulty in showing that Gehlen's own account is dubious in several respects. For instance, in the case of Gehlen's dramatic claim that Martin Bormann was smuggled away from Berlin by the Russians in 1945 and lived in the Soviet Union for several years thereafter, Mr Cookridge shows—if his facts are correct—that Gehlen himself reported to the CIA both in 1955 and in 1965 that Bormann had certainly been killed in the last days of the Third Reich. The caveat about Mr Cookridge's account is essential, since he gives no source for the story of what Gehlen told the CIA, and this weakness recurs throughout the book.

The narrative is clearly well-based in parts—for the wartime period, or even when Mr Cookridge can make use of East German or Soviet documentary evidence of the "Org's" activities in Berlin or elsewhere—but there are far too many passages where sensational statements are based on pure conjecture. No sources are given for the account of the 1953 East German revolt—characteristically sub-headed "Berlin Uprising Directed by Radio"—which claims that Gehlen's agents in West Berlin broadcast instructions to their contacts in the East, "informing them of Soviet troop movements and advising a retreat to one part of the city, or an advance to another". Again, the reader has to take on trust most of what Mr Cookridge has to say about Gehlen's spying activities in the Middle East, Latin America, and the United States.

In the absence of evidence to the contrary, the reader migh ful for any facts Mr Co offer, but confidence is un undermined by too m about things which can b There are a large number the historical background of the Treaty of Versaill as June 20, 1919; Hinden tion to the presidency is p "Henry L. Stimpson" scribed as Coolidge's Se State; de Gaulle is portray ing power in France in discussing the *Spiegel* affa Mr Cookridge makes the statement that after Straus tion "he has never since b net office". There are al many mis-spellings of Ger and terms for the reader to confident.

The book certainly co sinister atmosphere of the espionage: the pressure double agents to confess; messages sent by pocket-s mitters; the parachute-d spies into Soviet territory mation on the world of cloak-and-daggery may than none. However, the tation is unreliable, the anecdotal, and Mr Cookri ments are far too sweepin book to count as a serious tion to contemporary histo

Wild Bill's war

COREY FORD:
Donovan of OSS
366pp. Hale. £3.50.

William J. Donovan was given the nickname of "*Wild Bill*" when he was a captain in the National Guard at the age of thirty-three, serving on the Mexican frontier in 1916. He earned it, according to Corey Ford, by his keenness at soldiering and the extreme demands he made on his men, but it was naturally a godsend to journalists when during the Second World War he was the head of America's first centralized organization for intelligence and subversion, the Office of Strategic Services or OSS.

No one denied that he was brave. He had fought in the First World War as a Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a battalion in the famous 69th Regiment of New York Irishmen and won a truly remarkable number of awards for gallantry. (Later, as Colonel, he commanded the regiment; his Major-General's rank was conferred in the Second World War.) He twice stood for election, between the wars, in his native state of New York, first for Lieutenant-Governor and later for Governor, but failed each time. He took a great interest in foreign affairs in the 1930s, and in July, 1940 he was sent to Britain as Roosevelt's unofficial personal representative. At the end of the year he came again, and travelled on to the Middle East, the Balkans and Turkey.

These early visits to Britain confirmed him in the view he had formed already that it was to America's interest that Britain should hold out against Germany, and his sanguine temperament brought him to the conclusion that we should be successful in doing so. It was consequently much to our advantage that he was appointed in July, 1941 "Coordinator of Information", head of an office, mainly recruited by himself, intended to provide a central intelligence service which would also "carry out when requested by the President such supplementary activities as may facilitate the securing of information important for national security not now available to the Government". In June, 1942, the name of his organization was altered to the Office of Strategic Services. It was thus under his inspiration that the United States adopted the idea of a single organization which both collected information and also carried out subversive activities. This idea of a dual-purpose organization has been handed on, after a short break between 1945 and 1947, to the present CIA. It is an uneasy combination of functions which in British, though not in Russian, practice, are kept separate. If the CIA has been justly criticized for irresponsibility in action the origins of the criticism go back to Donovan.

It all would make a good story, if only Mr Ford's account inspired more confidence. His publishers say he "was celebrated as a humorist, respected as a biographer and beloved as a friend" but he was clearly no historian. Good at anecdote, he is bad at chronology; most of his wartime chapters shift backwards and forwards in time in a most confusing manner. His knowledge of the background of recent history is very shaky. Franco, he believes, "sought to overthrow King Alphonso's Loyalist Government"; Hess came to Britain "under what he considered a flag of truce. . . . Churchill refused to honour the truce": he postdates the fall of Mussolini and muddles the chronology and the circumstances of the Italian armistice. He is no geographer either, and makes many mistakes over placenames. His assessment of the value of agents' information is sometimes faulty: to take as an example the story to which he gives greatest length, the information sent from Rome in early 1944 by an undoubtedly brave and resourceful OSS agent was far from accurate and could have been dangerous if believed.

Mr Ford was certainly a good friend to Donovan, but he does exaggerate when he comes to recount his achievements. In fact he hands OSS all the credit for practically all the subversive activity that took place anywhere: "The Maquis in France, the Kachin tribesmen in Burma, formed a world-wide shadow army which served under OSS." Much space is devoted to the Italian resistance, whose value is seriously exaggerated and whose activities are ascribed exclusively to Donovan. He is also given the credit for General Simovic overthrowing Prince Paul's government in Yugoslavia, thus being personally responsible for "Hitler's ultimate downfall" by causing the delay in the attack on Russia.

Wild Bill Donovan was plainly someone whom it would have been a pleasure to meet, and his real achievements deserve a more critical and less starry-eyed treatment.

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Stalled Orchestra

HEINZ HÖHNE:
Codeword: Direktor
Translated by Richard Barry
310pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.50.

The Russian espionage organization nicknamed the "Red Orchestra", which operated in Western Europe in the 1930s and early 1940s, has already been the subject of an extensive literature, among the most sensational and confused in this field. Two parallel myths have emerged, to suit some particular Cold War thesis or political leaning: that of the immense skill and effectiveness of the Russian secret services, and that of the invincibility of the German counter-intelligence. Soviet sources of information on the affair, as might be expected, are sparse, despite the recent Russian tendency to acknowledge and celebrate prominent spies like Sorge and Philby. Writers dependent on German sources, on the other hand, have tended hitherto to be highly selective. Yet it was always clear that a German must write the definitive story: and it is a journalist who has now assembled "the facts" and written a balanced assessment. Heinz Höhne's research has been most diligent and his coverage of the available sources exhaustive, with a minimum of speculation. The result will disappoint those who, encouraged perhaps by the jacket and the arresting first pages of his prologue, look here for an Ambler/Le Carré story: for this is a work of history, impressively documented and soberly written. And the author has been well served by his translator.

Two features of his treatment raise this book well above the general level in this field. The first is his presentation of the Rote Kapelle in its historical context by a description of the Russian intelligence networks in Germany after the First World War and their collapse in the early Hitler years. As he rightly says, "without its precursors . . . Rote Kapelle cannot be understood. [The 1920s and 1930s were] the formative period for the habits of thought and behaviour followed by the German communists of the Hitler period". His first chapter, "The Jungle of the Apparats", summarizes this admirably, combining published sources like Dallin and Cookridge with police and Gestapo records and much new unpublished material from former communists (notably Wilhelm Bauer on the KPD's factory reporting *apparat*). He traces the failure of the networks, along with the failure of the communists in the face of Nazism, the reorganization of Russian intelligence after the purges, and the resurgence of the *Razvedupr*, later GRU, as the background to their establishment of the Pole Leopold Trepper as "Grand Chef" of a new network, based in Belgium and directed against the now immensely difficult target of Nazi Germany.

The second and most welcome feature is the author's realistic assessment of the successes and failures of GRU and Gestapo/Abwehr in this contest, and of the influence this espionage had on the course of the war. He gives due credit to the Russians for their meticulous planning of cover for their agents and their exploitation of openings, without glossing over the sometimes glaring errors born of over-confidence, the surprising lack of preparation in radio communications, or the way many of the agents, once captured, not only broke but actively assisted their German opponents (this applied notably with Trepper and the two other "professionals", Soviet officers of GRU). Equally he shows the Germans' efficiency in detail alongside their incompetence in counter-intelligence organization, and rightly stresses the element of chance in their success in rolling up the Rote Kapelle in the autumn of 1942.

Above all, however, he appreciates correctly the infinitesimal influence the network was able to exert on the course of events. It is understandable that participants in the game, at the time or later if they survived, should exaggerate its importance for their own purposes—the Abwehr chief Canaris is on record as estimating the cost of Rote Kapelle's work to Germany's armed forces as "200,000 lives"; Willi Weber on the other hand, a survivor of the Berlin group, wrote in 1951: "Had Rote Kapelle not existed, it is possible that the German General Staff would have reached its *Barbarossa* objectives." In reality, as Herr Höhne amply demonstrates, the organization's reports suffered the fate of most material of this kind: the vast majority were useless in the actual war situation; and the occasional valuable item, amid a mass of trivia and falsehoods, was usually ignored, since by its nature its reliability could never be accurately assessed. In this the Russians were probably right, for in fact, contrary to earlier accounts of the "Orchestra's" web of agents in high places, the actual level of its penetration of the Nazi military machine was low Soviet General Staff learnt ally everything about the We that which it required most information on the plans and objectives of the Ger tary." Herr Höhne sums up:

Rote Kapelle made no contr the course of a single battle or it was not the cause of the ar of any German division; it did any of the Wehrmacht's camp course of the Second World W have been no different had Kent [Soviet officer, "Petit the network]. Schulze-Boy Harnack [German leaders of group] never existed.

Be prepar

ALFRED ERICH SENN:
The Russian Revolution in land 1914-1917
250pp. University of W Press (American Univers lishers Group). £5.95.

Alfred Senn has written an sely learned and detailed Russian revolutionaries in land between the outbreak First World War and the Revolution. It embraces th not only of Bolsheviks, Me and Social Revolutionaries of the small national émigré from the Baltic countries (has previously written on th anian question). The sour are scattered and formid dimensions. They include th merable short-lived journals period, later reminiscences (and unpublished) of those the Okhrana archives and th man official archives.

Mr Senn has picked his w ciously through this mass o times treacherous materia presents a picture which, thou fused and inconclusive in ma pects, inspires confidence in ness and reliability. It will be going for the general reader, no concession to sensational the building up of popular le the world of spy-fiction is a lo off. But the specialist in history of the Russian Revol in some of the obscurer back intrigues of the First World W be deeply indebted to this mo fact and well-documented stu

Murky labyrinths

NGEBORG BACHMANN:
Malina
55pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp
M 24

ove has produced many ambiguous tuations and relationships, but aldom can the emotional lacerations fflicted by individuals, particularly n themselves, have been transormed into such an unusual novel. *Malina* explores the dark byways of disintegrating ego clutching desperately to a dream in a vain attempt o live. A "murder" is committed: personality is totally destroyed. An ndividual is erased; a new self eleased. Readers familiar with Ingeorg Bachmann's poetry and earlier rose pieces will find echoes of her often eerie world in this, her first ovel, in which the process of subjecive exploration is pushed to its imits. Again we find that hallucinatng quality and inner landscape of ractured logic which transforms experience into a surrealistic dimenion.

There are only three main coordinates in this densely spun web: Ivan, object of the nameless narrator's inense love; the narrator herself; Malina, her mysterious, inner, male *Doppelgänger*. Cast against a backcloth of modern Vienna, the narrator finds her recognizable world of reality and her daily relationships becoming increasingly tenuous. Her inner, timeless world superimposes itself more and more, in direct proportion to her intensifying, self destructive obsession with Ivan. As Ivan, focal point of her emotional and existential needs, retreats, the influence of Malina asserts itself and the more desperate she becomes. Finally, the narrator is unable to preserve any proper inner privacy and harmony and so hovers in a limbo of neither/nor until she is immured for ever. Her abused mind and spirit, having registered and articulated their fear, rage and defiance, thus succumb to the trap of life which loudly proclaims the impossibility of living.

The book is divided into three clear sections. The first chapter opens exuberantly in the narrator's knowledge of loving and being loved, but we are also alerted to certain alarming facts which suggest the basic instability of the narrator and her relationship to Ivan. Imperceptibly, time and reality dissolve for her except when she is with Ivan and "lives". The rest is torment and anguish, from which she seeks to escape by turning inwards. Gradually a paralysis of action sets in; a visit to friends away from Vienna results in virtually immediate flight back to her flat in the city, her sanctuary from the inroads of the outside world and memory-bank of her times with Ivan. At the height of this hopelessness and drifting, the narrator's innermost fears express themselves in a chapter of extreme violence.

This second chapter is dominated by the narrator's fear and love of a totemistic father-figure who pursues her relentlessly through sequence after sequence of terror and doom-laden horror. The blood, savagery, torture and mutilation of these scenes have a ritualistic quality. Ingeborg Bachmann herself has suggested that this father-figure is society, but it seems doubtful whether the narrator's suffering here is meant to have universal significance. This is an exploration into the labyrinths of the subconscious where all fears lurk, for it is "only behind his façade that man is not laughable".

Out of this traumatic world emerges the final chapter, in which all the threads are drawn together until in a crescendo the narrator disappears for good, leaving behind her a few pathetic remnants of her former illusory existence. Malina must now take over and, as the reader has probably suspected all along, Malina and the narrator are one and the same person. We are told that there are many ways of dying and that this is not the finale: that is still to come in an as yet unwritten novel entitled *Todesarten*, which will take events up where *Malina* leaves off.

Ingeborg Bachmann's highly impressionistic and tightly knit construction owes its tension and distinctness to an adventurous imagination. The interweaving of fable and reality, the extravagant and horrific, love and fear, contributes to eliciting not just an acute sense of nightmare, but also a rather poignant appeal for help. Unable to withstand the pain of loss, and still live, the narrator withdraws into her male counterpart and disappears.

Southern style

PIERRE SILVAIN:
Mélodrame
111pp. Paris: Gallimard. 5.50fr.
Les Eoliennes
142pp. Paris: Mercure de France. 15fr.

Look up Pierre Silvain's name in the useful and generally excellent French reference books devoted to modern writers, and you won't find it. Compare this neglect with the many paragraphs given to some other people—and quietly despair. M Silvain is, no doubt, essentially a quiet writer, but he is one of consistently high quality whose works are full of gentle observation, understanding, humanity and originality. He is also very versatile: *Mélodrame*, based on a radio play, is set in the deep American south in the early 1860s; *Les Eoliennes* is a modern (or ancient) allegory, set nowhere (or everywhere).

M Silvain is no stranger to America: his 1968 *Zacharie Blue* was the sympathetic story of a seventy-year-old New York Negro. *Mélodrame* is indeed melodramatic, but entirely credible: in the space of less than a day in a long, hot, Indian summer, it evokes the loves, hates, fears, superstitions, hypocrisies and narrow religious conventions of the white gentry in a small Southern town. In an atmosphere of hysteria, frustration and claustrophobia, everyone is waiting for a comet which never appears. This expectation adds to the feeling of doom caused by the shadow of the approaching Civil War: against this background the senseless tragedy precipitated by the unhappy, middle-aged Mrs Anderson seems almost inevitable.

Les Eoliennes (The Windmills) is a remote and frightening tale. It is pure Silvain, not derivative, though it might be seen as by Kafka out of Beckett. Four aging men are in the middle of nowhere, guarding and maintaining a windmill and several reservoirs. They do not know why, nor for whom, nor even how long they have been doing so. Brazier is given to unmentionable practices; Gaubert's catchphrase is "Mehr Licht"; Mathis has a wooden leg; and we never learn anything about the narrator. At the beginning, almost their sole activity is a military-type inspection of the reservoirs: as time goes on they become incapable even of this—but nothing changes. They dream of another windmill on a neighbouring hill—perhaps they will be able to see the sea from there?—perhaps there will be some life there? Brazier finds that other windmill, they all move to the other hill, but still nothing changes. They dream of keeping rabbits, of having an apprentice—all four always dream the same dream simultaneously—but no rabbits, no apprentices ever appear.

As an allegory of man's passage over this barren earth, *Les Eoliennes* is a remarkable book. Its humour is not black, just very grey: it has a melancholy beauty, and is written with reticence and style.

Racy outlines

WINIFRED WILKINSON:
An American—But Different
253pp. Gollancz. £2.25.

Different in that the American, Alain Byrd, is black; and those who find an uneasy ambivalence in the title of this novel are not likely to be too reassured by the first few pages. It's not that Mrs Wilkinson holds any sinister attitudes—quite the contrary—but, as the blurb tells us, she "has to transcend barriers of age [she's well over seventy], sex and race" in trying to come to grips with her subject. Sad to report that she stumbles badly at the first two, and falls flat on her face at the third.

Anxious to leave us under no illusion about her hero's background, she tells us

> he was eighteen years of age, a handsome, light-complexioned American negro, with very large penetrating eyes, beautifully manicured hands, and well-kept hair, and with a look of general well-being, a type very far removed from that of Uncle Tom.

Well, it's amusing enough to find someone who still thinks of that term as descriptive of nothing more than a scruffy field-hand, but it does little to inspire confidence in the author's understanding of her subject: racial strife, albeit in a minor key.

Alain, then, comes from a very well-heeled family. He arrives in London to see the sights and takes lodgings in Chimney Lane, with Mrs Hough—the very personification of the blunt-talking North Country woman, not afraid to call a spade a nigger—who has been persuaded to accept a black lodger by her daughter, Frances—the very personification of a white liberal student. As it happens, Frances has a boyfriend, Lennie, the very personification of the working-class lad eager to make good and not too tolerant of immigrants, especially coloured ones, who are likely to usurp his chances in the labour market.

Alain finds England at once quaint and trying. Quaint for oddities like hot-water bottles and the size of his room ("not much bigger than his clothes-closet at home" and boasting no other adornment but a print of a Chagall painting, the original of which is owned by his grannie); trying, because people don't seem to care too much for the colour of his skin, and because the one person who does—Frances—would sooner he'd been one of the oppressed in his own country. As it is, his concern is not for race but for literature—a fact which becomes more galling for the reader than for Frances when examples of his poems appear.

These problems, together with the additional complication of Alain and Frances falling in love, are argued back and forth with the relentless and wearying persistence of a perpetual-motion machine; in interior monologue, over the supper table, in bedrooms and, in one instance, at Hampton Court. That the dialogue should be tiringly repetitive is bad enough; even less happy is the fact that the writing as a whole is pretty unexceptional. For these reasons, perhaps, and because Mrs Wilkinson insists on burdening her characters with projected attitudes at the expense of their credibility, the book has the unhappy distinction of being unable to boast even a single likable caricature among its cast.

Open wounds

BORIS KIDEL:
A Flawed Escape
264pp. Heinemann. £2.25.

A Flawed Escape is set in Germany at a time when the Nazi persecution of the Jews was at its height. Martin Kassmann, a Jew, leaves the safety of Paris to return to Germany, guessing that he might never get back. His parents are still in Germany: his mother dying of inoperable cancer, his father rapidly becoming senile. His mother dies of her illness soon after his arrival; his father dies by Martin's own hand as the trucks are on their way to transport to "the East" the occupants of the house where the old man is living. After that, Martin's problems become twofold: how to avoid capture and how to shake off the accumulating burden of guilt which began, years ago, with a blunder which sent two Trotskyite comrades to their deaths in Spain, now includes parricide, and soon extends to the deaths of those directly and indirectly concerned with his escape.

It was a neat and justifiable idea to restrict (for the most part anyway) the terror of oppression to one man; the ruthless and appallingly efficient operation which dispatched millions of people to their deaths in concentration camps is constantly talked of, by Martin and those who help him, but never actually observed, and this understatement goes a good way towards engendering a tension and fear—and, paradoxically, a sense of the vastness of the suffering—which would otherwise have been difficult to achieve.

Having found a tenable framework for his novel, however, Boris Kidel slips into an all too comfortable narrative system with flashbacks interrupting Martin's present difficulties in order to lend substance to his rapidly growing guilt feelings. Not that the idea of flashbacks is necessarily unworkable here; but the stagey mnemonics used to introduce them grow increasingly unwieldy: "He leaned back, noticing the ink stains on the other side of the table"; and the next paragraph begins: "Ink stains . . . The rough wooden table was covered with ink stains", taking us back to the days of the Spanish Civil War, and Martin's involvement with the Communist Underground.

The same lack of attention to essential detail is evident in the dialogue, which often seems spoken as if characters were aware of a small critical band of grammarians somewhere offstage.

Intricacies

MARTIN WALSER:
The Unicorn
Translated by Barrie Ellis-Jones
283pp. Calder and Boyars. £3.50.

In *Das Einhorn*, his third novel, Martin Walser's main emphasis shifted from social satire closer to his dominant concerns: the analysis of different varieties of love, "the discrepancy between truth and fiction, experience and memory. . . . Though Herr Walser has found a distinct manner in this book, at once rich and vigorous, expressive and ironic, some of his verbalizing does tend to obscure the narrative line". Nevertheless, "it is by far the most successful of [his] major works to date, because all his remarkable gifts have been applied to a structure large and intricate enough to accommodate them" (*TLS*, September 8, 1966).

The translator's task is not made any easier when he is confronted with a work whose theme is the inability and inadequacy of language to describe and express experience. However, Barrie Ellis-Jones displays remarkable linguistic agility in the more experimental passages, and captures well the novel's general tone in this considerably abridged version.

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In profusion

W. R. RODGERS:
Collected Poems
149pp. Oxford University Press. £3.

Dan Davin of the Oxford University Press has written a prefatory memoir to the *Collected Poems* of the late W. R. Rodgers, the well-known Ulster poet and BBC broadcaster. In congenial, easy-going pages, he tells us of the poet who officiated as a Presbyterian minister in the small parish of Loughgall from 1934 to 1946. He did not meet him, however, until after the Second World War and, searching among cordial, confusing memories, decides that the event must have happened in the Stag's Head near Broadcasting House, where poets and producers met and snacks lasted until closing time, while literary aspirants did their share in calling for more rounds: because, as Mr Davin remarks, all that merry-making was "before the Fall, before radio was consigned to the Age of Steam and the world became a global suburb".

Rodgers had a post in the Features Department of the BBC, where he worked with his fellow countryman, Louis MacNeice. We are given a vivid portrait of "Bertie":

> The brown eyes were large, luminous, slightly nocturnal. There were laughter wrinkles about them, though down-turning like the corners of the mouth, and so suggesting irony and wryness, the afterthoughts felt simultaneously with the gaiety they would succeed to, the bone of bitterness that is beneath and supports the ripple of Irish laughter. His voice was low and pleasant and the nuances intertwined in it like the colour of the Irish tweed he usually wore.

Rodgers proposed and produced a series of Irish literary portraits for broadcasting, which were novel in method and effective in result. Quiet, careful, watchful, whiskey glass in hand, he interviewed many who had met A.E., Yeats, Moore, Stephens, Joyce, and other writers of the Irish Literary Revival. Then he went to work, collating, shuffling his material, confronting arbitrarily, and, no doubt, with a slightly malicious smile, friends and enemies across an imaginary table. He asked for, and was given, much forgiveness because the result was stimulating, witty, and disrespectful of all greatness.

Willy-nilly, Rodgers had been drawn into the intensive circle of the literary movement in Dublin, but remained an outsider, observant, contented to listen, with a half smile. His literary visits to Dublin with Martin Brown were known by the large BBC van in which they travelled with elaborate equipment, and his scoops ended, as Mr Davin tells us, in merry evenings at the Pearl Bar, resort of journalists and writers. Rodgers lost his first wife in tragic circumstances; later he married again and found great happiness. But he remained a convivial companion, happiest when sitting on a high stool at a counter, telling anecdotes, as the drinks circulated, about parishioners whom he had led into the ways of righteousness. Fervently he maintained the tradition of Ulstermen, dour, yet having warmth beneath their thick skins.

In 1969, Rodgers was lecturing in California, where he became seriously ill and died within a few months.

The poetry of W. R Rodgers is left for the reader to absorb and enjoy. Mr Davin contents himself with telling us that Bertie, during his brief ministry, was well-read in traditional English poetry. But it is also clear that he was aware, directly or indirectly, of modern currents; choosing, to startle us, a plain word or vigorous verb, and yet caring for and giving novelty to old-fashioned personifications, as in "The Party":

> So they went leaving a picnic-litter of talk
> And broken glitter of jokes, the burst bags of spite:
> In comes Contempt the caretaker, eye on ceiling,
> Broom in armpit, and with one wide careless cast
> Sweeps the stuttering rubbish out of memory.

In the 1930s the influence of Gerard Manley Hopkins was widespread, and Rodgers was clearly in the queue, delighting in the onward drive of alliteration, yielding to his impulse, regardless of consequence:

> O look how the loops and balloons of bloom
> Bobbing on long strings from the finger-ends
> And knuckles of the lurching cherry-tree
> Heap and hug, elbow and part, this wild day,
> Like a careless carillon cavorting.

The convivial life of the poet, which has been described kindly for us by Mr Davin, explains, no doubt, the fact that he wrote only two volumes of verse. Despite the wealth, vigour and frequent contemporaneity of his images, his work, narrow in its tumultuous range, shows little development. In his last poems he moved backwards toward a romantic profusion, as in the retelling of classical myths, such as "Europa and the Bull", which begins with modern shock tactics—

> Naked they came, a niggling core of girls
> Maggotting gaily in the curling wool
> Of morning mist, and careless as the lark
> That gargled overhead.

—developing into an erotic paean:

> As slowly the swan comes forward, in advance
> Bearing its bellying tray of effusive plumes,
> Yet backward rears its head and huffs its glance
> As if it fended off its offering that presumes.

This second volume ends, rather surprisingly, with a series of religious poems, so musical and emotional that it would seem that the former Dissenting minister was experiencing within his imagination a small Tractarian disturbance of his own.

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Feeling and wrangling

MIKE WEAVER:
William Carlos Williams: The American Background
228pp. Cambridge University Press £3.80.

William Carlos Williams is not one of the poets currently undergoing feverish critical reappraisal, but in this "analytical literary biography" Dr Weaver supplies his own turbulence. Like Williams, Dr Weaver evidently enjoys thrashing around *among* information, and he offers here not a critical commentary but "an explanation of the link between the indigenous culture of small-town America and the poet's own idiom". It is an awkward programme, giving scope neither for clear biographical narrative nor for full-scale argument, and the result is a disconcerting barrage of "links" and explanations of links.

A technique of erratic bombardment, admittedly, is imposed on Dr Weaver to some extent by his subject. Williams's violent energy propelled his attention in most of the available directions: in the space of three fairly typical pages here, we learn of his writing a "Democratic Party Poem" for the campaign of 1928/29, his appointment to the Bergen County Mosquito Extermination Commission, and his study of *Blast* and the writings of Kandinsky. Williams's appetite for multiple commitment conferred upon him a tragicomic distinction when he was investigated by the FBI as a fascist associate of Ezra Pound, and marked down by the House Committee as a communist.

Two continuities sustained Williams through these vagaries and vicissitudes: his sense of place, borne in upon him by his medical work, and the availability of intellectual companionship. In the one case he saw and felt, in the other he wrangled and theorized. There are two lines of research here, and Dr Weaver's book, straining mightily to keep them both going, does not do full justice to either. His efforts to place the poet solidly in his messy corner of New Jersey are largely unavailing, for his interest is continually drawn away to the little magazines where Williams exercised his mind. There are occasional monuments to local endeavour: one of the sizable appendixes, for example, quotes hugely from a deservedly unremembered epic on the Passaic river, indicating a precedent for *Paterson*. The second appendix presents eighteen pages of notes on *Paterson* itself; as soon as he gets near a text, Dr Weaver is more businesslike, and his closeness to his sources enables him to make sense of many baffling lines.

The body of the book, however, is a chronicle of Williams's aesthetic and ideological affiliations. The original research here is valuable, but lacks perspective: Dr Weaver begins by taking for granted Williams's important debt to Pound, so it is difficult to estimate in relative terms the significance he attaches to the poet's other enthusiasms. As it is, the book gives the unfortunate but perhaps not altogether mistaken impression that Williams was a kind intellectual pawnbroker half-assimilated ideas.

The question of idio lost to Dr Weaver's vie preface, he states: "The between the British and idioms rests on important d in attitudes of mind." T enough; but to pursue through his lifelong exp ideas is not to say much idiom. Not much can be sa without reference to the texture of Williams's wo The poetry poses the pro most acute form, of course sider the following passag quoted by Dr Weaver in of Williams's attitude to more interesting as an e the kind of writing that ma acquired taste:

> In Bach, not as with the m other later composers, it s be the purpose to seduce t leading it away from the notes (words) as musical On the contrary, though of sounds is attained it "burden" of necessity le selves.

Not inaccessible, but enough to be tiresome, th manner of Williams's, th of mind, still gets in the ever diligently one m account for it in terms of background. Emerging tangle of circumstance h structed, Dr Weaver sh problem of "the poet's o to face.

Everything under control

PATRICIA BEER:
The Estuary
48pp. Macmillan. £1.50.

BRIAN PATTEN:
The Irrelevant Song
64pp. Allen and Unwin. £1.75 (paperback, 65p).

GEORGE MacBETH:
The Orlando Poems
103pp. Macmillan. £2.60 (paperback, £1.25).

BARRY MacSWEENEY:
Our Mutual Scarlet Boulevard
96pp. Fulcrum Press. £1.80.

Patricia Beer's new poems, *The Estuary*, are restrained, unshowy pieces which avoid the pitfalls of confessional rhetoric or emotional exhibitionism at the cost of an imaginative thinness. Their unruffled steadiness of tone results, at best, in some effectively suggestive understatements; at worst it leads to an excessively level-headed, uninspired sort of reportage which has the advantages neither of detailed observation nor of metaphorical resonance:

> The platform is now old
> And empty, but still shows
> The act of waiting.
> Beyond it the meadows,
> Where once the toy shadows
> Of funnel and smoke bowled,
> Are pure green, and no echoes
> Squeeze into the cutting.

In the title-poem, metaphor *is* effectively exploited, as a means of relating the physically observed and emotionally felt; otherwise, in the tactics of a particular poem, it is kept to a spare minimum, so that the language seems at once tautly controlled and sensuously impoverished. Emotional complexities of a kind are suggested, but made to hover beneath a poem's surface, strictly subdued by the clipped evenness of tone and syntax; and since several of the poems are about childhood this has the effect of intensifying their air of remoteness from an urgent actual experience.

Brian Patten seems to have taken a turn away from his previous infantile whimsy and goonery: *The Irrelevant Song* is, on the whole, more solemn, more reverential than his other books, more single-mindedly concerned with tracking down the elusive relations between what you happen to feel when you wake up on a particular morning and the general condition of cosmic reality. The relations refuse to come clear, however, if only because Mr Patten's feelings are habitually so misty, delicate and imponderable that even imbuing them with some substantial existence for himself (let alone for the reader) presents a major problem. Certainly the imagery cannot be said to help much in this respect: Mr Patten is one of our latter-day *fin-de-siècle* symbolists, wandering, gently dazed, within a world of dreams and vapours, merging winds, late spring flowers and beautiful girls glimpsed in the dim shrubbery.

George MacBeth's *Orla* are better heard than read Crow-wise, with the vario tures of a mythical prota have some inventive mo there is an obvious (and by acteristic) tension between Beth's sharply perceptive and a trivializing, se word-play which wards assault by refusing to defe

If the reader's eye is lik too slickly over these w likely, on the other hand, to biliousness by Bar Sweeney's verbose and turg *Our Mutual Scarlet Bou* which image tumbles ove an unsifted clutter of idea sations.

Assaults on the ear

FRIEDERIKE MAYROCKER:
Fantom Fan
107pp. Hamburg: Rowohlt. DM 14.80.

In recent years Friederike Mayröcker, in close association with her fellow poet Ernst Jandl, has almost become an institution in Vienna, and the salons of the old palaces (some of them now rededicated by their new owner, the state, to the furthering of culture) resound not infrequently with their readings and tape-recordings. Words, phrases, worn-out clichés, gibberish, alternate on these occasions with groans, shrieks, and whispers, the articulate ingredients being chiefly contributed by Frau Mayröcker, the inarticulate by Herr Jandl. It is a liberating experience: the one-year-old child, vociferously experimenting with sound and language for the fun of it, comes to life in us again.

Friederike Mayröcker's books are, accordingly, written for the ear, despite the elegant use she makes of capitals, brackets, numerals, empty space, and other visual aids on the printed page. Her last book, *Minimonsters Traumlexikon*, was conceived on a lyrical note, which gives way in this collection to a more energetic approach. A good deal of *Fantom Fan* is intended to be shouted. It is the same world of playful absurdity and impetuo ties: however the writer is caressing the reader but browbeat him, as becomes opening piece, "Crashpre

> ist es ein busenbild aus War
>
> ein neapelgelbes, eins vom O ostui
>
> ist es ein rosa busenbild ? ea ein

Respites are few and far the insistent, irritant rhy constant alarums and excu jerks and explosions are of a placid perusal. The is the characteristic mood lection:

> Halten Sie SNOOPY's Hand einschlafen
> Versuchen Sie knapp Einschlafen zu
> Verbringen Sie einige Stu spiiteren Abends im Abs
>
> Lassen Sie die Wörter auf
> Machen Sie öfters mal bong

The open form in wh poems are written inevitab in occasional tedium, but m time the breathless tempo tively sustained by means o guistic surprises, which Fr röcker seems to keep in supply. Perhaps one is al rather exhausted, a little conscious of having been su bombarded over a hundr with a torrent of words.

A. P. Herbert

Richard Neville

Lord Parker

John Mortimer

THE ABUSES OF LITERACY—1

The Law and its application

BY C. H. ROLPH

OME KINDS of legal proscription can be beautifully simple. The law against bigamy, for mple, though it involves arithic, can be understood and set in tion without even fingers for nting on. The law against street king, though it may involve the nting of yellow lines, does so only the purpose of assessing impuce. A road with a stationary car it is obstructed, as a matter of : the courts decide whether the truction was "necessary" as a stion of fact. Most critics of the about obscenity and pornophy, and certainly the angriest s, would like to find some similar iciple and apply it to the publica- of books and pictures. Every rt to do so leaves them more sperated.

xasperation has been one outne of the Obscene Publications , 1959—which the late Sir Alan bert at one time wanted to call Protection of Literature Act. H., by the way, though he chaired the committee whose rts led to the passing of that Act, was never fond of it. Most of its sponsors, in fact, were disappointed: it was a compromise Bill, the result of much in-fighting (decently disguised as "give and take") between the Herbert Committee, backed by Roy Jenkins and Lord Birkett, and the legal advisers at the Home Office, backed by the Law Officers of the Crown. But every time the courts now interpret the Act as its promoters intended, their decision is likely to be reported as revolutionary. The decision, for example, that any one item in *OZ 28* must be judged on its own is precisely what was intended by the words in Section 1 of the Act—"Where the article comprises two or more distinct items, the effect of any one of the items taken as a whole". Again, there has been much merriment about Judge Argyll's question to counsel in the *OZ* trial—"Is *Hair* an article?" (In a subsequent television interview Richard Neville was convulsed about it.) But the question did not mean that Judge Argyll, alone among those in court, was unaware that *Hair* is a musical now in its Fourth Beautiful Year. It had been referred to in the trial, and it became necessary for the judge to remind the court and the jury of its irrelevance on the ground that a stage show cannot be an "article" as defined in the Obscene Publications Act, which uses the word article as most of us would say object or thing

The Herbert Committee, as we called ourselves (I was its secretary), had reluctantly accepted the century-old "tendency to deprave and corrupt" as the test of obscenity. It did not seem, after prolonged discussion, possible to be more explicit than to say that a publication was obscene if its effect, when taken as a whole, was such as to tend to deprave and corrupt people likely to read, see, or hear it. In speaking of its "effect" we did *not* mean, I am certain, that there would have to be evidence that the book had had any demonstrable effect on anybody. The effect of it was its completion, the bringing together of its component parts, the reality of it

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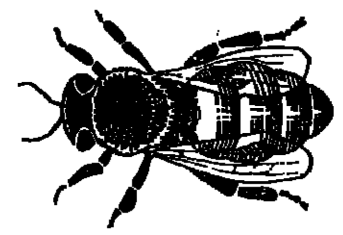

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مكبر من الأصل

when it was finally effected. But the final effecting of it would have tendencies, and one of them might be to deprave and corrupt people who were "likely, having regard to all relevant circumstances", to read the book.

I always thought (and so did A.P.H.) that the words "having regard to all relevant circumstances" were in the wrong place. They now qualify the likelihood that someone will read it. They ought to qualify any tendency it might have to deprave and corrupt. But whichever way you have it they do not require, indeed they implicitly exclude, any evidence that someone has actually been depraved or corrupted. They concern a tendency, and this is something (I tell myself) that is exemplified by the leaning tower of Pisa, which for more than 600 years has been accepted as having a tendency to fall down.

A year or two before he died, A.P.H. was saying that pornography had got out of hand and that the test ought now to be a tendency to disgust. This is what a succession of judges have had to steer their juries away from: disgust is not enough, or is irrelevant, or is to be distinguished from the kind of damage that is meant by depravity and corruption. And yet it is almost certainly what a number of juries have allowed to sway them.

In the twelve years since the passing of the Act the development of "literary frankness" and pictorial nudity has been almost incredibly swift. Perhaps the most startling comment on the changed state of law-enforcement (though the law itself has remained the same) is the one that must suggest itself to anybody who has been visiting prisons during those twelve years. In 1971, many a cell and workshop is plastered with "pin-ups" of a kind which, in 1959, men were in prison for publishing. 1959 comes out of the comparison less happily than 1971; it was disgust (of an almost primitively prurient kind) that got the 1959 men into prison.

And now disgust, under the name of aversion, has found its way back into the accepted canon. John Mortimer actually turned it to advantage, in the defence of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. Readers of that book, he told the jury (quoting evidence he had called) might be so horrified (=disgusted) by the evil and depravity of life in Brooklyn that they would want to take up arms against such iniquity and try to prevent the spread of it. This would be a "public good". The trial judge thought so little of this that he didn't even mention it to the jury when he summed up the evidence to them: and his omission proved fatal to the conviction. In the Court of Appeal, Lord Justice Salmon said it must be quashed because the jury had been given no guidance about the "horror, revulsion and pity" defence (which Mr John Mortimer was again to deploy in the *OZ* case). "The defence", said Lord Justice Salmon, "was that the book gave a graphic description of the depths of depravity or degradation in which life is lived in Brooklyn. This description is compassionate and condemnatory. The only effect it would produce"—he was quoting the defence, not supporting it—"in any but a minute lunatic fringe of readers would be horror, revulsion and pity." If you are portraying a sad aspect of life, the argument seems to run, the more disgusting, horrifying and revolting you can make it the more you will excite pity for the human condition. And that is a public good.

Some readers would not be thus moved to pity, even if they were moved to something else, perhaps a depraved enjoyment. But these would be "a minute lunatic fringe of readers". There were at least two kinds of readers (Lord Justice Salmon acknowledged). A jury must be told to

> consider on the one hand the number of readers you believe would tend to be corrupted by the book. Then the strength of its tendency to deprave and corrupt. And then the nature of that corruption and depravity. On the other hand you must assess the strength of the literary, sociological or ethical merit which you consider the book to possess. Then you must weigh up all these factors and decide whether, on balance, the publication is proved to be justified as being for the public good.... A book may tend to deprave and corrupt a significant but comparatively small number of its readers, or a large number or indeed the majority of its readers.

If the number depraved was small in comparison with those incited to horrified pity, he seemed to say, an obscene book could be published for the public good.

The defence of public good

That, to my knowledge, if I may say so with respect, was precisely what the Herbert Committee intended when it fought for the inclusion of public good as a defence to an obscenity charge. And it had to fight. Expert evidence, it was told (by the law officers among others), was evidence of opinion, was admitted only rarely and with reluctance in English law, and was always likely to be countered by experts for the other side, leaving the jury in a state of confusion. But the point was won, and expert evidence was in. (It had been admissible in similar contexts for many years in the law of Belgium, Western Germany, Switzerland, the Soviet Union, New South Wales, Queensland, Western Australia, Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Canada. India and Pakistan allow it in respect of idols and temples. Sweden, France, and Japan allow it in mitigation of sentence only.)

But it is apparent from numerous recent letters to *The Times* that in this country the "public good" defence has never yet been generally understood. If an obscene book is one that might deprave and corrupt, how *can* its publication possibly be for the common good? It was Lord Justice Salmon who was the first to pronounce publicly (in the *Last Exit* case) that the corruptible and the beneficiaries will not be the same people, and that you have to estimate and compare their numbers and importance. Moreover, the question whether a publication can be for the public good does not arise until the jury has decided that it is "obscene" (i.e, that its effect is such as to tend to deprave and corrupt a certain kind of reader). Since the expert witnesses are concerned solely with the *other* kind of reader, to whom it might do good for literary or artistic or other reasons, the question of obscenity is no concern of theirs and they must not be asked about it. Of course they sometimes are. Even in the *Last Exit* case, Sir Basil Blackwell was asked in cross-examination before the magistrate whether anyone could be depraved and corrupted by this book. "It depraved and corrupted me to some extent", Blackwell said. "I define 'to deprave and corrupt' as 'to impair, spoil, debase, defile'. I am afraid my memory, in the few years that remain to me, will not be purged of it." In this derisive age it was a statement of rare courage. But since Blackwell was there as an expert witness on the question of literary merit, and the separate question of obscenity was entirely for the court to decide, it was surely inadmissible? No expert witness for the defence would have been allowed (by an alert judge or magistrate) to say that his mind was unimpaired, unspoiled, undefiled, that it would not need any purging. That is relevant only to obscenity, not to public good.

To quote only one letter in *The Times*, Morris L. West wrote from Sardinia on November 12 to say that he was an expert witness in the *OZ* obscenity trial in Australia. He found the publication distasteful and degrading, he said, but he "did not believe that its authors should be convicted upon an unprovable proposition—that it was obscene within the meaning of the Act". But that proposition was totally outside his province as a witness, and his evidence was irrelevant to it. He was there merely to help the court in deciding whether, obscene or not, its publication was justified for literary or other reasons. Yet he and many others erred in good company. On November 11 the *New Law Journal* said in a leading article about the case of R v Neville and others (the *OZ* case):

> It is greatly to be regretted that the Lord Chief Justice so unequivocally ruled that "in future the issue of obscene or no" (i.e, whether a publication would tend to deprave or corrupt) "must be tried by the jury without the assistance of experts' evidence".

His Lordship could not rule otherwise. The "experts" are excluded by the laws of evidence until they are made eligible by Statute; and this Statute has said no more than that they may give evidence on the question of literary, artistic and other merits—they may not even say, in terms, that the publication was for the public good, which is for the jury to decide as much as the question of obscenity.

Unhappily, in the *OZ* case the Lord Chief Justice took it a little farther. "The only issue for the jury", he said, "was whether the publication was obscene" (*The Times*, November 6). But that was only half the issue, the other half being whether it could also be for the public good. Again, Lord Widgery, having observed that the Act allowed expert evidence to be given, said it was "*then* for the jury to balance the merit or demerit of the article and conclude whether or not they found it obscene". With great respect, it was for the jury to say whether the *OZ* magazine, even if they found it obscene, could be published for the public good on the ground that it was "in the interests of science, literature, art or learning, or of other objects of general concern". (Science, literature and learning may not seem to have been much furthered by the *OZ* School Kids' Issue; but no one quite knows what the "other objects of general concern" might be held to include—the phrase was put in to protect *bona fide* accounts of wartime and prison-camp atrocities.)

Expert witnesses for these cases are becoming increasingly hard to get. And no wonder. They are withered in cross-examination and even the judges tend to treat them with ill-concealed disapproval. Lord Widgery remarked in the Court of Appeal that Judge Argyll, in trying the *OZ* case, had uttered "sentences, including asides, which tended to denigrate the witness in question. Some of them might have been justified, but they gave the impression that the Judge was biased against the experts as a group." As a matter of fact the late Mr Justice Byrne did a good deal of this in the *Lady Chatterley* trial; and those who heard his acerbic summing-up of the experts' evidence will remember how much more can be put into a tone of voice than even into the words, "Well, members of the jury, you will no doubt form your own opinion as to *that*, . . ."

There was not even a new conflict between obscenity in the 1959 Act and indecency in the Post Office Act. In 1963 a professional photographer was acquitted on a charge under the 1959 Act relating to some photographs, which were held not to be obscene. Confidently he thereupon started sending the same photographs to people through the post and was convicted because they were "indecent". When *that* case got to the Court of Appeal, Mr Justice Widgery (as he then was) agreed with Lord Parker that "there is no question whether they are obscene, only whether they are indecent—I consider that they are indecent". On the very same day another man who had been fined £100 for sending "indecent" films and pamphlets through the post failed to convince the Court of Appeal that "indecent" and "obscene" were synonymous. The judges admitted, though it didn't help the convicted man, that the two words "conveyed one idea, namely offending against recognized standards of propriety, with indecency at the lower end of the scale and obscenity at the upper end" (R. v Stanley, *The Times*, February 17, 1965); but it was never clear whether upper and lower meant better and worse, or whether the postal service could be used to deprave and corrupt but not to offend.

This was among the foreseeable anomalies that the Herbert Committee had sought to remove by putting forward a "Consolidating" Bill, and getting rid of all the conflicting general enactments and all the local ones that covered the same ground. They learnt, and I suppose they ought to have known, that no private members' Bill could be a consolidating Bill, because you had to get a certificate from the Chairman of Committees that it contained no alteration of the law—and he wouldn't give it to you even if it didn't; consolidating is a government matter.

Customs, police and post office

There is much uneasiness about Customs seizures, though it may be difficult to wax very indignant about *what* the Customs men detain in the way of pornographic literature, and it has to be remembered that this country has treaty obligations under an international convention. It is sometimes said, by critics of the 1959 Obscene Publications Act (for whom it did not go far enough in the lifting of restraints), that it led to a huge increase in Customs seizures of books and magazines. There was in fact a huge increase in 1959, but it had nothing whatever to do with the Obscene Publications Act, which makes no mention of Customs procedure. The 1959 increase—from about 2,000 annually to more than a million—was entirely due to the abolition of an import licensing system in the dollar area and the consequent arrival of big consignments of pulp magazines from America—where the stuff would have been destroyed as "unsalable surplus" if no one had wanted it. This still accounts for most of the seizures, which were running at more than two million last year.

If the Customs men take a book from your luggage and detain it on grounds of "obscenity", they will be working on the "tendency to corrupt" definition of the word and probably on a list of successfully prosecuted books. (They try to keep this up to date, both by addition and by deletion.) If you want to contest the seizure you can formally (or even quite informally) do so in writing; and thereupon they are obliged, by the Customs Acts of 1876 and 1952, to take the case before a magistrate and get his decision. You can be there to contest the case, no one is liable to any penalty (further than the possible loss of the book), and the procedure is "civil". It is also extremely rare. No one ever thinks it worth while. Even rarer, to the point of being almost unheard of, is a criminal prosecution by the Customs—a gun which they keep almost permanently on the wall. But the Customs people are not, as is so often said, "a law unto themselves". They work under strict statutory powers, they sometimes make mistakes, they can be challenged—and an occasional challenge is good for them.

The role of the police in all this is, in the main, a secondary one. They seldom take action, unprompted, against publishers and sellers of books. If you complain to the police about a book, then they will probably get one and send it to the Director of Public Prosecutions (unless, having looked at it themselves, they conclude that you inhabit the lunatic fringe and would be likely to complain about *The Decameron*). They know about the so-called "floods of filth" in the porn shops; and from time to time, by way of keeping the trade on its toes, they will get a magistrate's warrant enabling them to seize a large number of paperbacks and magazines, the complaisant shopkeeper will sign a "disclaimer" form (which obviates going to court but has no legal basis whatsoever), the magistrate will be relieved (or deprived) of the duty of reading them all, and there will be a bonfire.

We all have our own choice, but to my mind the oddest provision of all is Section 11 of the Post Office Act, 1953. This prescribes a £100

fine in a magistrate's cour
months' imprisonment o
by a jury, for sending or
to send a postal packet w

> encloses any indecent or o
> painting, photograph, lit
> graving, cinematograph
> card or written communic
> indecent or obscene ar
> similar to the above or no

or a postal packet which
cover "any words, mark
which are grossly offen
indecent or obscene char
Section 8 (3) says that
postal packet may be de
opened in the Post Offi
troyed or otherwise dispo
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of postal "indecency" is
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vertisement, both the ed
paper and the recipient of
(as "aiders and abettor
advertiser) can be prose
face the same heavy
"Indecent" and "obscene
as we have noted, synony
no one knows what "gro
sive" could be held to me
it could surely include
slogans and quips about
the Royal Family.

"Grossly offensive", d
getting close again to d
horror; and these, as I h
are now being rather
called in to justify obs
potentially good thing. But
Court of Appeal decis
the underground paper IT
as R. v Knullar (Publishin
and Promotions Ltd), 19
be noted with considerable
publishers, printers, and
general. I take leave
whether its immense
have yet been realized.
lishes that the common
conspiracy (which the Ob
lications Act of 1959 had
can still be used to convi
spiring to outrage public
A common law outrage
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which has always been
within the public view, h
been thought to require
of public performance
presence of at least two p
objected to it. The *IT*
lishes that there is, after
mon law offence of publi
thing to members of the p
"while in no danger of
rupted" (and here I am
words of Lord Justice Fe
son) "*would be simply di*
shocked to think that such
be published"
shocked to think? That
way beyond even the *La*
tory case, which
offence of conspiring to c
lic morals. And was this
by-passing the Obscene P
Act and denying the ri
expert evidence? No, said
of Appeal, because it had
alleged that *IT* was obs
that Act—the prosecution
invoked it! Unless I am
on this case the Obscene P
Act, with all its safeguards
a total nullity.

Thus there is a strong
complete overhaul of the
constantly-changing proble
ing a quite new exercise
ties; and it should find issu
solidating statute taking
aspect—publishing and
printing and distributing, p
importing, inertia selling,
entertainment of every kind
wish, however, to hedge this
with two safeguards, short
I would almost prefer to
remain as they are. First,
sanction against any pub
distributor of condemned
graphy should be the dest
the condemned material, ne
imprisonment. (In partic
not want men sitting in pr
we still lived in the days
Paine, because of someth
have written or published.)
any such Act of Parliament
effected *permanent* repeals
went before) should lapse
years unless continued, afte
in both Houses of Parliame
any necessary amendments
further periods of five year
have all grown up.

Next week: 'HMG's Secre
grapher' by Sefton Delmer.

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ticket.

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n need of explanation

ES FEIFFER:
rnal Knowledge
creenplay
pp Illustrated Cape. £1.60.

the days when Jules Feiffer was
l known as the author of *Sick*
k, Sick, he put out a collection
cartoon strips called *The Explain-*
"Sooner or later", says its
rb, "everyone, in an attempt at
-justification, gives himself away.
Explainers is a delicate and
dly record of these moments of
th. It is also very funny."
rdly a devastating explanation in
own right, this, but a fair guide
Mr Feiffer's working method.
u take a character, the subject,
o is trying to sort himself out
consulting a friend, and the
nd's half-interested feed-lines
d the subject back through his
n cock-eyed reasoning to the
vitably wan realization that he
s progressed backwards: he is
ailed by the awful fear that he
s been kidding himself. This
tem works well, too, as an
ernal monologue, in which ambition conscience or plain self-doubt take the place of the unhelpful friend.

At its purest and saddest, the humour takes the form of the subject's struggle with barely animate objects. *The Explainers* features a man who, finding a flowerpot, stretches through some railings to pick a solitary flower to adorn it. Failing at length to reach the flower, he settles for some scrubby bits of grass near at hand, puts them in the pot, and walks away with the words, "I'll compromise". There is a woman with a similar plant-pot, trying to decide whether her minute, indeed invisible, plant has grown; but she can't tell, lapses into a comfortable despair ("I can't tell *anything* any more"), and settles down to watch *Gunsmoke*. "What's the difference?" she sighs.

More than ten years have passed since these little emotional theorems were constructed. Tucked away in an odd corner of *The Observer*, they had at that time a slightly avant-garde flavour, a medicinal whiff of the psychoanalyst's couch. Now it is more a question of cinema-seats, for the new avant-garde Jules Feiffer is a screenplay writer, author of *Carnal Knowledge*. While the *Chicago Tribune* critic exaggerated a little when he hailed the film as a "towering achievement", there is a sense in which he was justified in calling it "a shattering experience for everyone". One is indeed dismayed to observe in the film how general and how mean are the hypocrisies of the male. In laughing, one admits to complicity in them: this is potentially shattering, depending on how far the admission goes. But though the laughs are more bitter than of old, the methods of raising them are the same. The first half-minute of the film produces the following exchange between college room-mates:

JONATHAN: I started to be in love. And then she let me feel her up on the first date. It turned me right off.

SANDY: You kept going with her.

JONATHAN: Well, she let me feel her up.

Jonathan is an "explainer" deciding to compromise; but the laugh comes more readily here, the expedient adjustment of ideals being quicker and even more perfunctory. Mr Feiffer is fond of this little trick. Later in the same conversation the boys try to imagine the ideal mate:

JONATHAN: She should be very understanding. We'd start the same sentences together.

SANDY: I'd like to do that.

JONATHAN: Big tits.

Not quite the same joke but the identical shape, as it were. First Jonathan affirms allegiance to high principles, and then, the bathetic mammaries of the vision soon to become Ann-Margret bursting into his mind, he "gives himself away".

Nor are the cartoon world influences confined to the structure of the dialogue. In this inaugural conversation, introducing Jonathan and Sandy to the notion of competitive carnality, the voices come from off-screen into an apparent blackout, as in the old convention by which the illustrator represented words uttered at night by drawing a pitch-black frame with "bubbles" emanating from obviously specific but totally obscured points within it.

There is a long sequence where Candice Bergen is stranded in mid-screen reacting to a drunken conversation between Jonathan and Sandy, who are fractionally out of frame on either side of her. The wide range of reactions and interpolations demanded of Miss Bergen here, all in close-up and in a supposedly tipsy condition, makes the scene quite a virtuoso performance on her part. But for a cartoonist, as Mr Feiffer has proved repeatedly, there is nothing easier. A few strokes of the pen (particularly few in Mr Feiffer's case) can fill a whole page with versions of the same face, running through its repertoire of grimaces. The actor and screenplay writer have to manage the transitions that a cartoonist can safely take for granted. Mr Feiffer is now exploring the cracks between frames.

At least from the point of view of technique, then, he is working himself much harder than before, taking risks with a talent originally proven only on a miniaturist's scale. He has always looked a likely screen-writer, but until now he has worked in a malleable Tom-and-Jerry world where people made of scrawling pen-strokes suffered theoretical hurts with delightful resignation. *Carnal Knowledge*, however, finally discredits "What's the difference?" while recognizing that even certain compromises can require an act of will. It is also very funny.

How he danced!

CHARD BUCKLE:
jinsky
pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

jinsky on Stage
4pp. Studio Vista. £2.80.

chard Buckle's biography is a
rious amalgamation of two books.
his search for Nijinsky, Mr
ckle assembled so much material
out the early years of the Diaghi-
v Ballet with which Nijinsky's
me was almost synonymous—
at he has been unable to resist pub-
shing it all. True, the negotiations
tween Diaghilev and that en-
ghtened impresario, Gabriel
struc, were of the utmost import-
ce in making possible the first, all-
nportant, Paris seasons. But the
struc papers, now in the Museum
nd Library of Performing Arts at
incoln Center, really relate to a bio-
graphy of Diaghilev or a history of
is ballet company. So the first part
f *Nijinsky*—after a delightful be-
inning—becomes bogged down not
nly with correspondence but also
ith long quotations from other
ooks. In some cases Mr Buckle
ghtfully corrects mis-statements, but
e quotations destroy his narrative
nd he himself plays a less vital part
the book than one would have
ished.

The descriptions of the ballets in
hich Nijinsky appeared, let alone
f the ballets such as *The Firebird*
n which he did not appear, are
nnecessary because they can be
ound elsewhere. The most exciting
art of the narrative concerns the
allets of Nijinsky, the four works—
ow all forgotten (except for the
allet Rambert's doubtful version of
Après-midi d'un faune)—which
ave lived on in the memories of
ome of his colleagues, notably
ydia Sokolova. Mr Buckle has
een tireless in his questioning and
elving in an attempt to evaluate and
horeography. He comes out with a
trong case for the Nijinsky version
f *Le Sacre du printemps* as having
een the best of them all. This is
ubstantiated by contemporary
ccounts and further confirmed by
he distinguished Russian critic,
alerian Svetlov, who wrote in *The*
ancing Times in December, 1929,
hat it proved Nijinsky "to be a
great master". (He said of the later
ersion by Massine that "it gained
othing in the new edition, and it is
uite incomprehensible why this re-
markable work was ever re-
modelled".)

In the book, as in his life, Nijin-
ky comes through most strongly as
personality when he is away from
iaghilev. The early years are poeti-
ally described. The narrative after
1913 is also lively. Mr Buckle is
particularly good in assessing the worth of Anatole Bourman's book, long considered to be mainly fictional but obviously containing a good deal of truth. He is dominated, however, by the presence of Romola Nijinsky, the dancer's widow, all of whose suggestions and corrections he has accepted. How fascinating it would be to see the original manuscript and then her alterations! No doubt Mr Buckle will see that the material is placed in the Museum of the Performing Arts he is determined to establish in London.

If one quibbles about the abundance of material and the over-emphasis on Diaghilev's activities, one must admit that the book will be for decades the definitive biography. It is not always easy reading, but there are occasional flashes of pure Buckle that must not be missed. His translations of the abuses hurled at *L'Après-midi* and *Le Sacre* are obviously designed to reproduce the shock value they would have today (he might not be expected to use the Oxford translation of *salaud* as "dirty beast, rotter", but "shit" seems to go a little too far). The illustrations are superb and they have been supplemented in a little book called *Nijinsky on Stage*. This has a brief but excellent text by Mr Buckle and action drawings made by Valentine Gross during performances. The drawings give a remarkable impression of Nijinsky's stance and his ability to transform himself into strange and exotic beings. For his great roles were all unreal. Perhaps on stage, as in life, he was hiding in a private world of fantasy.

There are few contemporary stage designers, or "scenographers" as Josef Svoboda prefers to call them, of sufficient originality or substance to merit the extensive documentation and discussion which Jarka Burian has so rightly devoted to the great Czech theatrical innovator in *The Scenography of Josef Svoboda* (197pp. Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, $25). Most of Mr Burian's copiously illustrated study is a detailed consideration of some sixty key productions. These are described largely in Svoboda's own words which were transcribed and translated from tape-recorded interviews with the author, who is a first-generation American of Czech descent. The appendixes include a selection of original sketches and an annotated list of all Svoboda's productions up to 1971. Among the productions singled out for special treatment are the 1969 Covent Garden *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the 1967 *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*, and the 1965 Čapek *Insect Comedy* which the Prague National Theatre later brought to the London World Theatre Season.

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TROJAN
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A
MICHAEL
CACOYANNIS
FILM

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First movements and last things

DENIS FORMAN:
Mozart's Concerto Form
303pp. Hart-Davis. £6.95.

MICHAEL LEVEY:
The Life and Death of Mozart
278pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.

"This *unique* Mozart"—Haydn's phrase—is one of the headings in Michael Levey's biography. It says much for the uniqueness of Mozart that, in spite of the vast realm of existing literature, two recent books should in fact say something new and important about him. They are both by amateurs, in the widest sense of the term. Mr Levey, though the great-grandson of an Irish conductor and composer, admits that he is no musicologist; and Denis Forman describes himself as "an amateur who has strayed into a professional reserve". This said, their two books have little in common except a deep love of their subject.

Mr Forman is concerned with a single aspect of Mozart, the form of the first movements of the piano concertos, which in his opinion has never been adequately discussed, despite his acknowledged debt to Tovey, C. M. Girdlestone, and Arthur Hutchings. Mr Levey, in what seems at a first glance a straightforward and immensely readable life-story, soon makes it clear that his main interest is in the operas. He has written on Mozart's operas before, and so has his wife, Brigid Brophy, to whom his book is dedicated.

Although Mozart's masterpieces cover almost every musical form that came his way, from piano duets to wind serenades, it is generally agreed that his operas and piano concertos give the most complete and continuous picture of his genius. Both occupied him on and off throughout his creative life, even if we extend the word "creative" back to the prodigy of nine who, probably with his father's help, adapted Christian Bach's sonatas as concertos to play on tour; or the experienced twelve-year-old who composed *La finta semplice* in Vienna. Whichever path we follow we eventually arrive at the last year of Mozart's life, to *Die Zauberflöte* on the one hand and the last of the concertos, the "serenely beautiful, remote" K595 in B flat, on the other.

Was it practical necessity, the need for popular success, that drew Mozart back repeatedly to these forms, or the fact that they afforded the most subtle interplay of human emotions? Not least of Mozart's gifts was his ability to rise to an occasion, and the departure from Vienna of the first Susanna in *Figaro*, Nancy Storace, inspired the concert aria, "Ch'io mi scordi di te". Since Mozart wished to participat himself, it soon develops into a concertante movement for voice, piano, and orchestra, thus drawing a fascinating link between opera and concerto.

Mr Levey mentions this work several times, but Mr Forman, concentrating his eye on the concerto first movements, has perhaps no reason to do so. It is the pre-Mozart vocal aria that claims his attention, with its ordered alternation of ritornello (orchestra) and solo (voice). Tovey, as a young man, had challenged standard theory by tracing the classical concerto back to the aria. The facile textbook generalization about "adapted" sonata form—that is to say, with a preliminary orchestral exposition remaining in the tonic key—is far from satisfactory. Mr Forman investigates further in his search for the missing link between the baroque and the classical forms. He analyses the "da capo" and the "extended" arias, taking the "Quoniam" from the B minor Mass as an example of the latter, and follows the voice-orchestra relationship into the keyboard-orchestra relationship of the concertos by Bach's sons, Philip Emmanuel and Johann Christian.

Geography played its part in the evolution, and whereas Philip Emmanuel developed the "North German" style, his youngest brother was only nineteen when he left for Italy and the influence of Italian opera:

> Christian Bach must have heard much music which through its grace and beauty made an immediate appeal to the senses. Such qualities had never flourished in the colder musical climate of the Protestant North.

He later settled in London, where—by a lucky chance—the child-prodigy Mozart met him. Presumably Mozart heard some of his concertos, and he certainly carried away with him a volume of the "London" Bach's sonatas, the source of his own first concerto "experiments". But Mozart delayed his first original piano concerto for several years—he was almost eighteen when K175 in D was written. Before long, in his other Salzburg concertos, he showed a subtlety of organization and balance that far outstripped his models.

Mr Forman, though a self-styled amateur, is thoroughly professional in his tabulated analyses. He adopts a new grouping of the concertos into "galant", "melodic", and "symphonic". He replaces the old sonata-form labels with ones of his own: for example, for "solo exposition" read "First Concerto", which may confuse the casual reader who has not studied the list of symbols printed inside both covers of the book. Some of his terms, like "Cadentials", "piano second subject", "piano climax", are particularly happy: and the use of capital letters for orchestral passages and lower case for solo ones helps to underline the "even spread" of initiative that makes Mozart's mature concertos unique. Those who find such detailed analysis mathematical and off-putting—all the first-movement "events" are tabulated, with music examples, in the last section of the book—will still be stimulated by the earlier chapters. Was Mozart's miraculous grasp of form instinctive, as it were (in the author's words) "a sort of divine fart"? Mr Forman, like most analysts, is fascinated by the "filo", the thread linking different themes: whether it "came about by intuition or by conscious thought, it exists. It is no less subject to analysis because it passes from his subconscious to ours".

Where Mr Forman addresses the expert Mozartian, and in the long run the performer, Mr Levey's discussion is entirely non-technical, as his description of the great G minor Symphony shows:

> Beside the grandeur of the previous symphony, its structure is vulnerably frail. After the weight of that assured architecture, it seems scarcely architectural: a skeleton cage for some gaunt, pining bird, rocked—before the symphony is over—by shuddering gusts which bring a deadly chill.

Vulnerably frail? Scarcely architectural? Not many would apply such phrases to the G minor, and
throughout Mr Levey's
remarks on the instrum
are no match for his
discussion of the opera
church music. However h
is claimed, "a deeply
raphy". He stresses the
tivity and imaginative
vealed, quite apart from
Mozart's letters and in
kingdom, "Ricken", of
hood.

The ever-poignant story
fame and eventual pover
unqualified admiration
and the vain attempts to
regular income, of Mozart
ence on love and his sex
death—all this reads
though being told for the
So does the account of
early travels, with the
Leopold gradually chan
the proud father to the
parent who, tied to
directed operations from
Mannheim-Paris trip. Be
value of Mr Levey's book
reassessment of the operas
merely the well-known e
pages are devoted to *Mi*
eral more to *La Clemen*
Both are concerned with
"... Death, properly un
the real ultimate object
Mozart's words, from
quoted letter to his a
have no morbid overtone
were counterbalanced b
found knowledge and un
of life, much of it la
bitter experience. "In
sions spin the plot." But
had left us only half a de
finest piano concertos he
have remained one of
greatest composers.

Papers from
THE CRIMINOLOGIST

Edited by Nigel Morland
Foreword by
Professor Keith Simpson

Contents:
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كذا في الأصل

The rise and fall of nationalism

ROLLO MYERS:
Modern French Music
Its Evolution and Cultural Background from 1900 to the Present Day.
210pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £3.25.

The national character of music took its rise after the Franco-Prussian War. Musical nationalism had long persisted throughout European civilization in one way or another, but its chauvinistic aspects were first evident, as Rollo Myers suggests, in Smetana and Dvorak (in Chopin, surely, as well) and in the music of nineteenth-century Russia. In France, resentment against a German musical supremacy—that is to say in the era, unique in the annals of music, from Haydn to Brahms—was expressed in a feeling for artistic independence, and hence the Franco-Russian musical alliance. But in their hearts the French musicians were still strongly drawn to the German Romantic tradition. There was a dual situation here. Mr Myers rightly draws attention to the fact that

> It was a long time before anyone discovered that Gabriel Fauré in France was a composer whose songs and piano works could well stand comparison with those of Schumann—or, indeed, that Debussy was a genius who had no counterpart at all in German music.

However, the French schools reach back to the beginnings of medieval civilization, and certain distinctive elements persist in the many forms of sacred and instrumental music. E. J. Dent once pointed out that the French musical culture was remarkable for the manner in which it absorbed and assimilated the work of foreign composers. The tradition of the lyrical tragedy was established by the Florentine Lully. The operetta was the creation of Offenbach. Stravinsky, at one time a naturalized Frenchman, was powerfully influenced [illegible]habrier and Bizet. As for the influence of Wagner on French literary and musical minds, this is a subject of vast complexity, outside the scope of Mr Myers's study. It nevertheless illuminates the question of musical nationalism, though Mr Myers should surely have included the most comprehensive work on this subject in his bibliography—namely, Léon Guichard's *La Musique et les lettres en France au temps du Wagnérisme* (1953).

Mr Myers's assertion that "French music has always been predominantly aristocratic in its higher manifestations, and owes less than that of most other countries to 'popular' sources of inspiration" is debatable. This may be valid in regard to traditional folk-music, Greensleeves for instance. But what about *le folk-lore parisien* of Poulenc and Auric, of the music-hall tunes of Satie, or the circus music of Bizet at the opening of *Carmen* which evoked a memorable description from Nietzsche? Mr Myers investigates the psychology of musical nationalism on many ethnological and social planes, but, as one gathers from his earlier study of Chabrier, the French, far from being disdainful of the root simplicity of popular music, boldly uphold, often in an original, ironic manner, the fresh impact of circus or "street" music.

Mr Myers concludes his historical survey with the observation that "for the majority of contemporary composers conscious nationalism has ceased to be a source of inspiration". Indeed, English operas are first produced in Germany; French conductors flourish in England; Japanese musicians are making names for themselves in the European scene. Thus nationalism in the musical sphere, even more than in the economic or social spheres, is receding into history. Anticipating social developments, music has in fact created its own common market.

In the period that led up to this
phenomenon, that is to th
Franco-Prussian War to th
day, Mr Myers traces
evolutionary lines, conclu
section on the compos
present day, among them
but irresistible Messia
says Messiaen in ecsta
"a never-sleeping bird
of complementary colo
theological rainbow".
enough to dismiss extra
this kind, so disturbing
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tion. But why, then, i
irresistible? How is i
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couleurs en profusion.
Victor Segalen, "De la
pas"—has so firmly m
hold? Can it be that Mes
living illustration of a
buted to André Malra
that all great civilizations
explosion of colour? Is
music, chauvinism and n
with moral and artisti
barred and bolted ag
other, would thus ac
rather deeper significance

For one voice and two

ANTONY HOPKINS:
Talking about Sonatas
184pp. Heinemann Educational. £2.50.

ANDRE PREVIN and ANTONY HOPKINS:
Music Face to Face
131pp. Hamish Hamilton. £1.75.

In talking about music Antony Hopkins has no superior, either for comprehension of the music discussed, for clarity of exposition or for raciness of presentation. He succeeded to the place created on the radio by Sir Walford Davies for musical appreciation—a term that no one likes but which has now established its meaning for lack of a better—and he has had twenty years of further experience in practising it. In instrumental music the method of that study is mainly analytical, but it involves some history, biography and elementary aesthetics. Mr Hopkins has already edited some of his radio talks on symphonies and concertos into book form and he now adds his perceptive comments on some dozen sonatas for solo piano from Haydn to Alban Berg. Students of composition could get as much benefit from these "talking" books as listeners.

Simultaneously, Mr Hopkins has brought out a quite different sort of book in cooperation with André Previn, the present conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra. This book was spoken, not written, but its consequent informality has not made it diffuse, nor has its colloquialism
led to loose thinking on th
subjects discussed. These
autobiographical or aesthe
ing, as they do, the meaning
the nature of art, the p
criticism, the psychology o
—big subjects which ca
sketchily treated. But they
debated, illuminated from
angles and sometimes contr
hearty concurrence of vir

More immediately, if m
ficially, interesting are the
the two men give of the
"We have both", says M
"preferred variety to spe
we have both found w
blessing which can also h
backs.". The dialogue is
form of irreproachable a
Here is a modern examp
vivid and engaging.

Organic, magical and mechanistic

UGH KEARNEY:
ience and Change 1500-1700
5pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson:
orld University Library. £1.75
uperback, 90p).

ne quest for originality is not
ways easy to reconcile with the
quirements of a popular book on a
mplex subject, and Hugh Kearney
s provided an unfortunate example
the dangers involved. *Science and*
hange is neither a clear summary
r the student and general reader
r a properly sustained argument
tended for a specialist audience.
ne book begins in ambitious style,
ith an attack on the "Whig inter-
etation" of the history of science,
r which Professor Kearney pro-
pses to substitute his own version
"total history". There are two
ain objections to his picture of a
imaging orthodoxy. First, virtu-
ly no historian of science writing
day would acknowledge the cari-
ture put forward here, and to set
an irrelevant target in this manner
not really an acceptable intellectual
manoeuvre. Secondly, the parallel
awn between the "Whig" inter-
retation of English history and the
rationalist" interpretation of the
story of science is unconvincing:
ere is a clear sense in which the
tter is the history of progress, and
deny the fact would merely be
rverse. In any case, theories have
be sustained; or to borrow Profes-
r Kearney's favourite cliché, the
oof of the pudding is in the eating,
d his present offering is really
ther stale.

It is difficult to see in what sense
ience and Change is intended to
present "total history". The in-
viduals whose work is discussed are the familiar figures of other general studies on the subject, and they are assessed in the conventional terms of their background, the intellectual influences on them, and the value of their discoveries and opinions. There would have been considerable interest in an attempt to link complex but less fashionable figures, such as Kircher and Glanvill, to the overall picture, but they are not mentioned. The whole issue of the size of the scientific community and its relationship with European society at large is given the most perfunctory treatment. Professor Kearney does set out a scheme under which he distinguishes three traditions—organic, magical and mechanistic. These distinctions, however, are not seriously sustained in the organization of the book, and they represent no more than a superficial gloss on the conventional picture.

Our understanding of Copernicus and Galileo is not much advanced by the suggestion that the one belongs to the magical tradition and the other to the mechanistic: in fact such oversimplifications are at least as dubious as anything Professor Kearney himself objects to in the writings of other historians. The significance of Neo-Platonism for Copernicus has long been recognized, as has Galileo's debt to Archimedes, but no sensitive student of the period would be likely to assert that either thinker was representative of a single tradition. Professor Kearney seems either unaware of the complex manner in which they developed their theories or unable to convey it to his readers. Although he pays lip-service to the importance of mathematics in the science of the period, he fails to analyse the problems in applying mathematical reasoning to physical phenomena which were absolutely crucial to the developments with which he is concerned. Presumably this is why he feels able to minimize the differences between Kepler and Fludd, which illustrate this very problem.

As an introduction to the history of science between 1500 and 1700, the greatest defect of the book is its lack of clarity in exposition. Professor Kearney seems less concerned with helping the reader to understand what was happening during this long and fertile period than with grinding a number of obstinately blunt axes, and in consequence has produced a rambling and discursive text which shifts confusingly back and forth from period to period and subject to subject. There are a number of good points made, but few of them are in any sense original. On the showing of *Science and Change*, Professor Kearney is widely read in the secondary literature of the subject, and should have been well qualified to write a straightforward introductory survey. The more ambitious aims of this book, however, demand both an extensive contact with the primary source material and a great deal more space in which to present the results. Indeed, a study which fulfilled these aims would be a masterpiece, and could only be the result of many years' intensive research.

The great bulk of the text is devoted to purely scientific developments, and in this sense the title is somewhat misleading: but when Professor Kearney does turn to the wider context his touch is not altogether sure. It is very difficult to know what to understand from a statement like this, made in connexion with Galileo's trial: "The Aristotelians were successful in 1633, but before the end of the century, they were in a state of disarray." Professor Kearney never explains in what sense he considers the Aristotelians to have gained from the trial, does not specify whether such gains were also apparent in France or in Protestant Europe, and leaves the reader to guess at what point between 1633 and 1700 the Aristotelians fell into some kind of disarray. Later on he avoids most of the real problems concerning the effect of the new science on intellectual and social life by passing rapidly on to the well-known story of later eighteenth-century developments, giving little space to the vital period 1650-1750.

In view of the very limited attention given to the connexion between science and religion in general, the section on Puritanism and science is disproportionately long, and peripheral to the main argument. It is also a very unsatisfactory discussion: after dismissing the Weber thesis as simplistic, Professor Kearney introduces his brave new replacement:

> Puritanism was a kind of millenarianism which is associated in other societies with periods of deep distress. . [The Puritans'] religion did not provide the basis for economic rationalism that Weber would have us believe, but a variety of compensations for economic decline. Thus we may expect Puritanism in some of its forms to be associated with magic more than medicine.

In presenting Puritanism as a result of economic decline Professor Kearney has produced a thesis which is highly unconvincing on factual grounds, and is far cruder in intellectual terms than anything Weber himself wrote. While much of his criticism of the hypothetical link between Puritanism and science is just, it is carried to absurd lengths here. Christopher Hill's *The Intellectual Origins of the English Revolution* is a conspicuous absentee from his bibliography, although it seems clearly the main point of his attack.

Working up to the Renaissance

OHN LARNER:
ulture and Society in Italy, 1290-
420
9pp. Batsford. £4.50.

there is a great deal on Dante,
iotto, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and
eir work, there is little on their age
a phase of Italian cultural history.
terest has focused either on the
urckhardtian Renaissance as an
tity, or on its flowering in the fif-
enth and sixteenth centuries in
aly and beyond. *Culture and*
ociety in Italy, 1290-1420, seeks to
dress the balance, with emphasis
the fourteenth century. The date
90 appears to have been chosen
ecause it gathers in the maturity of
oth Dante and Giotto; but 1420
ll remains a puzzle, perhaps to be
plained when Peter Burke's sequel
pears. Certainly there is no ob-
ous unity in the period 1290-1420.
fter Boccaccio's death in 1375
ere are not the great names, and
ohn Larner's case that the years
terwards were not an anti-
max in the story of fourteenth-
ntury culture rings hollow. How-
er, he goes beyond the mere claim
at fourteenth-century Italy was dis-
nguished culturally, for he main-
ins that it was "at the end of the
urteenth century that Italian civili-
tion came to predominate
urope".

The heart of the study is concerned
ith revealing why there was this
edominance, the more remarkable
nce Italy then was composed of
any and rival states. Apparently
e answer lies in this very multipli-
ity, for as part of their expansion of
ower, both internal and external,
governments intervened decisively
the patronage of culture and be-
me major patrons of art and hum-
ism", bringing secularization of
lture, too, thereby.

First, what evidence is there to
ove Italian culture predominated
Western Christendom in the four-
nth century? Mr Larner provides
le beyond the shaky point that
ore art was produced in Italy than
ewhere. How can cultural predom-
ance be measured anyway, save by contemporary opinion, and would such as might be garnered serve as a reliable poll?

The theme is not easy to follow. The volume is a veritable ragbag of colourful information, mainly about patronage, where biographical sketches of Dante and the rest, often in snippets, can be found in the rummage. The weakness of the central argument is matched by the pieces brought together to cover it, which are often based on flimsy evidence, or without any at all. We are told that "the *signoria* [here used in the general sense] provided a certain measure of patronage in literature", but not a single example is given in support. Speaking of the *Decameron*, Mr Larner says that "almost none of the surviving manuscripts come from famous libraries or from the hands of noblemen's copyists". Is the library of Petrarch, or that of Niccolò Accialuolo, not good enough, for the recent work of Professor Branca and Professor Ricci links manuscripts with these? Perhaps a more fundamental statement is: "The most basic intellectual development of the later Middle Ages was the transition from a primarily oral culture to one which was principally literary and visual." Orators, or humanists as they are also called, and Petrarch above all, made their widest impact by their orations, while the occasions for these proliferated, as a splendid passage of Burckhardt illuminates.

The best part of the book is probably the last section, which examines fourteenth-century attitudes to art and to artists, but even this appears somewhat superficial and distorted when one sees what Baxandall does with the same evidence in his *Giotto and the Orators* (reviewed on September 3, 1971). In fairness, here, though, Mr Larner does add the interesting text of Benvenuto da Imola. In the 400 pages all is not lost, for there is a great deal of information not otherwise available in English. The details concerning the various forms of patronage are probably the most extensive for the period in any language.

One might wish that Mr Larner had confined himself to patronage, and examined it in depth. On the other hand the study as a whole does stimulate one to think about culture and society. For further reading there is a useful bibliography. There are twenty-four plates remarkable for their relevance to points made in the text, if feebly reproduced. Plate II, with an inset showing the stages in growth of the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena, is excellent. Three printing errors are worth noting: on page 46 the first part of the Latin text is missing; page 77, plate VII should read II; page 177, *cotarti* should read *cotanti*.

The Dutch go East

ISAAC COMMELIN:
Begin ende Voortgangh
Volumes 1-4
Introduction to the facsimile edition by C. R. Boxer. 17pp.
Amsterdam: Theatrum Orbis Terrarum.

The short title of this work is best translated "Origin and Progress of the United Netherlands Chartered East-India Company". As C. R. Boxer says in his valuable bibliographical brochure accompanying these volumes, it is only from a chance remark made by his son that we know that Isaac Commelin edited this collection of Dutch voyages in 1645. He was following the example of Hakluyt in England and Linschoten in Holland, and more particularly Theodor De Bry, whose sumptuous collection was printed at intervals between 1590 and 1644 (not 1634 as stated here). It is from De Bry's plates that many of the engravings here reproduced were taken. Many of the narratives, such as those of Willen Barents or Joris van Spilbergen, had previously appeared in Latin or German, but Commelin did his best to obtain unpublished accounts. He only succeeded in getting hold of Caerden's voyage to the East Indies, those of Harmansz, de Jonge, Van der Hagen and other minor travellers in the same area, Johan van Twist's more important description of India, and Caron's description of Japan.

Few English readers will be able to decipher the black-letter Dutch of these facsimiles, but all will enjoy the numerous illustrations which adorn the text. They are, indeed, some of the best representations of ships and places, from Novaya Zemlya to Molucca and the Straits of Magellan, which exist, and they are admirable material for reproduction on account of the boldness and simplicity of the line. Perhaps it was because of this that Commelin took so many from previous publications. On the other hand, his texts are preferable to those in De Bry, because he first printed them in their original language.

Commelin produced his collection for the benefit of both seagoing merchants and armchair travellers. As with Hakluyt, it was the latter class who benefited most, because the descriptions of foreign parts were too generalized to be of much use to seamen. Until Tiele drew attention to the work in the middle of the nineteenth century, it seems to have fallen into oblivion and become very rare. This handsomely bound facsimile was thus well worth producing, especially as Commelin provides the source of so many of the early voyages to Asia, as well as the heroic attempts to discover a North-East Passage and the almost forgotten circumnavigations of men like Van Noort, Schouten and Le Maire. The inclusion of the *Begin ende Voortgangh* in the "Mundus Novus" series, produced by the same firm that has given us so many of the early atlases, brings an important source-book for the history of Dutch enterprise overseas within the reach of any university library.

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THE TIMES PAST

T·L·S

71st Year 14 January 1972 No. 3,646

Commentary

Among the least edifying publishing spectacles—because so wasteful of resources—is the more or less simultaneous appearance of two comparable books on the same subject. I. G. Rosenthal stressed this recently in a "cautionary tale" in the *Bookseller*, detailing the tortuous negotiations involved in securing for Secker and Warburg the rights in a German book about General Reinhard Gehlen. After the contracts were signed, Mr Rosenthal was horrified to learn (a) that General Gehlen, despite informed assurances to the contrary, had in fact written an autobiography, *Der Dienst*, which was launched amid a mass of publicity last autumn, and is reviewed this week on page 30; and (b) that another English publisher, Hodder and Stoughton, was producing E. H. Cookridge's book on the subject (which we also review this week). One way of avoiding such confusion might be to persuade the General to come out of retirement and employ his espionage talents in the cheque-and-dagger world of international publishing.

Duplication raises questions of a different kind when it comes to translations: should book-buyers (and this particularly concerns librarians) invest in a foreign book immediately it appears—perhaps reacting to the stimulus of a review in the *TLS*—or should they wait hopefully, often for several years in the case of major academic works, until an English edition appears? We assume of course that everyone with the necessary competence will choose to read a foreign book in the original language. But those who have to struggle would be very interested to know whether a translation of a particular work is going to appear quickly. So we should like to appeal to publishers to keep us informed of recent rights they have acquired, so that we can announce the forthcoming English publication, wherever possible, when we print our review of a foreign book. While we in no way relinquish our duty to review foreign works in the original when they appear, Messrs Secker and Warburg may on this occasion be glad to hear that, in the case of *their* Gehlen book, *Network*, we have decided to wait for the English edition, which is due in March.

* * *

The Greek General Directorate of Public Security (GDEA) has recently issued a circular (dated November 25, 1971) to all the security forces in the country, listing books and periodicals which are officially regarded as "communist" or "anti-government". There are 124 entries on it, all of which have been published in Greece within the past couple of years when there has been a creditable and unexpected boom in publishing.

The works listed are not actually banned, because the regime's Index (which included such dangerous items as a Greek-Bulgarian dictionary) was officially withdrawn in 1970. What happens instead is that the police carry the list around and show it to booksellers, suggesting that they leave off, or do not begin, stocking them. It may be that booksellers in Athens or Thessaloniki will be able to stand up to this measure of intimidation, but in the provinces it is feared that most will capitulate.

Some of the titles on the list are predictable, such as that of the *Eighteen Texts* published early in 1970, which contains short stories by eighteen authors, some of them thinly disguised parables attacking the government. More capricious items include the short stories of Chekhov, because they "give a deliberate boost to Russian literature"; Brecht's plays, "because the author is a German communist"; the speeches of the distinguished nineteenth-century Greek statesman Kharilaos Trikoupis, because they are "edited by a communist"; Roger Garaudy's *Le grand tournant du socialisme*, on the particularly weird grounds that "the author has broken with the French Communist Party and the book contains attacks on the Soviet Union"; Giuseppe de Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, which is "left-wing literature"; Juan Bosch's *El Pentagonismo, sustituto del imperialismo*, as "anti-governmental"; Peter Brook's *The Empty Space*, as "socialistic".

Other writers who crop up on the list include Herbert Marcuse, Peter Weiss, Maxim Gorky, Henri Troyat, and Isaac Deutscher. The titles banned are, of course, the Greek translations, not the original versions, and their wide range is proof of just how lively Greek publishers have been recently. There seems no reason either why Greek publishers should not go on being lively, when censorship is as dim and wayward as this. To an intelligent publisher the GDEA's circular should read more like a challenge than an inhibitant.

* * *

The trouble with books is that they are, arguably, *too different*; to a large proportion of the population they are still the impenetrable preserve of the educated bourgeoisie. In less enlightened times than ours, such attitudes were reinforced by the incorporation of stately public library buildings into forbidding Victorian administrative complexes: culture thus being linked, in the eye of the common man, with the forces of law, government and mammon. Yet surely the duty of libraries is to encourage the fullest possible use of the services they offer; to demystify the book and stimulate "consumption". This is fully recognized in a report by the Library Councils of England and Wales, *Public Library Service Points* (23pp. HMSO. 26p), which was published on Wednesday. It is clear that the value of an individual library is "critically dependent upon the site selected for it". District libraries, the report stresses, must not only be easily accessible, but should be sited in shopping rather than civic centres:

> The library . . . should, preferably, be situated immediately next to shops and close to the car-park. An association with civic buildings such as town hall, police station and law courts is not a satisfactory alternative and could easily result in under-use of expensive library facilities.

To pursue the analogy—and as issuing machines bear a certain resemblance to check-out points—perhaps libraries should provide their customers with wire baskets, to make them feel they're still in the supermarket?

In the case of branch libraries, the report draws attention to their potentially wider social role—particularly in isolated housing estates on the fringes of large conurbations, where

> the branch library will often be the only social building available to the community in the evening, and may therefore become a meeting place and a social centre as well as a library. We believe that such a development should be encouraged. . . .

It would be wholly unrealistic to complain that the motivation here is at least partly a desire to maximum use of library and thus influenced by rather than purely cultural considerations. Needless report realizes that for "return" on capital library opening hours long as possible, which creased expenditure on sta but it adds:

> In real terms it may be dis ately expensive to make faci able for a shorter period in save staff. The function of is to encourage and facilitate of reading and the quest for and information, not to issue books in as short a time as

words which should be above every librarian's des

Staffing problems are d briefly in a note appended port. The conclusions are th the recommendations of the Party on Standards of Public Service were drafted in 196 siderable progress" has be towards achieving the staff in terms of numbers and there proposed. The repor nizes that the expansion of education has placed an burden on libraries and that the enormous output of th book trade continues to do total number of volumes went up by 66 per cent betw and 1969. But it offers lit way of concrete suggestion stating optimistically that zation, better management "continue to make possible ments in the productivity of of public libraries". And lent to endorse the Working staffing recommendations their research has been und

Sadly, the desirable integ the modern library into our tivated society—for instance phasis on adequate parking when new libraries are being seems to have affected guage in which the report written. An "in-filling serv sounds like a term dreamt Automobile Association fo those arid wastes of tarmac with petrol pumps below motorway planners; it is report's term for a branch library.

Trying hard to believe in Chinese Communism

ERIC GORDON:

Freedom is a Word

351pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.25.

Eric Gordon was a revolutionary from his earliest days. Growing up in Manchester, he had joined the Young Communist League at eighteen, by which time his ambition was to become a journalist and to write for the *Daily Worker*. In London Communist circles he met and married his wife Marie, born of an English mother and a Ghanaian father.

Visiting Eastern Europe through the 1950s, their enthusiasm for Russian Communism ebbed, but they were serious enough still to follow the Sino-Soviet dispute and to discover the light that shone on the Chinese side. Chairman Mao's new China became their new hope and a worthy cause. In 1965 they left London with their eight-year-old son for Peking, where Mr Gordon was to work as a "polisher" of English translations put out by the Peking Foreign Languages Press, and his wife found employment as a teacher of English.

After two years in China, to which Mr Gordon devotes a chapter of generous recollections, the Gordon family were seen off at the station for their journey southwards to Canton and London. Then the train stopped, they were taken off by uncommunicative security officers, and driven mysteriously back to Peking by night. Mr Gordon's crime was that he had deliberately concealed in his luggage the notes he had made and the records he had kept for what he tells us would have been a book about the Cultural Revolution, refuting the distortions and fabrications published in the West.

Convinced that they had caught a spy, and determined to extract a confession of this intent, the Peking Military Commission kept Mr Gordon, his wife, and their son, in one small room of the Hsin Chiao Hotel in Peking for the next two and a half years. Only the son Kim, by then a Chinese-speaking and reading eleven-year-old, was allowed out once a week for periods of exercise.

Looking back at what we now known of China at that time, it is interesting to recall that Mr Gordon and his family were not released from their entirely purposeless detention until a year after the Cultural Revolution had ended, and more than six months after a new China was supposedly launched at the Ninth Party Congress. Although he never learnt anything about the real circumstances of his arrest or his release, Mr Gordon's case might be taken as further evidence of the "independent kingdoms" in China's administration of which so much complaint is now made in retrospect.

Life in the Friendship Hostel finds its way into all these books written by disappointed servants of the new China. About half the foreign employees collected there were revolutionary sympathizers like the Gordons; the rest were simply those in search of well-paid jobs for whom China had offered a mild curiosity. Few of them in either category were really trusted or brought into Chinese life. During the Cultural Revolution, Mr Gordon's interest and enthusiasm were such that he passed a test of political loyalty. He had not always found his job rewarding. His suggestions for improving the wretched jargon of all the Chinese propaganda literature got nowhere; his job was just to polish, and in any case he soon discovered that his Chinese colleagues abhorred original ideas and suggestions. But he had admired some of them, and retained an undimmed faith in Chairman Mao's regime.

The Cultural Revolution had brought doubts—in particular, the Maoist personality cult was repellent, and the sufferings of those under criticism were flagrantly unjust. Writing home to fellow revolutionaries in England, Mr Gordon buried his doubts and praised the anti-revisionist ideals that were being proclaimed.

It is a virtue of *Freedom Is a Word* that for most of the time Mr Gordon's real feelings and his political loyalties are convincingly recalled. Even after his arrest he was conscious of error—was his deceit not deliberate, like being caught by the Customs with undeclared goods?—and tried hard to admit what he had done to meet the needs of an organization in which he still more than half believed. Gradually his honesty and his self-awareness win through as the stupidity of a Communist bureaucracy gets him down.

But his honesty would not allow him to go as far in his confessions as his captors required. No, he had not been a spy, and he was damned if he was going to admit to it. After months of hearing up he and his wife turned on their guards and began firing "missiles" back, full of complaints about their treatment but well argued in terms that they knew would be understood and always prefaced by a carefully chosen quotation from the Chairman. Eventually they almost harangued their way out, but in the end tacitly agreed to sign a confession that both sides knew to be a false but necessary formality. How new, after all, is the new China?

In his account of his detention, Mr Gordon writes convincingly of the atmosphere and his changing moods. Every day the family set aside an hour or so of day-dreaming exchanges, their first day back in Victoria station, tea in a Laurel and Hardy film son; which of the possible back to their flat in Ha might the taxi take? Each vary the possibility while building by building alm they recalled it. One can jargon in which the Chinese cocoon this book to dismi it reads as a truthful record.

Alan Hobson

Full Circle

Shakespeare and Moral Development

Expert, lively and persuasive, this book presents a new angle on the inexhaustive subject of Shakespeare's moral themes. The author examines such concepts as the nature of conscience, the importance of human relationships, and the disorders created by the individual will. The book contains many excellent insights and fresh points of view.
£2·75

Chatto & Windus

مكرر من الأصل

Close looks at 19th-century people

MARIA EDGEWORTH:

Letters from England 1813-1844

Edited by Christina Colvin

649pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.50.

O. ELIZABETH McWHORTER HARDEN:

Maria Edgeworth's Art of Prose Fiction

258pp. The Hague: Mouton. Fl.40.

> e Duke of Wellington was announced such an unintelligible manner that I not know what Duke it was nor did now till I got into the carriage who was. He looks old and wrinkled I ould never have known him from like s to bust or picture. His manner y agreeable perfectly simple and nified. He said only a few words listened to some literary conversa n that was going on as if he felt used laughing once heartily.

THIS HAPPENED in 1819, when the Duke was fifty, and it is curious to reflect that, in spite of mumbling butler, Maria Edgeworth, friend of the Duchess, should not ve recognized the great man at the ght of his glory. (Perhaps, after the man who went up to the Duke d hailed him with the words, "Mr ith, I think", was not such a comte fool as he has always seemed us who come after.) This passage a fair specimen of the interest ich both specialist and general der will find in abundance in this orbing collection of letters written en she was visiting England by the velist Maria Edgeworth.

Several critics have thought that letters give a better idea of her wers than do her novels: these rticular letters are all written to mbers of her family and she obusly felt that she could write thout restraint and, as the saying let herself go. Their interest rests t only on the number of prominent people whom she met on famir terms but on the extraordinary ention to detail with which everyng is described. Leslie Stephen ce wrote of the eighteenth century: "When I indulge in day-dreams I ke flight with the help of Gibbon Boswell or Horace Walpole to at delightful period." So, with the p of this entertaining conductress, can likewise take flight in imaginan to the years from 1813 to 1844.

Maria Edgeworth's novels are, we y suppose, largely unread today. eir success rested on their masterly scription of Irish character which abled the reader to endure the mewhat wooden puppets who opled the story. Professor Harden s written a useful summary criticism of the novels and e would probably not quarrel th the preceding sentence; her k must have been tolerably daunting when we remember that the st collected edition of the novels ns to eighteen volumes—and even at was only about half the total tput of fiction. Professor Harden rrectly places *Castle Rackrent* on pedestal by itself, and she evidtly agrees with Sir Walter Scott giving immortality to the narrar of the story—Thady Quirk. *stle Rackrent* was the first of her vels and we may suppose that it the only one assured of a public modern times; the others are arred by Maria Edgeworth's lack of ventive power and were indeed re suited for the pulpit than the awing-room. Her novels were too ten vehicles for showing off the eories of her father.

Her father—"that odious father" Sydney Smith not incorrectly lled him—was a practical man terested in science and invention, d was perhaps that rather rare enomenon, an Irish bore. His terests were inherited by his ghter, and this explains why rt of the correspondence goes some detail into industrial velopment and invention and internal economy of the uses in which she stayed. For ample, her attention was caught the first central heating system modern times which she met when was staying with William Strutt St Helen's House, Derby:

> h great good nature he went all over house with us—The laundry, the ying-room, the kitchen, the cockle the central-heating stove), the steam gine, the methods of supplying the and cold baths—of warming the use, keeping it at an equal temperare and getting rid of all kitchen smells bad air.

Maria's father had the misfortune lose three wives; in all he rried four times and there were ren on each occasion. Brothers, brothers, sisters, half-sisters, and step-mothers jostle nother in a confusing mass, so the reader must keep an attentive n the biographical dictionary of family circle thoughtfully provided by Christina Colvin. In spite of all these marriages and children, Mr Edgeworth's male descendants ended—so far as Ireland and the United Kingdom were concerned—with the distinguished economist, Francis Ysidro Edgeworth; he died in the 1920s and Keynes, always interested in the oddities of heredity, pointed out that he had an aunt (Maria) who was already famous before the eighteenth century had ended.

The bulk of the letters are in Mrs Colvin's family, having descended to her through the female line. Those covering the visit to England in 1813 are in the National Library of Ireland. When Maria's step-mother died—aged ninety-six, nearly twenty years after her step-daughter—the family decided on a memoir (published in 1867) in which some of these letters were published, but with the Victorian preference for catching the sense rather than anything so pettifogging as following the text. Maria had expressly forbidden the publication of her letters. Writing generally, and not referring to her own correspondence, she said: "I think the publication of letters may lead to all manner of affectation in letter-writing . . . one eye squinting to the public and celebrity and the other looking or pretending to look only to my dear friend or correspondent." The family met this by limiting the 1867 book to private circulation and doing that against which Maria had warned—"garbling" because it "destroys the value".

The next generation seems to have been anxious to turn to profit something which their predecessors had thought best kept private, and Augustus Hare was asked to edit the letters, which he tells us had been placed by the family in the hands of "Lionel Holland now a publisher". To the twentieth-century mind Augustus Hare has seemed an essentially comical figure, but since he was gored by Somerset Maugham people of sensibility and judgment have realized that there must be more to him than they had thought. Over the task of editing Maria's letters, he tells us that the publishers kept the whole of the large profit to themselves, "as they had a very large circulation", and gave him £50 for his pains. The book appeared with the imprint of Edward Arnold "publisher to the India Office".

In contrasting poor Augustus Hare's work with the scrupulous editing of Mrs Colvin we are immediately conscious of the difference between catching the sense and following the text. Going back to the account of the Duke of Wellington with which this notice started, we can detect that the text has been butchered to provide drama. This is Hare: "Folding doors thrown open. The Duke of ——. Post. Letter must go." This is the correct version: "Folding doors thrown open. The Duke of —— I did not hear the name or guess that it was the Duke of Wellington. Post. Letter must go." Here and there Hare manages to slip in a few tit-bits of information which he possibly derived from the privately printed memoir. For example he identifies the conversation which made the Duke laugh as this. Maria had quoted Madame de Staël: "On dépose fleur à fleur la couronne de la vie". Lord Harrowby capped this by quoting Johnson:

> Year follows year, decay pursues decay
> Still drops from life some withering joy
> away.

To us the conversation may seem more melancholy than humorous and probably the explanation of Wellington's laughter was the spectacle of the rather stiffly correct Harrowby—someone once said that he would be relaxed by going a great deal into a warm bath—engaged in this literary contest with the diminutive Maria.

A further small point of difference concerns Byron's "Cain". (Maria is staying in Kensington with Lady Elizabeth Whitbread.) This is Hare: "We to Kensington Mr Batty's pew. Harriet and I. Fanny stayed at home for the good of her body, and Lady Elizabeth left with her, for the good of her soul, the wicked Cain." Here is the real version: "Lady Elizabeth went to her own church . . . Harriet and I to Kensington Battye's pew. Fanny we left at home for the good of her body and Lady E. Whitbread for the good of her soul left that wicked Cain with her." One of the few notes which Hare included for his £50 has some importance in this passage: he tells us that Cain was preached against in Kensington Church by the Vicar, Mr Rennell.

There is also an interesting variation between the two books in the account of the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to Oxford in 1814. This is Mrs Colvin on the entry of the Regent to the Sheldonian: "There was dead silence as he stepped over the threshold—then loud applause for him." Here is Hare:

> Such was the hush you could have heard a pin drop till the Prince put his foot upon the threshold, when the whole assembly rose with a tremendous shout of applause. The Prince was supremely gratified and said to the Emperor of Russia "You have heard the London mob hoot me, but you see how I am received by the young gentlemen of England".

Perhaps Hare is incorporating here something which he knew from other sources, but the "garbling" would not have pleased Maria.

For those in search of a completely satisfying picture of early nineteenth-century life and early nineteenth-century people, a more rewarding discovery than Mrs Colvin's edition of these letters is hard to imagine. And of all the pictures laid before us perhaps pride of place would have to be given to the visit to Bowood which was paid by Maria and her half-sister Honora in 1818. The rooms arranged for the sisters were described as "handsome and luxurious"—one a sitting-room dressing-room with a canopy sofa bed and the other a spacious bed-chamber in which the two sisters could lose themselves. Their servant, "old George", had a nice little room within reach.

After dinner the conversation led by Lord Lansdowne brought out the fact that Napoleon and Byron had one thing in common—the different parts of their physiognomy did not agree in expression: "When the mouth smiled the eyes did not."

The sisters had only been there a short time when the former Prime Minister, Lord Grenville, arrived to stay. No one quite knew whether Grenville was supporting the then government or not, and Maria writes: "Goodbye—I hear Lord Grenville's ministerial or anti-ministerial step in the *corridore*." But in spite of this hurried ending she was late for dinner, and "the footman with his terrible knock at our door came with—'Dinner, Ma'am—all sat down'". Maria had to march into the dining-room and take her place next to Lady Grenville and Thomas Grenville, the famous bibliophile, who, we are told, "looked like a Methodist preacher with his eyes squeezed close". Grenville must have been easily the most taciturn of our Prime Ministers. Lansdowne tempted him after dinner with the law of evidence and a little political economy, but he declined to converse. Maria says that, whenever Grenville did let anything out, "it was very correct—deep and strong—in a slow—low—House of Lords voice. The only thing that I can remember from him is his saying 'Baffin's Bay. That is a curious conclusion My Lord they have drawn about Baffin's'."

After three days he departed, moving in farewell through the library: "Lord Grenville coasting sideways through the whole length of the library, looking out of the corner of

Relations

A. K. Ramanujan

With *The Striders*, which was a Poetry Book Society Recommendation in 1966, A. K. Ramanujan took his place in that band of writers who a English is the richer for having been acquired rather than inherited. Born in India in 1929, he now lives in Chicago where, in poems of rare delicacy and precision, he explores his obsessive memories of childhood with the analytic intelligence of the West or sees beneath the surface of urban America a vision of reality apprehended by an earlier civilization. Paper covers £1·50

The Nazi Party in Lower Saxony 1921-1933

Jeremy Noakes

Although the Nazi Party originated in Bavaria, after 1925 its main centres of support tended to be the Protestant and rural areas of north Germany. Lower Saxony was one such region in which Nazi support was unusually strong. This book traces the growth of the party there from a fringe group to a mass movement with a large and complex organization. 3 maps £4
Oxford Historical Monographs

Sympathy and Ethics

A Study of the Relationship between Sympathy and Morality with special reference to Hume's *Treatise*

Philip Mercer

Hume saw sympathy as communication of feeling and its importance for him stemmed from its place in his account of the genesis of the moral feelings. Yet against the logical richness of sympathy Hume's concept appears restricted and virtually technical. The author argues that the full ethical significance of sympathy can only be understood when its practical aspect is emphasized.
£2·40 *20 January*

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A Study in Leadership and Policy

D. A. Hamer

The late nineteenth century was for the Liberal Party a period of constant internal disorganization, of schism, of impotence when in office, and increasingly lengthy spells of exile from power. Drawing on a wide range of private papers, Professor Hamer analyses this state of affairs, emphasizing the conduct of the 'faddists' within the party and the remedies devised by its leaders.
£4·75 *20 January*

The Philosophies of Science

An Introductory Survey

H. R. Harré

This book shows how various views about the nature of science are related to the great historical schools of philosophy. The argument is set out in terms of certain concrete episodes in the history of science—a manner of exposition which brings out most clearly the influence of philosophical theories on the development of science, and of scientific discovery on modes of thinking in philosophy. 7 text figures £1·30 paper covers 60p OPUS *20 January*

Oxford University Press

his eye like a shy horse, and giving at last one nod sideways to those he left behind but speaking to no-one." Lord Lansdowne's Swiss tutor, who was also staying in the house, said to Maria "Diable cet homme. C'est un homme de glace de fer." Lord Rosebery would have loved this passage, for he was fascinated by the Grenvilles - "the political Company of Jesus" was his description of them. But it was not available to him for it finds no place in Hare.

We can also gain from this book an impression of the simplicity of university elections in those happy days before London publicity had ruffled the calm mind of the academic world. Maria had gone to the Senate House at Cambridge to see the statue of Pitt, and sat down on one of the benches at the back. "A number of *Fellows* and Scholars with black tiles on their heads walked up and down the Hall whispering occasionally to one another." After five minutes a friend came up and said: "The election is over, I must go and congratulate Mr Professor Farish."

The new professor dined with Maria and her father while all the church bells of Cambridge were pealing in his honour. She was very friendly with the Hopes, and gives a fascinating account of the inside of the Deepdene and all the classical innovations of Thomas Hope. Of some of it she was rather critical, especially of the statuary upstairs, which she described as a collection of frightful monsters. She particularly disliked one bronze *genius* with outstretched arm, and gives her reason: "The first night I came here the impudent monster kept me a ¼ of an hour prisoner in the water-closet because I mistook his shadow for the shadow of a real man standing near the door." Such was country-house modesty in 1819.

In preparing the privately printed memoir of 1867, her sisters softened some of the passages and observed: "We must be grateful to her for all her charity when one sees how she could tomahawk." Here she is on Samuel Rogers: "The most venomous, audacious and universal backbiter though it can hardly be called backbiting because he bites before the backs are turned." Mr Beaumont, for all his fortune of £200,000, is made forever unattractive by the two-day-old spinach between his teeth.

If we could take one characteristic of these letters which, like yeast, lifts them above stodginess, it would be what Sydney Smith called her perfume of wit: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant." Isolated examples are generally rather unfair, but we can see what Sydney Smith meant when she writes of a dinner at the Roebuck Hotel at Oxford, "There was a slight error of precedence—the roast was served before the boiled", or her enjoyment of this extract from a cookery book which was advertised as written for "quiet people" where it was laid down as law that "your champagne must be on ice an hour and a half before serving". She occasionally used the direct blow—"owing to the distress of the times Lord Camden will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before the 4th October" but she preferred the subtler thrust: Sir Stafford Cripps's forebear, who spoke with a broad Gloucestershire accent, "was the perfect representative because he spoke not only the sentiments of his constituents but their language". But with it all she could occasionally, but only occasionally, be very unfeeling, reflecting perhaps the outlook of her age rather than anything more idiosyncratic. Writing of deformed people in general, she refers "to the odious look of pretension or false gaiety which is too often seen on the faces of those whom nature has disgraced". Yet it is perhaps fair to set in contrast to this what she writes about herself; she is describing Talleyrand's niece: "Little and ugly -plain I should say for nobody is acknowledged ugly nowadays (but myself)."

As was true of her age and standing in the world, she attaches great importance to manners and breeding:

"*Backs* are what disting
women more than fa
and vulgarity or gentilit
shoulders." After stay
Roscoe family in Liverp
her aunt that, however
the father might be, the
never achieve gentility
mother was a woman "
and good manners".
Maria it will be reme
these letters were wr
family and for them al
as she said, to be "hasty
The contrast between
and those written to p
the family, which chanc
vived, is absolute. We
grateful that the letters
into the hands of an e
sympathetic and accom
who reinforces her unde
character by meticulous
tail, the resulting book
which Maria, for all her
about publishing letters,
been proud. Moreover
which will long delight
to see the past as it truly

To the Editor

Sorel

Sir, Your correspondent C. J. Fox (January 7) suspects me (I cannot imagine why) of being unacquainted with *The Art of Being Ruled* by Wyndham Lewis. Had I wished to add to my already over-long text, I might have described my only meeting, nearly forty years ago, with Wyndham Lewis, in the course of which I asked him whether he still admired Sorel. He said something to the effect that it had been a passing fancy; Sorel's attack on democracy was, for him, more than offset by an unfortunate addiction to Bergson; both he and Hulme had tried to interest Eliot and Pound in Sorel, in vain; Eliot had quite rightly preferred Maurras, who was a far better antidote to formless romanticism.

I make no apology for not referring to Wyndham Lewis's early infatuation with Sorel on which virtually every English-speaking commentator on him has remarked (and of which Mr Fox makes far too much), but I regret to have been able to say so little, partly through ignorance, on Sorel's considerable influence in Italy—not only on anarchists, Fascists and Futurists, but on the ideas, e g, both of Croce and of Gramsci.

ISAIAH BERLIN.
Wolfson College, Oxford.

'The Waste Land'

Sir,—Many of your readers will, I know, regret the appearance of those last paragraphs of the review (December 10) of *The Waste Land* volume. They insinuate an amplifier into a gossip gallery whose communications are surely as negligible as they are contemptible. Why should not any writer decide not to help those who cannot (to echo Coleridge) subordinate their curiosities about the poet to their sympathy with the poetry? Stuff like "It cannot be worse than what is commonly alleged in whispers" hardly belongs in your columns.

To his selection from Kipling's verse Eliot prefixed Kipling's admonition:

If I have given you delight
By aught that I have done,
Let me lie quiet in the night
That shall be yours anon.

And for the little, little tide
A man remains in mind,
Seek not to question aught beside
The books I leave behind.

From many talks with him dating back to well before *The Waste Land* was written I know that this was from very early days Eliot's position. The sane and sensible will, I believe, approve it.

I. A. RICHARDS.
1000 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Massachusetts 12138, USA.

Sir,—Surely the key to *The Waste Land* lies in the lines to the "hyacinth girl" (un-capitalized) in Part I. In the new (original) text, at the harking back to these lines in Part II, the figure is apparently male:

I remember
The hyacinth garden. Those are
pearls that were his eyes, yes!
(line 49)

The reading gains support from the now amplified version of the lines to the "friend" in Part V (lines 85-108; pages 77, 79).

That Eliot's poetry—I make no statement regarding his life—should contain a reference to what I call the "seraphic" vision need hardly disturb us. It simply means that he was a real poet after all.

G. WILSON KNIGHT.
Caroline House, Streatham Rise, Exeter.

'The Generous Days'

Sir,—I am touched by the exercise of your reviewer of *The Generous Days* (December 31) in rewriting one of my early poems, for the purpose of rendering lines even more "absurd" than he considers them already. Discussing a poem I wrote when I was an Oxford undergraduate, which ends, "Thinking, if those were tricklings through a dam,/ I must have love enough to run a factory on,/Or give a city power or drive a train", he observes: "One feels, perhaps unfairly, that it was mere chance that prevented Spender being drawn by the chime (*sic*) into making the last word 'tram'." I regret here only the phrase "perhaps unfairly", which has a shrinking, half-apologetic ring. Your reviewer should not take considerations of fairness into account, he should plunge straight on.

He has set a splendid example. Reviewers should rewrite the poems they review, thus simplifying immensely their task of illustrating by quotation what they "feel" to be most pungently deleterious to the poetry. But alas, "one feels, perhaps unfairly", a failure of inspiration on the part of your reviewer when he resorts to repeating a hoary anecdote about Norman Cameron having characterized the young Spender of the 1930s as the "Rupert Brooke of the Depression", which had already been quoted by the reviewer of the same book in *The Times* as recently as November 8, 1971.

Employing your reviewer's own technique of guesswork, "one feels, perhaps unfairly", that *The Times* has a handbook for reviewers which contains cross-references, such as, "CAMERON, Norman: called Stephen Spender the Rupert Brooke of the Depression", and, "SPENDER, Stephen: called by Norman Cameron the Rupert Brooke of the Depression"—or perhaps just, "SPENDER, Stephen: see CAMERON, Norman". This chestnut, incidentally, was first used by Geoffrey Grigson in the 1930s, in *New Verse*: which only shows how *The Times* reviewers keep up with the times. However, I did not know until its recent spurtings, that it came from Norman Cameron, a poet whom I admired, and whom I liked personally, and who doubtless had no knowledge nor intention that his *mot*, not published by him but dropped thoughtlessly, should bind our two names together inextricably in one knot. Perhaps in a hundred years that will be all anyone knows about either of us (though I would wish Norman Cameron to be known by his beautiful poems)—Cameron, who called Spender, etc. . . . Spender who was called by Cameron, etc. . . . That is, unless *The Times* revises its reference works for reviewers.

STEPHEN SPENDER.

Wordsworth Archives

Sir,—May I say on behalf of the trustees of Dove Cottage that in our view both the points raised by Dr Siemens on January 7, and those glossed over, have been given full coverage in our letter of December 17.

As regards the permanency or otherwise of our loan to the University of Alberta, it may be well to quote their Rare Book Librarian, who in April, 1968, defines very carefully the University's "proper relationship to the William Wordsworth material: that of custodian, but not the owner of the photostats".

JONATHAN WORDSWORTH.
Exeter College, Oxford.

Word and Image

Sir,—We were enormously heartened and encouraged by your splendid notice (December 31) of our four "Word and Image" exhibitions, the second of which—Michael Ayrton—has just finished; and the third of which—Mervyn Peake—opened last week. To learn, even somewhat late, that "an exhibition like this may turn out to be a signpost of more than temporary importance", is very rewarding.

We are, however, very disturbed at the terms in which you dilute this praise in criticism of the catalogue. Mr T. G. Rosenthal's reasoned, considered introduction could hardly be described as "perfunctory"; the details of each entry are surely what are regarded as standard in this field. The "terse" chronological tables are comprehensive, and reference is made to Walter Michael's *Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings* (Thames and Hudson). The need in the catalogue itself to relate "Word and Image" was underlined by the introduction to each separate section. Your reviewer may find the layout "tired and modern"; the price of £1.75 which we equally deplore is simply the cost of producing an eighty-four-page catalogue with fifty illustrations (hardly the "handful" mentioned by your reviewer).

Our pretensions in mounting these four exhibitions were not great: they were an attempt to draw attention to an important aspect of British twentieth-century art. We leave it to those visiting the exhibitions to judge how successful we have been.

CLIFFORD SIMMONS.
The National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, London, W1X 4BB.

Bruegel

Sir, May I say that I was surprised to read the remark of your reviewer of Keith Roberts's *Bruegel* (December 24) that the authenticity of Lord Bearsted's "Death of the Virgin" by Pieter Bruegel has been questioned.

It is not for me, who discovered this *grisaille* (which is signed and dated), to defend its authenticity. This, if I may say so, unique painting was for many years in my possession. It has been seen, admired, commented upon and published by many eminent scholars, starting with Max Friedlander. To cast doubt on its authenticity seems to me more than unreasonable.

VITALE BLOCH.
86 Avenue de Villiers, Paris 17e.

* Our reviewer writes: Surely Dr Bloch makes himself out a somewhat unnatural foster parent to the Bearsted Bruegel, whose early introduction to the great world, as he now reveals, took place under his personal protection. That so eminent an art historian should be unaware that I was referring obliquely to Charles Tolnay's remarks on the painting in *Pierre Bruegel L'Ancien* (1935, page 92) implies a surprising lack of interest in his own collection. My reference was deliberately oblique, for I was not concerned to reawaken some arcane art-historical controversy (so inappropriate to the pages of the *TLS*) and my words cannot possibly be made to bear such a construction. I was merely concerned to stress the rather simple truism that the most representative and most unquestioned masterpieces of Pieter Bruegel could only be seen by my countrymen by travelling a long way from their homeland.

Gimbel Collection

Sir,—Dickensians will be grateful to John Podeschi for his tantalizing glimpse (January 7) of the riches of the late Colonel Gimbel's collection, now at Yale, and I perceive that my expressed doubt whether it is in the same class as the Suzannet collection was unjustified.

Mr Podeschi's promise that "bibliographical descriptions will be emphasized" in his forthcoming catalogue of the Gimbel collection will be welcome everywhere: Eckel's bibliography of Dickens's writings, even in its revised edition of 1932, is seriously outdated, and while Hatton and Cleaver's exhaustive examination of the part-issued
books (1933) is full of
mation in respect of the
text and plates, its treat
inserted advertisements, wh
a perplexing feature in pa
based on dubious premise
thus been, for a generation,
for an up-to-date full
graphy of Dickens, the or
which, especially among
as the variant bindings
large octavos, has so fa
daunted even the most
bibliographers of nineteen
authors (Thackeray and lo
in the same case). It is the
lent news that the terms of
bequest have set Mr Podes
resources of the Beinecke L
elbow, on the road to fill
stantial gap on our author'
cal shelves.

Incidentally, Mr Podes
that, of the more than 3
letters in the collection,
published. He presumably
publication in the None
edition or elsewhere rather
pectable inclusion in the
embracing Pilgrim Edition
gress, whose editors must
ago have combed such a
source

YOUR
CORRESPO

'Conflict in Middle E

Sir, The reviewer of P.J.
book *Conflict in the Midd*
in his review and in the
respondence (which I hav
has seen fit to drag my na
ously into his quarrel wit
Vatikiotis. He seizes on the
text that two of my book
tioned among many others
minous bibliography in orde
—with what glib as
account of my motives
Middle Eastern history wh
false. To give an account o
requires in any case an inti
ledge of the person concer
must say the quality of
by your reviewer is not su
have made me cultivate his
ance or admit him into my

But your reviewer's m
myself are not only false; th
strictly speaking, irrelevant
ticism of my writings. The
which are public property
lished under my name, like all
work stand or fall by the evi
bring forward, the inferences
from this evidence, and the
they base on both evidence
ence. Your reviewer discuss
these, but makes instead vag
tions which are designed to
discredit my work by imput
disreputable ulterior motive

rdly believe that the purpose of the
S is to give currency to or encourage
onymous calumnies.

E. KEDOURIE.
The London School of Economics
d Political Science (University of
ndon), Houghton Street, Aldwych,
ndon, WC2A 2AE.

* Our reviewer writes: I think
at if Professor Kedourie re-reads Pro-
sor Vatikiotis's letter he will agree
at it was difficult for me to answer it
thout mentioning him.

As for the rest, I had hoped that my
ply to Professor Vatikiotis, if it did
t assuage irritation, at least removed
isunderstandings, but I see that at
ast one of the latter remains. In his
tural eagerness to repel what he re-
rds (mistakenly) as an attack on his
otives in writing history, is Professor
edourie perhaps rather jumping to
nclusions about mine in writing re-
ews? I certainly did not "design"
y remarks to discredit his work; I
ould have thought that my tribute
 his writing would have shown him
and other readers—that I admire it.

'Castle Mirabel'

Sir,—Hans Feld (January 7) would like
know the provenance of Flecker's
ght-hearted effort, and I am happy to
olige. After Flecker's death in 1915
asked J. C. (later Sir John) Squire to
epare a volume of his Collected
ems, and when the work was com-
eted he wished me to go through with
m the material he had omitted in
der to confirm his judgment. These
slecta membra consisted chiefly of
completed drafts of future poems, to-
ther with a few complete ones ob-
ously of early composition. "Castle
irabel" was one of these, and while
agreed it did not merit inclusion I
ought it sufficiently amusing to war-
nt preservation and I made a typed
py of it. At the head of the page
ecker had written "from the German
M.B.".

For the early recognition of the qua-
y of Flecker's work, the fullest credit
ust go to the late Professor John
avrogordato. It was while he was
ting as literary adviser to Messrs
ent that he recommended them to
iblish *Forty-Two Poems*, and it was
so on his advice that I undertook the
iblication of the *Collected Poems*.
ater, he persuaded the British Museum
accept the custody of a quantity of
lecker's manuscripts. *The Golden
urney* was published separately by a
nall firm calling itself Max Goschen
hich was the property of Douglas
oldring.

MARTIN SECKER.
Iver, Bucks.

'The Victorian Country House'

Sir,—I realize that in the days when
dward VII was Prince of Wales rail-
ay communication was much better
an it is today, particularly no doubt
r royal travellers. But I very much
oubt whether the Prince and his racing
iends found it possible, as is sug-
ested by your reviewer of Mark
irouard's book, *The Victorian Coun-
ry House* (December 31), to use
ranby Croft, which is in East York-
hire, as an hotel for Newmarket.

F. H. C. TATHAM.
35 Little Common, Stanmore,
Middlesex.

* Our reviewer writes:—I, not Mr
irouard, was guilty of the mistake
bout Newmarket. It should have been
oncaster for the St Leger race week.
he point remains that Tranby Croft
as typical of a country house con-
tructed with conspicuous expenditure
or climbing into Society: in this case
roximity to a racecourse helped.

The Other Club

Sir,—I am sincerely grateful to the
bviously erudite reviewer of my book
n the Other Club (December 17), all
he more because, as his last paragraph
hows, he clearly means to be kind.
 is therefore in no rancorous spirit
hat I ask leave to correct his correc-
ions of my work:

(1) What he says about Winston
hurchill's candidature for the Club
s exactly what I say.

(2) If he will re-read my reference
n page 11 to F.E.'s reproach to
ishop Weldon, he will see that I time
his reproach thirty-three years after
.E. was rejected for Harrow, and not
hirty-three years after the founding of
he Other Club. Whether the Bishop
as then, or ever, a member of The
lub is irrelevant.

(3) The date of the Munich dinner is
rrectly given both on page 85 and
 page 88. The date on page 90 as
eptember 10 is an obvious misprint
or which, in these days, no author
 be held responsible.

(4) The reference to Lord Cranborne's speech on page 91 was, I should have thought obviously, not to his resignation speech but to his speech in the Munich debate ("Peace perhaps, but where is the honour?") which he made on the Wednesday following Duff's resignation speech delivered on the Tuesday. But it is just possible that a cursory reader might be misled, as your reviewer seems to have been.

I should be grateful for these comments to be allowed insertion in the paper, because one principle I have retained from my own twenty years' service with *The Times* is that nothing can be more damaging to a journalist than any failure to verify his references.

COLIN R. COOTE.
16 Bigwood Road, London NW11.

* Our reviewer writes:—I apologize to Sir Colin for missing the point of the anecdote about Bishop Weldon. When I read his book I noticed some eight or nine slips varying from the misspelling of Lord Cranborne's name throughout to the wrong year for the last general election, the wrong year for Churchill becoming prime minister, and the wrong election for Churchill's support of Lady Violet Bonham Carter. A reviewer is not a schoolmaster, but mistakes such as these make him "jumpy" and perhaps too suspicious that more important things are awry. But I enjoyed reading about the antics of the Other Club, and I should be sorry if I failed to make that enjoyment clear.

Shelley

Sir,—I appreciate your reviewer's kind words about the second edition of my *Shelley: his Thought and Work* (December 24), and perhaps I should congratulate him on finding what I believe is the only printing error in the 140,000-word book. I regret this defect, but it does seem a little out of proportion for him to devote 25 per cent of his space to this printing blemish, which consists of the omission of one word, the innocent word *and*. Your reviewer states that the blemish also occurred in the first edition: in fact it appears in only one of the five impressions of the first edition in my possession (the 1964 British reprint, to be precise).

Your reviewer, rather than condemning the publishers for this small lapse, might have commended the printers, publishers and author for producing a book with so few errors. These are erroneous times, Sir, and if your reviewer knows of a recent long book in English with fewer errors, perhaps he will tell us its title.

DESMOND KING-HELE.
3 Tor Road, Farnham, Surrey.

* Our reviewer writes:—My main point was not concerned with any typographical error as such, but with the fact that the publisher's effort to begin each chapter with the same pagination as the first edition (last impression, as Mr King-Hele rightly notes) seems to have cramped the author's revisions within chapters. For instance, Chapter II is juggled to begin on page 27 of both editions, in spite of the fact that Chapter I contains, or should contain, a great deal of new material. Does this not perhaps account for the author's sudden truncation of what he had previously written about Shelley in Ireland (page 20) and still more for his very perfunctory treatment on page 24 of the extensive new evidence on the Tan-Yr-Allt affair? Similarly, readers may regret the shortened final paragraph of the whole book, abbreviated, it seems, to provide room for a not very illuminating map of Italy, which itself introduces a fresh error—Shelley was not associated with Lucca, but with the township, more than fifteen miles away, of Bagni di Lucca, where a plaque marks his house.

'I fantasmi dell'opera'

Sir,—I have read with some delay the review of my book *I fantasmi dell'opera* (October 15 1971). I should like to thank you for the kind notice, but I must point out that, despite your reviewer's correction, on page 89, I really was thinking of Wordsworth and not of Coleridge. The verses to which I refer belong to "The Excursion" (Book 2, 834-851), and begin thus:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour without end!
Fabric it seem'd of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted. . . .

GIOVANNI MACCHIA.
23 via Guido d'Arezzo, Rome.

Leading up to Dubček

GALIA GOLAN:
The Czechoslovak Reform Movement
Communism in Crisis 1962-1968
349pp. Cambridge University Press. £6.

The Czechoslovak Reform Movement would have been a more valuable contribution to the study of its subject if the events of 1968 had never happened. Galia Golan has exhaustively investigated the published sources for the period down to late 1967, and on that basis has carefully traced the development of the various pressures for reform in Czechoslovakia as they evolved after 1962. By an unlucky accident of timing, the major part of her text was completed before January, 1968, and thus takes virtually no account of the torrent of revelations poured out by the Czech and Slovak mass media in the following few months and by the considerable number of Czechoslovak intellectuals who settled abroad after the invasion of August, 1968. The events which culminated in the invasion are discussed somewhat cursorily in an epilogue of just over fifty pages.

By the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956 Antonín Novotný was securely entrenched in Prague. He was an inveterate conservative with a record that left him vulnerable to any serious process of de-Stalinization. He therefore contrived, thanks to the highly centralized control on which his authority rested, that Khrushchev's call for reform should go virtually unheeded in Czechoslovakia for several years. Below the highest level in the Czechoslovak party, however, the implications of what was called "the line of the Twentieth Congress", and especially Khrushchev's new doctrine of "different roads to socialism", were neither overlooked nor forgotten.

In face of the disastrous decline in Czechoslovakia's economic situation in the early 1960s, even Novotný was forced to recognize that reform was unavoidable, and the country's economists were called on to devise a new and more effective system of economic management. Some people maintain that the driving force of the reform movement in Czechoslovakia during the 1960s was provided by the intellectuals, and this is an arguable thesis. But the initial impetus for practical reform was given by the country's economic plight. The most conservative and doctrinaire party leaders cannot afford indefinitely to ignore the warnings of hard economic reality.

Dr Golan emphasizes that the reforms which were instituted in Czechoslovakia between 1963 and 1968, including the dramatic change in the leadership in January, 1968, and the plans foreshadowed in the Action Programme promulgated in April, 1968, were initiated by the Communist Party itself. This is a noteworthy testimony to the degree of idealism that survived in the party, and it goes some way to justify Dr Golan's choice of the word "liberals" to signify the progressive element among the Czechoslovak communists.

The essence of the book is a painstaking account of the reformist aspirations and efforts in various sections of Czechoslovak society during the five years ending with the replacement of Novotný by Alexander Dubček. The ground is covered comprehensively: the economic reforms proposed by Ota Šik and his colleagues are set out at length, though still not in a form easily digestible by the non-economist; the impact of those ideas on the trade-union movement is explained; and developments in the youth movement, the religious groups, the different sections of the intelligentsia, the mass media, the party and the Government are carefully traced.

Due attention is paid to the role of the Slovaks. Their nationalistic aspirations were a complicating factor throughout. Novotný never began to understand their position: his attitude towards them was consistently unsympathetic and crude, and they played a significant part in bringing him down. It is paradoxical that when, in the aftermath of the invasion, they eventually achieved their autonomy in the federated republic, they were in closer sympathy with the Czechs than ever before.

Dr Golan is open to the criticism that she has not adequately weighted her sources. The Paris-based Czech journal *Svědectví* is an avowedly anti-communist publication but is cited as though it were a primary source; Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America are also quoted, as indeed are other Western publications with declared vested interests. In the event the argument is neither weakened nor reinforced, but its appeal is necessarily reduced.

It must be added that the style does not make this book easy to read. There are irritating peculiarities of wording, occasional sentences are almost incomprehensible, and the text contains far too many downright grammatical errors.

All of a tangle

J. F. N. BRADLEY:
Czechoslovakia
212pp. Edinburgh University Press. £2.50.

To compress two tangled millennia of history into a 200-page textbook has obvious pitfalls; J. F. N. Bradley has fallen into several. Marshalling fact after fact, his narration reads drearily, while shortage of space forces him to give up indispensable subjects, such as the history of Slovakia. Presumably for the same reason, the reader learns little about the ways and styles of Czech life at various points in the past.

Above all, however, the author and his publisher must be reproached for treating hard fact, notably dates, in a slapdash manner. This does not apply to just a few inadvertent slips: the book is a mine of chronological error. To quote but a few: St Wenceslas's year of death is now more or less generally given as 935, not 929; Charles IV acceded to the Czech throne in 1346, not 1342 (his intended coronation did not take place in 1342); Ladislav the Posthumous was thirteen, not six, years old when crowned in 1453; Rudolf II moved to Prague in 1583, not, as implied, 1577; Comenius was exiled in 1627, not 1628; Hájek z Libočan's chronicle dates to 1541, not "the 15th century"; Kramerius began to distribute Czech-language publications in the last quarter of the eighteenth, not at the beginning of the nineteenth century (he died in 1808).

Clam-Martinic was Prime Minister from December 20, 1916, to June 11, 1917, not after the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty in March, 1918; Czernin was in fact dismissed in the wake of his speech against separate peace talks with the Entente in April, 1918, rather than appointed for federalist leanings; four, rather than two, German-dominated districts sought secession from the new state in 1918-19 (Deutschböhmen, Sudetenland, Deutschsüdmähren, Böhmerwaldgau); the first Constitution was adopted on February 29, 1920, not in 1924; Beneš succeeded Masaryk as President in 1935, not 1934; about half a million hectares of land fewer than Dr Bradley says were redistributed during the Land Reform of 1945 (not all the confiscated acreage was parcelled out); the first Communist Constitution was promulgated on May 9, 1948, not May 8; Law 231 on political prosecution was adopted on October 6, 1948, not August 9, and Law 247 on labour camps became valid on October 25, 1948, not "a fortnight later"; the functions of Communist Party chairman and secretary-general were amalgamated on September 6, 1951, not in 1950; the first five-year plan lasted from 1949 to 1953, not 1954; etc, etc.

There is also a host of other factual errors, while the transliteration of names (including place-names) is disgracefully haphazard.

Many of Dr Bradley's interpretations (and some frivolous sentences) invite argument, which in itself could be considered natural if the points at issue were not sometimes so rudimentary. One is also tempted to find fault with certain omissions of events, personalities and analyses, but we cannot tell of course which of these are attributable to necessary contraction and which derive from a (disputable) choice. Perhaps Dr Bradley should have ended his narrative in 1918 or 1945, this would have given him more space to fill out the thin sections of his account of earlier periods. The post-1945 period has been, is being, and will be better described elsewhere.

It would be unjust to belittle the author's achievement inordinately. His attempt (albeit faltering) to bring together the Palacký and Pekař approaches to Czech history is a step in the right direction, and his formulation of a nation's predicament, caught between or within power hegemonies in Central Europe, does not fall far from the obvious and painful truth. Had he at least treated his facts with respect and discipline one would have been able to recommend the book as an elementary introduction for students of the subject. As it is, a history with a human face has yet to be written.

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THIS MONTH'S RECOMMENDATIONS
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The how of Pugin, without the why

PHOEBE STANTON:
Pugin
216pp plus 169 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £2.95 (paperback, £1.50).

Phoebe Stanton's *Pugin* is gravely disappointing. For years now we have been waiting for it with an eagerness whetted by the appearance from time to time of parerga to the great work that was to offer a definite analysis of Pugin's achievement and of his significance as architectural theorist and innovator. The little book we are now given (despite the absurd claim in the blurb that it constitutes an exhaustive re-assessment) does not pretend to that: it is, as Sir Nikolaus Pevsner reveals in his preface, "only an earnest of a much bigger book", a mere stepping-stone towards the work of scholarship and criticism whose public appearance is still beyond the horizon.

"*Only* an earnest" may seem a bit hard. Here is a popular handbook which for the first time assembles a large number of usable if undistinguished illustrations covering most aspects of Pugin's brief but intense career in architecture, together with summary evaluations of some of the more notable high points, some spasmodic biographical details, and an unannotated list of "buildings and some other works". Since it is the only book on Pugin now in print, it is bound to have a wide sale. And its virtues should not be disregarded. There is, in the first place, a certain amount of accurate, though somewhat thin, architectural criticism, as for example of the west front of St Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, where Pugin "made the mistake . . . of constructing decoration rather than allowing it to decorate construction", hoping that if there were enough decorative details, "and if each were of high quality a whole would somehow emerge".

This is a fair instance of Professor Stanton's critical approach, though she has also an unfortunate habit of allowing atmospheric evocation to do duty for analysis. we read of the "understated authenticity" of St Augustine's, Ramsgate, that the interior of Nottingham Cathedral has "something of the quality of a miniature" (an observation which at least needs some expansion), that the interior of Enniscorthy Cathedral "somehow . . . lacks the brutal power of the building at Killarney". Somehow? If the comparison is important, it is the job of the critic to make the analysis patent.

A larger item on the credit side is a new and useful classification of the exterior form of Pugin's churches. The change in about 1840, from the very high naves and Perpendicular detail of the churches at Derby and Macclesfield to the compact Decorated which was Pugin's preferred style for the rest of his life, has long been recognized. But Professor Stanton demonstrates that there is as important a distinction to be marked between the still basically symmetrical buildings of the early 1840s (of which St Giles, Cheadle, is the most complete surviving) and the more radically asymmetrical designs evolved in a group of lesser known churches in the middle of the decade. (Unfortunately the photographs are particularly unsatisfactory at this point—usable diagrammatically but little more.) Another interesting discovery by Professor Stanton is the influence of Hollar, of whose engravings Pugin had a large collection, on the development of his domestic and conventual work (though all of the latter, as extensive as it is, is packed away in a page or so).

Such matters the architectural historian of the nineteenth century will have to ponder. What, however, chiefly makes these analyses—and the book as a whole—tantalizingly inadequate is the nearly complete failure to relate purely architectural criticism to the deeper issues of Pugin's theology, of what is involved in his choice of Gothic as the only Christian architecture. If it is said that these depths are somewhat too muddy and obscure to be explored in a brief popular account, the reply must be made that no "purely" architectural account can begin to explain why Pugin built or wrote as he did, and that a description which dodges the theological issues offers an entirely false picture of his career. Professor Stanton prefers to write in terms of façades and proportions and spatial experiences: "The space at the crossing [of Killarney Cathedral] is memorable." So it is, but is that all there is to be said about it? If so, it is not, on Pugin's own terms, a success. Occasionally there is a try at something more, as thus:

> He was committed, as other architects were not, to the revival not of a style but of the verities which underlay it and of the glories and power of the medieval Church which had been embodied in its art and architecture. It was this involvement with the function of the spaces within his buildings that distinguished him from his contemporaries, for his churches were chambers for the performance of the liturgy.

That will do as the beginning of a discussion of the intimate relationship between Pugin's ideas about the Catholic liturgy and the plans, divisions and proportions of his churches. But here it leads only to a brief mention of his work as a designer of liturgical furniture and vessels, before we are back to a catalogue of building activities. Hence the essential uselessness of much of the descriptive matter:

> The interior [of St Mary, Warwick Bridge] illustrates perfectly how Pugin fulfilled each of his requirements. A porch and a font are in the western end; the nave is filled with simple seats; the pulpit is next to the chancel arch and on the epistle side; and the open timber roof is painted . . .

And so on, with no attempt to explain why the points are so important as to be worth listing; yet if so much elementary cataloguing is necessary, the theological explanation must be much more so. This important shortcoming must be linked to another remarkable characteristic of the book —the absence of any church plans, except for one of an unidentified building, which is not referred to in the text; yet the external and internal articulation of Pugin's major churches is unintelligible without an analysis of the plan and its relation to what he saw as the liturgical needs he was building for. (Nor is there more than the briefest mention of the great controversy about screens.) In the absence of such considerations, the architectural analysis is superficial, indeed essentially without meaning.

This central weakness or misunderstanding is responsible likewise for the very unsatisfying nature of the account of the *True Principles*, which Professor Stanton is surely right to recognize as Pugin's most important book. (Rightly again she picks out the long footnote on pages 7-9 as crucial to the understanding of the *Principles*, yet she makes nothing of it.) No account of Pugin's work either as architect or as propagandist will survive an inadequate analysis of this book, the genesis of which is one of several things misleadingly or inaccurately reported by Professor Stanton. Her work has in these, as in other, respects in no way replaced the long out-of-print biography by Michael Trappes-Lomax, which, deficient as it manifestly is in architectural information, yet gives a vivid impression of Pugin as a man (vital in so personally engaged an architect) and shows a much deeper intimacy with his ecclesiology. Mr Trappes-Lomax's book is still indispensable to the understanding of Pugin and ought to be reprinted. It is incidentally much more liberal of quotation both from Pugin and from his critics than Professor Stanton's is, and has the elementary merit of enabling the reader to identify source and context. That Professor Stanton's book is one of a popular series is no good reason why it should be so unscholarly in presentation: no

references are given, qu
unacknowledged or unid
the recipients of letter, la
part not mentioned.

Why was Pugin so im

> It was Pugin's conce
> whole building, for th
> of style, purpose, structure
> tion and his belief that
> their proper relationship
> how more than an arc
> which constituted his ow
> architectural thinking.

Somehow indeed! To w
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So comfortable a sight as the Cecils

ERNA AUERBACH and
C. KINGSLEY ADAMS:
Paintings and Sculpture at Hatfield House
319pp. Constable. £10.50.

Although that great Victorian prime minister, the third Marquess of Salisbury, somewhat crushingly said to a daughter-in-law who expressed some enthusiasm for the arts, "Hatfield is Gaza, the capital of Philistia", the Cecils have, in fact, been patrons of the arts almost continuously for nearly four centuries. They have assembled one of the most remarkably unbroken series of family portraits in the country. As the late director of the National Portrait Gallery remarks in the introduction to his section of this catalogue, "at no time . . . has twenty years passed without a member of the family being painted", and since the house has descended in unbroken succession in the male line the collection has been kept together in a way that has become rare today.

For Elizabethan and Jacobean portraits Hatfield is surpassed only by Hardwick, Woburn and Longleat, while the series of later family portraits is probably more complete than anywhere even if the great English eighteenth-century masters of portraiture are represented by rather less prestigious examples than those at Althorp, Chatsworth or Petworth.

The authors of the new catalogue (the last appeared in 1891) are both outstanding authorities in their own fields and bring to bear the full machinery of modern art-historical criticism to their joint task, Miss Auerbach treating the Elizabethan and Jacobean painting, the late Kingsley Adams writing on portraits and the rare works of other types, painted [illegible] about 1630 onwards.

The chief masterpieces of early portraiture are the two great likenesses of the sovereign whom the first Lord Burghley and his son served so devotedly—the "Ermine" and the "Rainbow" portraits, so called from the emblems that appear in them. Miss Auerbach makes an even stronger claim for believing the former to be one of the few surviving oil paintings "in greate" by Nicholas Hilliard than she did a decade ago in her book on the miniaturist. Her attribution of the other portrait of Elizabeth I to Isaac Oliver is rather less convincing. That it has been assigned in recent years to de Critz (David Piper) and Marcus Gheeraerts II (Roy Strong) is a measure of the limitations of our knowledge of Elizabethan and Jacobean painting.

Hatfield is of exceptional interest for students of the subject and there are documented works by such relatively unfamiliar artists as Arnold van Brounckhurst, Rowland Buckett, Marcellus Coffermans, J. de Critz, Geldorp, Hoefnagel and Simon de Passe as well as a near-certain Maynard Waynwyck. Adams's section embraces artists from Lely and Kneller to Augustus John and Winston Churchill. Almost every portrait is documented or signed so that his task as a cataloguer is far simpler than Miss Auerbach's, and it is only rarely that he has to hazard an attribution. But the muniment room at Hatfield houses an exceptionally rich series of early inventories (there are no fewer than thirty-four dating from before 1702) to provide the cataloguer with lavish documentation.

From all this it will be seen that the question of the "hands" responsible for the vast range of portraits at Hatfield (which the younger Richardson pointed out two centuries ago was a special interest of the English) has been the prime concern of the compilers and is handled with as great learning as is possible in the present state of our knowledge. But it is difficult not to wonder whether this was the only possible or even the best approach when cataloguing a collection such as that at Hatfield.

Writing to Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, on April 29, 1609, Lord Bindon requests the favour of "his Lordship's picture in Garter robes . . . to be placed in the gallery I lately made for the pictures of such of my honourable friends whose presentation thereby to behold will greatly delight me to walk in a place where I may see so comfortable a sight". The majority of the paintings at Hatfield were certainly acquired for cognate reasons even long after the Jacobean age.

In almost every case their main interest is personal and iconographic rather than aesthetic. Yet we are not given even a family tree to explain the interrelations between the scores of Cecils whose portraits are here. The biographical notes are very bald and tell the reader hardly anything about the sitters. It is easy, no doubt, to find out about the first Lord Burghley and his son, or the Victorian prime minister, but between the first two Cecils and the third Marquess of Salisbury this distinguished family retired very much into the shadowy side of history. When we come to the portraits of the second Marchioness, for example, we are not given even the faintest hint of what the injection of the blood of the Gascoyne heiress (and indeed her

material inheritance) of
Cecils. This is partic
from the former dir
national museum who
sible for the brilliantly
concision of the potted
printed on its postcards
launched a series of c
which biographical and
interest is rightly stressed
matters of attribution.

The catalogue is excell
ged, clearly printed, and
trated, though in most of
colour plates the reds
have been grossly over
The beautiful "Rainbow
looks like a badly posted
it is by no means the
travesty in the book.

Hard times of a gallery

JEAN SUTHERLAND BOGGS:
The National Gallery of Canada
188pp including 220 plates. Thames and Hudson. £12.

The Canadian National Gallery is only fifty-six years younger than our own and a mere decade less than the neighbouring Metropolitan Museum at New York, but its birth pangs were far more prolonged and much more painful than those of either. Its first significant Old Master, a Gainsborough portrait, was purchased only in 1907 when the Gallery was already nearly forty years old, and for some time after its first director was appointed in 1910 it still occupied "a small and dingy upstairs gallery in O'Connor St . . . above the Fisheries Exhibition", and he described its possessions as "none of them important and most of them frankly detrimental to any art collection".

The life and hard times of the gallery are described with great tact by its present director and make fascinating reading just now when the relations between art institutions and politicians are under scrutiny. The Canadian gallery's story is one of heroic battle against entrenched philistinism and mean-mindedness fought by a few enlightened trustees and with the amazing patience of Eric Brown, its first and most distinguished director.

Even when its great days arrived after the Second World War and Brown's successor, Harry McCurry, was able to wheedle more than a million dollars from the Government in little over a year to make some outstanding acquisitions from the Liechtenstein collection and elsewhere in Europe, his successor Alan Jarvis was frustrated and forced into resignation by political muddle, parsimony, and chauvinism. Neverthe-

less anyone who examin
plates in this book (th
them in colour) cannot
pressed by what can be
determination and res
where finance is limited a
tical atmosphere is un
The Gallery is at las
worthy of the great count
Its possessions range from
did Liechtenstein Simo
through Rembrandt, Jo
Chardin, to moderns like
son Pollock and Mondri
as including a wide and rep
group of Canadian painti

Under Miss Boggs, the G
as last obtained the fine p
technical equipment and a
and well informed staff
tively rich country like Ca
and ought to have pro
decades ago. Under her g
future looks more rosy
many, many years.

ree-wheeling down the boulevards

, BURCHELL:
tart Empire
is During the Brilliant Years of
is Napoleon
pp. Macdonald. £3.25.

V. J. HEMMINGS:
ture and Society in France 1848-
8
pp. Batsford. £3.50.

ANNA RICHARDSON:
Vie Parisienne 1852-1870
pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.

---

at is it that attracts writers to the
ond Empire? Less glorious than
First, less important than the par-
mentary monarchy, and less suc-
sful than the Third Republic, it is
ertheless the subject of an unend-
series of books. One is tempted
think that historians are being
nared by their own inventions. So
ny have written about Napoleon
being an enigmatic, sphinx-like
racter that others have taken to
ieving this, and they assume that
rything that happened during his
gn warrants description.

At all events here are three books,
illustrated with pictures and
htened with anecdote, seeking to
l us about the revelries and gaie-
s of French society during the
d-nineteenth century. There is
vitably some repetition, and two

of the books have the same picture on their dust-jackets (by Henri Baron). All the authors write about theatrical life and *opera bouffe*, and sooner or later we come up against Hortense Schneider. This daughter of a German master tailor (who settled in Bordeaux, married a French wife and succumbed to drink, says one author) became famous in the operas of Offenbach and reached the heights of celebrity with *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* in 1867. She was, according to one of our authors, "the true queen of Paris", while another tells us that her rose-coloured dressing-room at the Théâtre de Variétés was the gathering place for visiting royalty, with the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the King of Greece and Ludwig of Bavaria all present (while Leopold of Belgium used to specialize in waiting outside her hotel). We are told the story of how the Tsar telegraphed the news of his impending arrival in Paris together with his request for tickets for the evening performance. And we are also told that when Hortense visited the Exposition she entered by the Porte d'Iéna, which was reserved for royalty. "But I am the Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein", she cried to the protesting guards, and they saluted as she passed them. Two of the authors show us pictures of this thoughtful-looking woman, but only one tells us that she was also known as "le passage des princes".

In fact, it is interesting to see how the different authors approach their subjects. S. C. Burchell seems to be the one most easily satisfied with a racy style and a fairly superficial interpretation. He looks to someone such as the Marquis de Gallifet to personify the Second Empire, and to typify its constant unreality. He was rich, cynical and selfish, convinced that everything was permitted to one of his caste. Whether throwing money through the windows of the Café Anglais, attending one of the innumerable masked balls and fêtes, fighting duels or having love affairs, he was insolent, conceited and flamboyant. But we are also told that he was brave and honourable. It is not surprising that Mr Burchell, fascinated as he is by such a character, should also be dominated by the idea that the Second Empire was a theatre and that, like Ludovic Halévy, he is not certain whether the reality was the glittering performance on the stage or the growling crowds in the streets outside. But he is quite certain that the Empire had one leading actor and that it could not exist without him. Once he was ill, in pain, and living in the shadow world of medication, then the play was over and everything was going and gone.

F. W. J. Hemmings is much more ambitious. The scope of his book is also larger, since although he lingers lovingly over the splendours of the Second Empire, he covers a period of fifty years. Although he resorts to anecdote in order to avoid some of the complexities of his subject, he nevertheless seeks to make certain overall interpretations. One of his main preoccupations is to show how and why the great artists and writers of France were hostile to the society in which they lived and for which they were obliged to work. As he points out, between Lamartine appearing on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville in 1848 and Zola writing an open letter to the President of the Republic in 1898 denouncing the connivance of the state in the condemnation of the innocent Captain Dreyfus, French writers were introspective, or inactive, or ineffective.

By the end of Professor Hemmings's book, it is not certain either that he has proved his point and shown that there was anything particular about the writers of this period, or that he has explained why artists and writers should have behaved as they did. But he has led his readers on an interesting and, at times, invigorating journey. It is worth putting up with all his Gallicisms in order to read, for example, about some of the minor writers of this period. He tells us about Feydeau's novel *Fanny*, which Flaubert saw in the hands of the cab-drivers at Rouen and which Sainte Beuve described as one of the bibles of the time. He tells us too about Octave Feuillet and his extraordinary successes with novels. But having gone so far, Professor Hemmings drops the subject (and recommends us not to read *Fanny*) just when it might have been interesting to have gone further in an analysis of this type of literature.

Joanna Richardson illustrates most clearly the unsatisfactory nature of this form of history writing. Her book is excellent value at the price. Some of the illustrations are very beautiful, and they have been chosen with care and sometimes with originality. Miss Richardson's knowledge is very extensive. Few can rival her acquaintance with detail or her ability to produce an apt quotation. Her chapters on the theatres, the art, the restaurants, the *entente* with England, are clearly the result of industrious reading. But where does it all lead us? There is a certain amount of the "little did they know as they danced" type of drama. There is nostalgia for a certain *douceur de vivre* mixed with criticism of materialism and corruption. And there is the statement that Paris has never been more Parisian than in the days of the Second Empire. This in fact is a catalogue of activities in which the French behave as the British expect them to behave.

It is particularly disappointing that Miss Richardson's enthusiasm and erudition, like Professor Hemmings's scholarship and Mr Burchell's vigorous narrative, should not do more to increase our understanding of this period in French history. It is too easy to go free-wheeling down the boulevards, re-telling the gossip and shrugging one's shoulders.

vocations in sepia

HN BETJEMAN and DAVID
AISEY:
ictorian and Edwardian Oxford
om Old Photographs
6 plates.

B. CRAVEN:
ictorian and Edwardian Yorkshire
om Old Photographs
0 plates.
atsford. £2.10 each.

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pe of the most widely held—or at
ast most often expressed—beliefs of
e mid-twentieth century is that the
sual image has largely replaced the
ritten word as our principal means
f communication, and the number
f books now published which con-
st almost entirely of old photo-
raphs is one indication of the
rength of this belief. Neither the
xtensive illustration of texts nor
e publication of collections of
hotographs is, of course, a recent
end. What is perhaps new is the
onviction that such collections
ossess a unique educative value—
at by looking at photographs one
an obtain an understanding of a
eriod or place which goes beyond
nything the written word can offer.
The jacket of *Victorian and*
Edwardian Yorkshire contains the
tatement: "Old photographs,
specially when they show people as
vell as places, are intensely evoca-
ive"; and the corresponding blurb
or *Victorian and Edwardian Oxford*
tates: "No comparisons with the
present day need be made, no morals
rawn. The book is sufficiently
delightful for its own sake." That
old photographs are likely to be
"evocative" there can be no doubt,
and these two volumes provide
handsome witness to the fact. But
it is surely doubtful whether their
rue worth is indicated by this kind
of justification. It would seem fair
o say that in looking at old photo-
graphs saturation point is easily
reached: that to obtain from them
the satisfaction they so temptingly
offer one needs to be taught how
to look, just as one needs to be
taught how to read if the written
word is not to remain an unsolved
mystery. Probably even more so;
for we have become so accustomed
to the fleeting, transient nature of
visual images that when they are
frozen and gathered together the
marvellous sense of time having been
arrested is likely to be lost as we
blandly praise them as "evocative"
or "delightful in themselves" and
pass on.

However paradoxical it may sound, it could be well argued that the extent to which the full value of a collection of old photographs is realized depends less upon the actual photographs than upon the quality of the editorial guidance that is offered, and on this count both these volumes are unsatisfactory.

Sir John Betjeman's introduction to *Victorian and Edwardian Oxford* consists of a few casual reminiscences of Oxford during his childhood and undergraduate days and scarcely illuminates the photographs that follow. A. B. Craven's introduction to *Victorian and Edwardian Yorkshire* is just as brief, but at least he does not reminisce and offers the useful information that, while Victorian and Edwardian photographers showed a great deal of interest in railways and waterworks, they felt that mining and industry were not fit subjects for their art. One might have hoped for more information of this kind, indicating as it does a scale of preferences different from our own, and a special kind of limitation imposed upon the editor by a past age. As it is we must rely on the captions, which are rarely longer than a single sentence.

But the photographs are, without doubt, superb. *Victorian and Edwardian Oxford* naturally centres on the university (its buildings, customs and personalities), though not to the exclusion of all else. River and agricultural life are well represented, as is Oxford as the birthplace of the Morris car industry. Outstanding among individual photographs are those of a university clerk buying butter in the market; a rakish-looking William R. Morris (later Lord Nuffield) on a boating party with the Laurels Cycling Club; and two photographs which force contrasting analogies with painting. The first, of some women tennis players captured almost unaware and each absorbed in her own thoughts, possesses the relaxed yet immediate quality of an Impressionist painting; while the second, of tree-felling at Godstow recalls the massive posed quality of Victorian genre painting.

Victorian and Edwardian Yorkshire inevitably presents a very different view of England. The subject-matter is more varied, the photographs often better, and they seem, above all else, to portray life directly, whereas many of the photographs in the Oxford volume look as though they have been removed from family albums. Here it is the cities that dominate, a sense of constant growth and movement, iron, streets, and people. The seaside resorts are just as crowded, and in comparison many of the quieter rural scenes seem artificial, excepting the solid naturalness of a splendid photograph of sheep-dipping on the Yorkshire moors. Equally outstanding are photographs of fish-selling on the quayside at Whitby (in which amazingly few of the men seem aware of the camera); the Management and Employees of Abram Peel & Bros (in which it is impossible to distinguish between the two groups); what must be a rare photograph of a young slum woman who is sexually attractive, and quite clearly conscious of the fact; and, on a lighter level, two staid Victorian gentlemen in a Harrogate Turkish bath, who seem to be wearing Marks and Spencer's latest range of underpants. It is no doubt incidental that also included is a photograph of that remarkable firm's original premises in Leeds.

The final image offered by *Victorian and Edwardian Yorkshire* is haunting rather than evocative. The subject—a line of slum children stretched across a street—is now mandatory for such collections, but a close look destroys the conventional pose. As the eye examines the third child from the right, it moves from carefully brushed hair, bright staring eyes and an expression of uncertain pride at the occasion, to the immaculately white Eton collar and buttoned jacket, to the rolled trousers and bare feet. Like so much else in this excellent book it carries us back—with considerable force—to a very specific historical moment.

Small town story

EWBANK SMITH:
Victorian Farnham
249pp. Phillimore. £2.75.

There are various approaches to a town history, especially for the Victorian period. The simplest and often the most evocative and charming is to chat about the old streets and shops, the old customs and festivals, and former "characters" and all the trivia of a vanished quality of life. Not academically very respectable, such books give a great deal of nostalgic pleasure to those who can just remember that world.

Or one can write the "inside" history of the town, with its nasty political in-fighting and its scandals and corruption, as Charles Fenby did in his recent masterpiece *The Other Oxford*. But this calls for a great deal of inside knowledge as near accurate as can be, a wide range of knowledgeable friends and acquaintances, such as few people can hope to acquire—only such people as good newspaper editors with a shrewd eye for where the truth lies, or an old solicitor (and he won't tell)

The third way is to wade through the minutes of the town council and its committees, and through the local newspaper for the general background. This approach, much favoured by earnest urban historians and sociologists, is academically very sound: but the results are generally arid and pretty far removed from the way things really happened. Minutes are designed to conceal the truth, and we get no reported discussion.

Ewbank Smith has chosen the last method for his study of Victorian Farnham, but he has certain advantages over the mere academic who looks at it all from the outside and is scarcely aware of what the inside looks like. Mr Smith was rating officer with the Farnham council for more than forty years and knows his way around and through the official jargon of committees. He is bound to be discreet, of course; there are no "revelations" but there are some occasional asides that show he knows a lot more than he would put into print.

His book traces the changes in a small town of oil-lit streets and no drainage, of no railway (this is all in the 1830s), down to the end of the century when most of the mod. cons. had been installed. Though his raw material is mostly the official records, this is an entertaining book, and a valuable source for more serious historians who will find much in his pages for their own longer studies. Nor does Mr Smith forget that history is about people, about the families who ran the town during these formative decades. There are some excellent contemporary illustrations and maps. The book in its own way is a model of how to write a nineteenth-century history of a small town.

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Celebrating the bizarre

ANDRÉ PIEYRE DE MANDIARGUES:

Mascarets

188pp. Paris: Gallimard. 16fr.

Blaze of Embers

Translated by April FitzLyon

128pp. Calder and Boyars. £2.

Troisième Belvédère

363pp. Paris: Gallimard. 27fr.

Bona: l'amour et la peinture

124pp. Geneva: Skira. 34 Sw fr.

The general public in France knew little about André Pieyre de Mandiargues until he wrote his first "real" novel, *La Motocyclette*, in 1963, and followed it with the 1967 Goncourt prizewinner, *La Marge*. He had long been appreciated in literary circles, though, for his poetry, *récits* and criticism; and three of these four books are representative of his more typical works. *Mascarets* is his most recent volume of *récits*. *Blaze of Embers* is a translation of an earlier one written in 1959, and *Troisième Belvédère* is the third in a series of books of essays. *Bona l'amour et la peinture* is M Mandiargues's contribution to an admirable Skira series in which some of the more thoughtful French writers are asked to discuss, in however roundabout a way, their work and themselves.

M Mandiargues celebrates the bizarre. Born in 1909, he was influenced first by the German Romantics, and later by the surrealists: he has gone on from these influences to construct a cold, brittle, oneiric world which both attracts and repels the reader. Typically, it is a world of calculated eroticism where the marvellous is never far from horror and the shadow of death, and one is induced into perpetual doubt about the degree of reality or nightmare of the events related. "Adive", one of the eight *récits in Mascarets*, is the story of Stéphanie Cern who, immediately after having said goodbye to her (male) lover at Orly, returns to Paris and is enticed into what she imagines will be a lesbian adventure, only to find that Adive, whom she follows to her sordid room, may well be a (canine) bitch.

The most perfect story in *Mascarets* is "Le marronnier", which is dedicated to Henri Michaux, *et pour cause*. A girl and two men are in the large, formal garden of an elegant Paris house, reclining, like a three-pointed star, against the trunk of a flowering chestnut tree. Round it, clockwise, they pass each other the cigarette they are sharing—"which contains only a small proportion of tobacco"—and philosophize: interestingly, originally, and amusingly. One of the men is suffering from intense, unexpressed desire for the girl, and the story ends with the sound of an explosion in the direction of the Observatory or the Sorbonne—the 1968 students' revolution has begun. This is a dense story which exists on many levels, is rich in visual imagery, and obliquely expressive of interwoven emotional, intellectual and hallucinatory states. Its perfection is only spoilt by the perfection of the young lady involved. With wearying regularity, M Mandiargues's heroines are long-legged, long-lashed, perfectly proportioned, flawlessly lovely, suntanned, white-dressed beauties. They may perhaps be the ideal of every man's dreams, but they nevertheless invite involuntary and irreverent comparison with the heroines of women's magazines.

M Mandiargues's style, however, is irreproachable. His graceful, measured prose may sometimes be thought precious, but every effect is intentional. *Mascarets* shows it at its best, and so does *Feu de braise*, the original of *Blaze of Embers*: alas, its rhythm, flow and atmosphere are in no way conveyed by this laboured translation.

A man of European, meta-European, culture, M Mandiargues's erudition comes naturally to him. *Troisième Belvédère*, like its predecessors (1958 and 1962), deals with a wide variety of subjects. In the present volume the pieces are, for the first time, dated, but only in rare cases are we told their provenance. Many must be reprints of articles, book reviews or exhibition reviews. A refreshing feature is that, as his publishers point out, M Mandiargues "n'a voulu regarder que vers ce qu'il trouvait beau": the range of subjects which receive his generous admiration and informed comment includes astrology, present-day Cuba, eroticism, modern and classical writers, some little-known painters and many well-known ones. Some particular favourites, like Max Ernst, Miró and Dubuffet, have already featured several times in the previous *Belvédères*.

In his volume in the beautifully produced Skira series, "Les sentiers de la création", M Mandiargues chooses to tell us indirectly about himself by writing about his wife, "la peintresse", Bona Tibertelli. All these books are generously illustrated—that is to say, they contain reproductions of whatever graphic work the writer considers in any way relevant to his theme—and part of each text is in facsimile of the author's handwriting. M Mandiargues has chosen to reproduce many of Bona's paintings ("Bona" is how she signs her works), some of his poems to her, one of her poems to him, one of Titian's Venuses, various photographs; the result is a very moving book. M Mandiargues writes with discretion: Bona is his mirror, the mirror is given more importance than the object reflected, but the writer is fastidious in his selection of what he wishes to tell us. He gives quite enough information, however, for the sympathetic reader to be able to enter imaginatively into his particular ways of creation, and their problems.

Unsystematic

LINDA GERSTEIN:

Nikolai Strakhov

237pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.

Nikolai Strakhov was a conservative philosopher, sometimes labelled a Slavophile, who claims our attention principally as the one-time associate of Dostoevsky and, in later life, the close friend of Tolstoy. Linda Gerstein's monograph is the first full-length intellectual biography and it turns out to be a most interesting contribution to the history of Russian nineteenth-century thought.

Strakhov's story is sad, but hardly full of enough light and shade to be considered tragic. He was born in Belgorod in 1828, educated as a seminarist, like his more famous contemporary, Chernyshevsky, and trained as a scientist. As a journalist he was drawn to Dostoevsky and contributed significantly to the initial success of Dostoevsky's journal *Vremya*. He made a direct contribution to its closure by publishing an article on Russo-Polish relations during the Polish revolt of 1863 which the authorities considered unpatriotic. For a decade after that fiasco he made a precarious living from journalism and translations until, in 1873, he achieved financial independence through being appointed a librarian in the St Petersburg Imperial Library. Friendly by now with Tolstoy, he devoted the rest of his life to advocacy of his own brand of conservative philosophy and Slavophilism, chiefly through attacking the delusions of opponents and commending the virtues of Danilevsky and like-minded advocates of Russia's need to remain independent of the West. He died of cancer in 1896.

A bibliophile, Slavophile and hermit, Strakhov seems never to have raised his voice loud enough to be a public tribune, yet he clearly attracted the attention of the leading intellectual figures of his time. Mrs Gerstein's very informative and warmly sympathetic biography explains the paradox almost without noting it. Ernest Renan, probably the greatest single ideological influence in Strakhov's life, once calle "un prêtre manqué" and stein considers that the well do for Strakhov him scientific training gave him ing religious scepticism—a does him much credit remembers the churchy browbeating fervour that accompanied his annual p to Yasnaya Polyana. Desp was no philosophical moni sophical idealism and science his soul, but he saw that ne nor the other could satisfy tion. Uncommitted to any and with no talent for syn was profoundly curious ab potential philosophical duali could be found in nineteenth positivism.

Mrs Gerstein makes out case for her subject as one been unjustly neglected in toriography of the period. B final estimate it is not positi of Strakhov's work and which strike the sparks. to have been at his best in quent and subtle attacks quotidian enthusiasms as t tion for John Stuart Mill ism and Spiritualism and else from the West which mired indiscriminately in t of his time.

His positive contributio easily assessable. His best criticism of *Crime and Pu* and *War and Peace* is still but his influence on the a these works cannot be mad more than skin-deep. He interesting reminiscences of sky which contain reference of the latter's sexual Though he admired the w scrupulous, monkish natur Dostoevsky personally On the other hand, with To seems to have had a directly effect: he made the hermit naya Polyana emerge from and to have done no more from Tolstoy some of t revealing letters he ever w have performed a service merit, for which posterity w be indebted.

Public confessionals

MARIE LUISE KASCHNITZ:

Zwischen Immer und Nie

Gestalten und Themen der Dichtung

319pp. Frankfurt: Insel. DM20.

OTTO FLAKE:

Die Verurteilung des Sokrates

Biographische Essays aus sechs Jahrzehnten

351pp. Heidelberg: Lambert Schneider. DM32.

FRITZ USINGER:

Die Verwandlungen

Zur Alchimie der Welt

227pp. Mainz: Hase und Koehler. DM19.80.

The essay as a kind of public confessional is a characteristically German institution. It is now almost a mark of the established writer to have produced a slim (or not so slim) volume of essays offering a personal vision of the great works of literature, usually scanning the whole period between the earliest recorded texts and the present day. The personal perspective, so distinct from the arid precision of the *Literaturwissenschaftler*, is the great strength of this form, hovering as it does between primary and secondary; its weakness, however, is that the personality of the essayist can obtrude to such a degree that the essays degenerate into mere fragments, unrelated to any great confession.

A regrettable case in point is Marie Luise Kaschnitz's Grand Tour of Western literature from *Gilgamesh* to *Waiting for Godot* at an average of under ten pages per essay. (*Zwischen Immer und Nie* is based on lectures given in Frankfurt, but the form is that of the essay rather than the public address.) In one who has held a professorship of poetics, the absence of intellectual rigour is deplorable. Werther is supposedly "wh[illegible] should call nowadays an angry young man"; the essay on Stifter's *Brigitta* is shortsightedly focused on the personalities, with only lip-service being paid to the central relationship between man and nature; and the contribution on *Woyzeck* is badly overwritten and contains several dubious assertions. It is not surprising that Hans Bender's afterword is more than a little reminiscent of Enobarbus's non-description of Cleopatra.

Otto Flake's essays are of a vastly different order, more formal and substantial; yet he bears his knowledge lightly, even in the complex and extended study of the Kaspar Hauser story. His disciplined brilliance shines at its brightest in the Büchner essay of 1917, where he both relates Büchner meaningfully to "the inferno of Verdun and the Somme" and unerringly strikes at the heart of his drama when he says that all Büchner's protagonists are "paraphrases of one basic Büchner figure who is not unrelated to Hamlet". The two main sections of *Die Verurteilung des Sokrates* are dedicated to studies of French and German literary figures respectively; and Kurt Scheid's recollections of Flake round off a welcome volume which may encourage scholars to look more closely at the work of this unjustly neglected writer, whose name once ranked alongside those of Döblin, Hesse, and Heinrich and Thomas Mann.

Fritz Usinger is also a pastmaster of the essay form. Since the publication of his first collection *Geist und Gestalt* in 1939, he has produced a steady trickle of essays which have come to assume an increasingly important position alongside his poems and aphorisms. Their particular significance lies in that they do not constitute a mere secondary or supplementary activity, but form an integral part of his work as a critical and creative writer. It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that while the avant-gardists—with many of whose leading representatives Usinger has been a friend and associate—were noisily breaking down the barriers between artistic forms, he himself has been conducting a quiet revolution of his own, moulding the essay into a hybrid of critical and creative, reflecting his own half-intellectual, half-intuitive approach.

A sentence from *Tellurium* (1966) may serve as starting-point for *Die Verwandlungen*: "Ours is not a world of being, but of becoming." The theme of *Die Verwandlungen* is the interrelatedness of all creation and the almost limitless possibilities of metamorphosis. In the past, for example: "[History] reaches into the present, into two days ago, yesterday, today. It washes over the present like the sea over the shore, it can flood over it, and subside once more."

Usinger's thesis is that, although man confronts the infinitude of the cosmos with no god or intermediary to serve as protector or explicator of its mysteries, civilization ignores this challenge, and continues blithely along in pre-Copernican blinkers as if the world were the centre of a fixed and transparently meaningful universe. He demonstrates that others have had similar insights to his own: in *Tellurium*, for example, he discusses Edgar Allan Poe's cosmology with remarkable insight and sympathy; and in *Die Verwandlungen* his essay on Marcel Duchamp represents a significant step forward in the understanding of this strange artist and anti-artist figure.

It is a curious reflection on the vagaries of literary fortune that Marie Luise Kaschnitz should almost be guaranteed substantial attention for indifferent work, while men like Flake and Usinger, whose true contribution to the culture of our time has not yet begun to be explored, continue to have indifferent attention paid to their substantial achievements.

Constant in love

BEATRICE W. JASINSKI:

L'Engagement de Benjamin Constant

292pp. Paris: Minard. 30fr.

The name of Béatrice Jasinski is familiar to serious students of eighteenth-century French literature; she has edited five volumes of the correspondence of Mme de Staël. It is only natural that she should make an excursion into Constant studies; and here is her scholarly account of Benjamin Constant during the first two years of his relationship with Germaine.

One might think that the last word had in fact been said about their tempestuous liaison; but, using little-known and unpublished documents, Mme Jasinski lets Constant speak for himself, and there is no more effective explanation. She pits scholar against scholar, critic against critic, as in court, and we finally see Constant plain.

It was on the evening of September 18, 1794, at Montchoisi, on the outskirts of Lausanne, that he first encountered Mme de Staël. She appeared at a critical moment in his existence. His career at the Court of Brunswick had failed; his marriage was soon to end in divorce; his friendship for Mme de Charrière was disintegrating and about to break; his health was poor. As the late Gustave Rudler observed, Constant found himself at a moment "de détachement à peu près universel, d'indétermination à peu près entière". He needed some relationship to revitalize him, to restore his energy and purpose. No woman could have done this more effectively than Germaine de Staël, the Mistress to an Age. He was fascinated by her, almost at once. On he told Mme de Charrière:

> J'ai rarement vu une réunion de qualités étonnantes et aut autant de brillant et de juste bienveillance aussi expansive active, autant de générosité, esse aussi douce et aussi soute le monde, tant de charme, de d'abandon dans la société C'est la seconde femme que j'ai qui m'aurait pu tenir lieu de l'univers, qui aurait pu être à elle seule pour moi, vous a été la première. Madame de infiniment plus d'esprit dans versation intime que dans le elle sait parfaitement écouter, ni vous ni moi ne pensions; l'esprit des autres avec autant que le sien. Elle fait valoir ceux aime avec une attention ingé constante, qui prouve autant que d'esprit. Enfin, c'est un part, un être supérieur, tel q rencontre peut-être un par siè que ceux qui l'approchent, le sent, et sont ses amis, doivent exiger d'autre bonheur.

Constant agreed that, so compromise Mme de Staël, he never stay with her after m One evening, finding that he fact outstayed the limit, he himself a dramatic gesture threw his watch on the floo observed that Mme de S smiling. In his journal he "Décidément cette montr rendra grand service." Ne he added: "Je n'ai pas tach montre, je n'en ai plus beso incident occurred just before ber 12, 1794.

Between the momentous of 1794 and that of 1796, the Constant was transformed b de Staël. In May, 1795, he Paris, consumed by politica tion and by dreams of glor private life and his public once again grown vital.

Lonely diggers

KENNETH MELLANBY:

The Mole

159pp plus 18 photographs and 35 text figures. Collins. £2.

Moleheaps in pasture or meadow are a familiar sight to most people, but few have seen, and fewer have handled, a living mole. Yet at an average density of three or four to the acre in grasslands the population of these underground neighbours must be immense; moles also live in lesser numbers in all kinds of soil, except acid peat, from sea-level to 3,000 feet. Apart from lore and anecdote it is surprising how little is known of the way of life of this horde of animals who live so near and yet so far from us whenever we travel beyond suburbia.

Kenneth Mellanby has brought together all the information about *Talpa europea* gathered by naturalists ancient and modern. He gives a brief account of the peculiar anatomy of the mole, describes its sense organs, and discusses its breeding cycle and unusual sex anatomy which has led to the countryman's belief that "all moles are males until the early spring". He considers the life story of the mole, its feeding, digging, and territorial behaviour, its position as a pest to the farmer, and its natural enemies. The final chapter deals with other kinds of moles and mole-like animals throughout the world—many of them showing a striking superficial similarity through adaptation to a similar way of life, though genetically unrelated.

Although moleheaps seem to be characteristic of open country, the mole is originally an animal of the woods, where moleheaps are less conspicuous. Dr Mellanby's study of moles concentrates on those living at his doorstep in Monks Wood, Huntingdonshire, a remnant of the primeval forest which, though managed for timber and coppice, has been woodland for at least a thousand years. In these 387 acres of deciduous trees on clay soil the food available for moles is prodigal—worms alone amount to a ton per acre—and yet the mole population is constant at about 400 in winter and 900 including the young of the year in summer. Yet, allowing each mole a generous ration of half its weight of food a day, it would need to exhaust only about 60 square yards of ground in a year. A population of several hundred to the acre should thus be possible, though this has nowhere been found. Dr Mellanby attributes this paradox to the behaviour of the animals, which keep trespassers away from individual territories, perhaps by scent-marking, perhaps by the mole's notorious aggressiveness, or else by some way yet unknown. In Monks Wood life is apparently so easy for the moles that Dr Mellanby thinks it must be rather boring; on the other hand, in the Breck, where the food is poorer, the moles have to work for their living.

During most of the year moles are solitary individualists, resentful of strangers except during the short breeding season, each ploughing its lonely furrow. That furrow can be long indeed. Dr Mellanby remarks that the first introduction many people have to the mole is the appearance of a row of piles of earth on their lawn: "The damage is so great that they imagine they have been invaded by hundreds of the animals." But in a small garden it is unlikely that there is more than one mole, and once it is destroyed the damage stops unless others come in from outside.

Dr Mellanby mentions the radial sesamoid bone that broadens the palm of the shovel-like hand of the mole and makes its skeleton appear to have six digits, but he does not draw attention to the corresponding tibial sesamoid bone in the foot that makes it appear, even in the flesh, to have six toes, perhaps to help brace the animal in its burrow when digging.

The Mole is well illustrated with good photographs and line drawings. The monograph will be read with appreciation by all naturalists and countrymen, and it will perhaps stimulate some of them to delve further into the many points which still need elucidation in the natural history of the mole, about which Dr Mellanby writes so engagingly.

The simple tundra

BERNARD STONEHOUSE:

Animals of the Arctic

The ecology of the Far North

172pp. Ward Lock. £2.60.

The Arctic, once those northern lands that lie beneath the constellation of the Great Bear (Arktos), is now defined in climatological terms. Within its boundaries the mean temperature of the warmest month does not exceed 10 degrees C, an isotherm that coincides quite well with the tree line or northern limit of tree growth. Even before this definition is framed, the mind is surveying barren wastes of snow, inhospitable tundra, and icy seas. Yet Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who spent much of his life in the far north, could title his book *The Friendly Arctic*. Many others, including Bernard Stonehouse, have felt the lasting appeal of this vast region and speak in terms of its great beauty, simplicity and interest.

Animals of the Arctic, with at least one good colour plate on every page, is as enticing in its way as any travel brochure and leaves no doubt that natural splendour is possible without vegetation, or at least with very little of it. Possibly a dozen ice ages have gripped the Earth, but the last one, in Permo-Carboniferous times and ending about 150 million years ago, preceded the appearance of the mammals, birds and flowering plants. What we now see is the rather recent invasion of a comparatively hostile environment by plants and animals whose basic evolution took place in warmer climates. Some are hardy survivors of the pre-glacial flora and fauna; others, especially among the birds, are summer visitors which take advantage of rich feeding opportunities and breeding grounds but are not adapted to the extreme cold of winter; others again are in the process of moving in from more crowded peripheral regions. Unlike the tropics, or even our own temperate region, the Arctic supports relatively few species and the web of circumstances that ties these organisms into an ecological whole is considerably simpler. It is this simplicity that is so attractive, both to the biologist and to the newcomer.

Mr Stonehouse tells the story simply yet accurately and imparts a great deal of information in a readable form. The author is determined to instruct and the photographs are interspersed with drawings of animal groups (extinct mammals, Arctic waders, seals, whales, the species of lemming and many others), ecological successions, maps and diagrams. The chapters deal successively with a general description of the Arctic and Subarctic, the development of our present ice age, life in the seas, sea birds, life on the tundra, and finally man's invasion of this region.

Of all the immigrants, our own species is the one that will make the greatest impact on the Arctic and has indeed begun to do so. The author ends on a sombre note but one echoed by ecologists in every other part of the globe. How much of the Arctic as we know it will survive the oil rigs, the overcropping of animals for their fur, flesh or fat, the pollution and the fight for living space? He sees a brighter future for Arctic animals in Eurasia than in North America, for the Soviet bear has a part in the well-researched policy to develop the North for man; the American bear, he suspects, "will be asked, politely but firmly, to move over and make room for some real-estate development".

Can the coral survive?

PATRICIA CLARE:

The Struggle for the Great Barrier Reef

223pp. Collins. £2.50.

The Great Barrier Reef is the largest assemblage of coral reefs the world has ever known. Forming an almost continuous rampart, it covers about 80,000 square miles and stretches over 1,200 miles along the north-eastern coast of Australia. It is a major attraction to marine scientists, tourists, fishermen, oil companies, lime seekers and, in recent years, a lowly echinoderm named Acanthaster planci, the crown-of-thorns starfish. All of these, except the scientists, represent potential or actual threats to the reefs. In fact, Patricia Clare is not wholly convinced that the scientists themselves, especially those with whom she disagrees, are to be trusted. However, she achieves a fair and balanced assessment of the dangers facing the Barrier Reef, and if she lacks formal scientific training she makes up for it with a quick eye, a retentive memory, and a good grasp of the biological as well as human factors involved.

The reefs are visited every year by perhaps 250,000 visitors, and the brash amenities, the souvenir seekers, even the presence of crowds of tourists on once empty beaches, is distressing to those who knew these areas in their unspoilt beauty. Far worse is the stripping of reefs by the professional shell and coral collectors. Miss Clare pleads for a complete restriction on selling such objects, since the policing of the reefs is quite impracticable. A more complex threat is the crown-of-thorns starfish, which has exploded from a virtual rarity before the 1960s to a pest that can now be counted in millions. Feeding on the coral polyps and in places rising to a population density of more than thirty per square yard, the starfishes are leaving whole areas barren and possibly prone to erosion, silting or fouling, to the extent that future coral settlement might be impossible.

The rich diversity of tropical communities supposes a far greater complexity of interrelationships than is found in temperate habitats, and this suggests that any imbalance will be compensated before it reaches catastrophic proportions. A coral reef is perhaps the most complex of all tropical marine communities. Yet a species has increased with such violence that it is rivalling man in the destruction of its own environment. Miss Clare sets out the several theories of why this explosion has occurred and what can be done about it. An attempt was made to find which natural predator of the starfish had recently been depleted, but this was hampered by lack of previous biological studies on the starfish. Dr H. Endean, Chairman of the Great Barrier Reef Committee, favours the triton (Charonia tritonis), but others suspect the sardines now used in quantities as bait fish, while it is recognized that the coral itself must account for a high proportion of starfish eggs. Possibly all these and others have contributed to controlling the starfish population.

The Australian Academy of Science then stepped in and suggested that this might be a cyclical phenomenon, to be followed by recolonization with coral polyps. However, the US Department of the Interior, which had sent teams to investigate similar infestations throughout the Pacific, believed that the scale of predation was man-induced and that "'Nature's course' would be no more desirable here than in an uncontrolled forest fire". Debate followed, with rising tempers, a confused public, and little advance on the problem.

Miss Clare chronicles this episode with some anguish, having herself witnessed the results of starfish predation. The hitherto less spectacular but direct human abuses of the reef are woven into the story. She deplores those scientists who see the inevitability of commercial exploitation, but herself seems reconciled to the inevitability that some will adopt this attitude.

The search for oil, the extraction of lime for building and agriculture and silica for glass-making, the likelihood of oil pollution, the nuclear blasting of passages through the reef for ships, and the effects of DDT washed down from sugar plantations are discussed within the context of the political and economic realities of modern Australia. The squabbles of scientists are nothing beside the mighty trumpeting of profit, and she ends on a note of despair. While Australians were celebrating the bicentenary of Captain Cook's discovery of this coastline, the tanker Oceanic Grandeur was lying ripped on a rock in Torres Strait, pouring oil into the sea.

Species without spines

J. E. SMITH, J. D. CARTHY, GARTH CHAPMAN, R. B. CLARK, and DAVID NICHOLS:

The Invertebrate Panorama

405pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7.25.

GWYNNE VEVERS:

The Underwater World

168pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.

It would be ridiculous if the multitude of human types were divided for the purposes of scientific study into two groups, those with red hair and those without. Yet such an unequal division is still made by zoologists for the animal kingdom as a whole, reflecting Aristotle's primary dichotomy between animals with red blood (Enaima) and those without (Anaima).

Although Aristotle correlated his blood character (which has exceptions) with the presence or absence of a backbone, it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that Lamarck coined the terms we now use—the vertebrates and the invertebrates. The latter term he kept deliberately nondescript in recognition of the heterogeneity of this group of animals. As a result, the overwhelming majority of animal species, from lowly protozoans to giant squids, showing the most startling diversity of organization, are categorized by the absence of a structure possessed by a mere handful of their fellow creatures.

Thus books which attempt to cover the invertebrates must draw into a meaningful biological picture a vast assemblage of forms that often bear as little relationship to each other as they do to the vertebrates. In handling this theme, *The Invertebrate Panorama* succeeds in avoiding both superficiality and clogging detail and, although the single-celled Protista and the insects are omitted, the presentation of the twenty-three invertebrate phyla will certainly appeal to those students and others who have had to depend on the conventional phylum-by-phylum textbook.

A short historical chapter (sketchy and with some errors) leads to two chapters introducing the major and minor phyla. Thereafter, the authors (chiefly R. B. Clark and J. D. Carthy) take broad topics and wander through the spineless world, stopping to introduce the remarkable and to make remarkable even the most ordinary of its inhabitants. The topics are the familiar ones of structure, feeding, movement, senses, reproduction, behaviour, development, larvae and provenance, and the authors offer comments on evolution and animal associations. Inevitably, there is some overlap between chapters, so that discussion of the living fossil *Neopilina* and its evolutionary implications occurs in the chapter on "Structural gadgetry and functional adaptations" and not in the chapters on phylogeny and evolution.

The Invertebrate Panorama is certainly to be read rather than dipped into. There are twenty-eight half-tone plates and a fair sprinkling of figures, the latter well drawn but not exceptional in originality or vigour. The bibliography is not keyed to specific references in the text (except generally under chapter headings), so that the source of particular statements cannot be tracked down easily. Nevertheless, this book should prove most useful to sixth form and university zoology students.

The Underwater World is a slimmer volume, aimed at a much wider audience, but equally well written and absorbing (as one might expect from a zoological writer of Gwynne Vevers's experience). Starting with the basic constituents of sea water and the physical characters of the oceans, he proceeds to populate the seas with plankton, and the shores, the coral reefs, the sea floor and the depths with an increasing multitude of higher plants and animals until something of the complexity of marine life is depicted. Squids, turtles, seals and whales, as well as life in freshwater, complete what is a simple but accurate account of an environment that covers two-thirds of the earth's surface. For a small book, it contains a remarkable amount of interesting information.

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هكذا من الأصل

The community spirit

RAPHAEL MAHLER:
A History of Modern Jewry 1780-1815
742pp. Vallentine, Mitchell. £7.

The author of a general history of the Jews needs to know, as Cecil Roth used to say, "not just everything about one thing or something about everything, but everything about everything". These qualifications include a dozen or more languages and a detailed mastery of the political, social, economic and intellectual history both of the Jews and of the Christian and Muslim peoples among whom they lived. Raphael Mahler of Tel-Aviv University brings to the task not only these requisite but rare skills, but also his own specific contribution of placing Jewish history firmly within its social context.

The economic life of the Jews and their role in Western and Eastern European countries at different stages of economic development emerge very clearly in the author's well-translated abridgment of his original four-volume Hebrew edition. Within the Jewish communities rule by oligarchies was prevalent, so that inequitable systems of taxation caused social conflict to be never far below the surface. Between one community and the rest, one region and the next, *sauve qui peut* was often the rule of life in relations with the secular authorities, except at times of crisis when Jewish solidarity might temporarily emerge to face a threatened expulsion or persecution. The Eastern European mystical Hassidic movement and the ensuing enlightened Haskalah are likewise comprehensively discussed both as sets of ideas and in terms of their social basis.

The virtues of this approach contain their own flaws. A whiff of whiggishness pervade. Professor Mahler's combination of Jewish nationalism with a somewhat old-fashioned Marxism. The argument is deliberately conducted from "a Jewish national point of view": an unconscious sense of national culture is assumed to have existed, and assimilation becomes a dirty word. The result is that evidence is strained in equating Jewish messianism with a desire to rebuild a Jewish state in Palestine, so that "deep stirrings for resettlement" are detected among the masses of Eastern Europe at this early date.

For Professor Mahler,

> the French Revolution set itself the task of altering the structure of society and the state in accordance with the requirements of capitalism and its ruling class, the bourgeoisie, [whose economic interests] postulated the abolition of the legal restrictions to which Jewish capital was subjected. This was in accordance with one of the chief slogans of the new class: an unimpeded, clear path for the economic forces of capitalism.

Elsewhere he nails his flag to the mast of "the historical method which points an absolute parallel between the *Weltanschauung* of each generation and its outlook on the social system". As a consequence the model of social stratification applied is often too simplified: Jewish "plutocrats" are juxtaposed against "the masses", and the bourgeoisie are labelled assimilationist in Western Europe, while other Jews are seen as the upholders of national culture. The wretchedness of poor German Jews is fully portrayed, but the court Jews are pilloried for their selfishness without any objective assessment of what their exalted position actually achieved in alleviating the lot of their brethren. The enlightened but rich Jews of Bohemia-Moravia are blamed for obsequiousness to the imperial government without consideration of whether any other effective course of action was open to them. One may also dispute the emphasis placed on the commercial activities of the Jewish middle class in Poland and Lithuania, as contrasted with industrial ones in Prussia, in explaining the different forms taken by the Haskalah in these countries.

Apart from a few deficiencies in the selection and arrangement of the bibliographies, the presentation of the material calls for two comments. The division of general histories into periods of thirty-five years can be distorting. It may be justifiable for the era of the French Revolution, but it is to be hoped that the further volumes that are planned will show continuity and change over a longer time-span. In the first volume of such a magisterial project a fuller discussion of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century backgrounds could also have been expected. Secondly, the allocation of space is somewhat idiosyncratic. The long sections devoted to Palestine under Turkish and Egyptian rule and to those Eastern European developments on which the author has already published extensively in languages other than English are only to be welcomed. Nevertheless, the Anglo-Saxon world hardly receives its deserts; the three pages assigned to the 20,000 Jews of England are fewer than those accorded to two Swiss villages containing 2,000. These years were crucial in the rise to wealth and international power of the Rothschild family, but it is barely mentioned.

For all Professor Mahler's decided opinions, the overriding merits of his indispensable new interpretation are its great readability and the unfolding of the evidence in a way which allows readers to form their own independent judgment.

In the days of Genesis

BENJAMIN MAZAR (Editor):
The World History of the Jewish People
Volume 2: Patriarchs
305pp. W. H. Allen. £8.50.

The contributors to this volume are all well-known Jewish scholars, mostly living in Israel but some in the United States. They have written twelve essays, each on an aspect of the age of the biblical patriarchs; in other words, the period roughly covers the main part of the book of Genesis. Six essays deal with the more general background of the period: Ugaritic literature, Near Eastern chronology, North-West Semitic languages and inscriptions. Six others deal more specifically with conditions in Canaan and the evidence for the life, circumstances, and religion of the patriarchs. The book is one in a projected series of about twenty which would seem to be aimed at the intelligent general reader, especially of course the Jewish reader.

Such books often show a gap between technical skill and suitably popular presentation, and this is certainly so here. Several of the contributors have written what is more or less a learned article for their fellow scholars; when occasionally they remember the common man, they tend to fall into foolish vaguenesses or statements of the obvious. Little editorial control seems to have been exercised over the quality and balance of the essays.

E. A. Speiser gives us only six pages on Mesopotamian historical writing, a negligible amount for so important a topic; and his other chapter on "The Patriarchs and Their Social Background" is also light in weight, only about five pages of text. The article on chronology by H. Tadmor, however, is a detailed piece of work, a far more comprehensive survey than is needed for the understanding of the rest of the book. M. Greenberg, writing on the Hapiru, fails in his obvio[illegible] duty to explain the status of the ideogram SA.GAZ and why it is written with capitals.

H. L. Ginsberg writes on the North-West Semitic languages. Most readers will have only a hazy knowledge of Hebrew and so much of the argument will be beyond them. Moreover, it contains many ideas and terms (for instance, "Phoenic" and "Samalian") which are not current in general scholarship but are the private property of this writer or are his own suggestions.

The book as a whole raises a serious underlying question about attitudes to the Bible. The analysis of the sources of the Pentateuch, now taken more or less for granted in Western culture, is still, it seems, a very uncertain matter in Israel; and this is reflected in the rather weak and vague treatment given to it in J. Liver's contribution. His account of Wellhausen seems to lack empathy, and it attributes to him as "assumptions" things which were not assumed by him but were only gradually attained. It is easy to argue that modern scholars differ from Wellhausen in all sorts of attitudes; but the strength of the documentary analysis has been its ability to survive, in spite of criticism, as the basic working position of all sorts of scholars, long after they have ceased to share particular cultural "assumptions" of 100 years ago.

How reliable are the Genesis accounts as histories of particular people like Abraham? Here again one senses a gap in the treatment in this book, a gap between the sophisticated historical and archaeological knowledge on one side and the pervasive attitude to the Bible, an attitude which seems rather simple and direct, at times almost credulous: "Isaac tried his hand at agriculture." Let us grant that, as the book stresses, archaeological evidence lends verisimilitude to the social situations of Genesis. But this only shows that the Genesis writers had their local colour right; it does not prove that the narratives might not have a strong legendary character, and it certainly does not show that there was a real man Isaac who was the son of Abraham, the father of Jacob and Esau, and so on. And this is perhaps the chief lack in the book: it contains no sophisticated study of Genesis as a work of literature, no detailed analysis of the patriarchal story in itself. It is a modern scholarly sketch of the background to Genesis, a sketch which however leaves room for a quite uncritical pre-modern appreciation of Genesis itself to remain.

The one article which in these respects has the air of belonging decisively to the modern world of thought is M. Haran's on the religion of the time; and this is also one of the most readable. Y. Yadin's article on warfare is also readable, and may in the event be the one most read. Does he not, however, go too far in applying modern military categories to the Bible, in trying to make it look and sound up to date, as if biblical men were modern trained soldiers with their "logistics" and their "tactics" and so on? Is it not slightly ridiculous to take the story of Moses, and how he sent spies to look at the land of Canaan, as an instance of "the strategic intelligence service"? Because commanders sometimes report that their troops are in good health, is this really evidence of "organized medical services"? Is it not faintly absurd, when Joshua at God's command stretches out his hand towards a city, to put this in the same class with straightforward human devices like fire-signals?

In spite of such criticisms, the volume is full of valuable information and should prove a stimulating companion to the reading of Genesis. Some unclarities in the English are presumably the result of errors in translation, but it is not clear which articles have in fact been translated; the proofs could also have been better read.

Baghdad book-l

The Fihrist of al-Nadim
A Tenth-Century survey of Muslim Culture.
Volume I: 570pp.
Volume II: pp571-1,149.
Edited and translated by Bayard Dodge
Columbia University Press. £18 the set.

The *Fihrist* ("Index") is a catalogue of all the books in Arabic, whether original works or translations, known to the author, a Baghdad bibliophile of the tenth century. The list of names and titles is interspersed with biographical details, anecdotes and information on such subjects as the scripts used by different peoples. It is a reference book familiar to students of Islamic culture, for it comprises a vast amount of material about literary activity in the Arab empire and records the titles of many books which have themselves disappeared. Since Flügel published his critical edition in 1871, new manuscripts have been found, the most important being one in the Chester Beatty collection. Bayard Dodge, a former President of the American University of Beirut, has made use of these in preparing this translation. Scholars will therefore need to consult this version as well as Flügel and will be grateful for the care that has been taken to annotate it and equip it with a biographical index.

An edition of the original would, however, have been more useful to them. A translation of a list of titles can only be unsatisfactory. When the contents of a book are not available as a control it is often impossible to decide precisely what a title means. Indeed it is not obvious what kind of reader Dr Dodge had in mind when he undertook the tedious task of translating a catalogue. His notes on historical events often refer the reader to an elementary and superficial compilation, those on place-names, to Yaqut's great geographical dictionary, almost all of which is inaccessible to anyone who cannot read Arabic.

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invented the letters n
writing their own name
not told that these "
merely the result of
letters of the Arabic alp
order in which they occ
are used as numerals, v
same as the order of th
ing letters in Hebrew

Some notes are mislea
inaccurate. AD 990, t
which the *Fihrist* ma
completed, was not "a li
a century before the Fi
but a little more. "Al-
light-hearted Umayyad c
end of the dynasty"; t
is to Al-Walid ibn 'Ab
the sixth of the fourte
caliphs. It is nonsense
hamzah as "a sign in A
which indicates a connec
two letters": it indica
stop. "The Arabs buri
alive where too many d
born in one family"; i
explained that this was
practice that is pas
nounced in the Koran;
might suppose that it
'Abbasid Baghdad. (
the annotation lapses i
What is the use of the
anyone: "In *Al-Fihris*
usually found before a b
is, literally, 'And to hi
books' which in transl
dered as 'Among his b
were'"? Who needs
that "if the old manu
5,000 leaves, it must hav
pages"? The book is
produced and the standa
reading is high. An A
tion, of no relevance, th
cover of both volumes, t

The real Omar

ALI DASHTI:
In Search of Omar Khayyám
Translated by L. P. Elwell-Sutton
276pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.50.

It is a remarkable fact that in the country of Omar Khayyám's birth the inspirer of FitzGerald's famous poem should until recently have been denied any claim to true poetic achievement. Omar Khayyám ranks high among Persian mathematicians, astronomers and scientists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but his occasional verse satisfied none of the somewhat rigid criteria which the true giants of Persian poetry were expected to—and did—observe. Yet his reputation as a man of enormous learning was such that although his only known poetical compositions were a number of the four-line stanzas called *roba'iyat*—individual and unconnected pieces like the Greek epigram and the Japanese haiku—it became the fashion to ascribe to him in the centuries following his death a very large number of quatrains which he could not possibly have written. Western scholars have expended vast amounts of time and energy in trying to ascertain, by examining manuscripts of different dates, exactly which *roba'iyat* are authentic and which must be considered later accretions. The search for these manuscripts was so eager that to meet the demand for them clever forgeries were put on the market, one of which misled even the late A. J. Arberry, excellent scholar though he was.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Iranian men of letters should have thought that it was high time they took a hand in clearing up the kind of puzzles which were proving so baffling to Western scholars. Ali Dashti, who has played a consider-

able part in the troubled
modern Iranian politics
man of letters of aston
tility; he is an essayist,
a pamphleteer, and, pe
important in the present
a brilliant critic of th
Persian poets. He has
studies of Hafiz, Rumi,
Khaqani with the prese
Omar Khayyám. He has
from an angle which pe
an Iranian scholar could
cessfully utilized—namely
ing up a careful picture
of man that Omar Khay
have been, investigating
examining his intellectu
and following his career
detailed study as a touc
Dashti has isolated som
odd quatrains as almost
authentic, along with
number of "possibles". Th
by which he has arriv
conclusions is explained
step and is accompanied
expositions of the various
Western investigations. A
world has what prom
perhaps the final word
Khayyám; the book likely
sede all others. L. P. Elw
translation both of Ali D
and of the quatrains is
the original; and his intro
a masterpiece of clarity
earned the gratitude of e
ern student of Persian po
appetite for it was first w
FitzGerald's poetic genius.

For the second editio
study of Shaikh Ahmad
A Sufi Saint of the Twen
tury (242pp. Allen and
£3.50) Martin Lings has
new chapters, the longer
is based on the Shaikh's

The three Es

HN H. MacCALLUM SCOTT
ditor):
iversity Independence: The Main
uestions
2pp. Rex Collings. £1.75.
BERT NISBET:
e Degradation of the Academic
gma
e University in America 1945-
70.
2pp. Heinemann. £2.50.
D TAPPER:
ung People and Society
6pp. Faber and Faber. £2.75.

re are three books of differing
rit, but all connected with the
me theme: excellence, equality and
ucation, three of the most tedious
stract nouns in our language, which
e central to the situation, by no
eans a happy one, in which we find
rselves.

To take the least first, *University*
dependence is a dreary publication.
is by no means a bad thing to have
new university, different from the
st, and unfettered by the University
rants Committee and all that, but
call it "Independent" begs quite
few questions. The proposed new
iversity brings the revolutionary
otion of the market-place to higher
lucation. Adam Smith, in a famous
ssage, first advocated payment by
sults; Dickens had the best com-
ent on that, and the spirit of Wack-
rd Squeers already stalks in
uckingham.

The next most serious book is
at by Robert Nisbet. Professor
isbet has clearly Suffered. He is
ofessor of Sociology at Riverside
California. In such a post, in
ich a place, one may well ask
hother he truly expected to find
e spirit of Newman or Isaac
ewton walking the corridors. But,
e that as it may, he has written an
teresting book, as full of passion
American academic prose allows,
d making one very good point
d several others that deserve
tention.

His history, however, is wrong.
niversities as we now know them
e late nineteenth and early twen-
eth-century inventions; to pretend
at Oxford's link with the Middle
ges is much more than architec-
ral is to miss the whole point of
neteenth-century English intellec-
al history. American universities
wo everything to Prussia, and noth-
g to Newman. As a result, Profes-
or Nisbet's view of English intellec-
al history is quaint. He is clearly
uite unaware of the long ancestry
f medicine and law at Oxford and
ambridge and regards them as new
bjects.

But if many of his facts are
correct, his general thesis carries conviction. Professor Nisbet heaves a few bricks at scholarship ("dull, stale, leaden and profitless by any standard"), but in his own way he believes in it. What on earth, he rightly asks, has scholarship, a glory of Renaissance and post-Renaissance culture, to do with our universities, as they are now becoming? The term itself has become identified with laboratories and hordes of research students, which have little enough to do with truly major science, but have had the ghastly consequence of making universities both expensive and important. Because of the scientists, abetted by the insufferable demands of various social scientists for vast surveys and computers, the universities are now, roughly speaking, sitting at the feet of Mammon. And the free intellectual life now depends, to a great extent, upon the academic salary. The university is therefore a powerhouse (as King George V so aptly called Cambridge's new library), and must suffer the consequences that go with being part of the engineering industry. Professor Nisbet argues, somewhat apocalyptically, that it will all Come to an End; that the free intellectual life, should it survive at all, will spring up elsewhere; and Harvard and Berkeley will be at one with Nineveh and Tyre.

The most important of the three books is Ted Tapper's *Young People and Society*. This is a readable, well-got-up piece of sociological research which ought to be widely read. Mr Tapper traces the origin of comprehensive schools briefly but fairly—he notes that the euphoric idea that they would introduce a socially-mixed millennium has passed; and he then asks what happens in them.

What, indeed, does happen? Disorder is already rife in the big city schools, and even in some in smaller towns. Whatever else they may be doing, comprehensives are clearly doing little or nothing to help the inner city crisis and they may indeed be making it worse. Mr Tapper shows the school playing a part, positive or negative, in determining role aspirations—a clear enough term, though a technical one—as adolescents move from the family into the world of work. The family, as all studies show, is for most people incomparably the more formative influence; but the schools play their part, usually in confirming people's views of themselves, or, in marginal cases, pushing them up or down.

Young People and Society is about fourth-formers (fourteen to fifteen-year-olds), the stage when an adolescent has to come to terms with himself. Mr Tapper found it hard to get past the Education Officers and into the schools though, once there, he found them helpful; but to suggest that there is much general social concern or intelligence among education officers is to invite Mr Tapper's justified derision. He studied a variety of schools in what sounds like Manchester and in Sussex. Needless to say, the secondary moderns are the most working-class, and Manchester Grammar School the most "upper" class; and within the schools the working-class children were mostly to be found in the bottom streams.

Educational and occupational aspirations broadly follow class lines, except that in a comprehensive at Crawley the middle stream aimed higher than in the secondary modern schools, though at the price of lower aspirations for the rest. The sole exception to this is that a lot of children still have political aspirations—to be an MP or a local councillor—which are "out of line" with their hopes of going to a university or getting a well-paid job. It is the middle stream in comprehensive schools, and the grammar schools, which create Conservatives, while, among the educationally rejected, there is a total rejection of society.

Inevitably, Mr Tapper ends up by asking what can be done, assuming, that is, that something should be done. (Significantly, he has not asked about scholarship, or cultivated taste, or a delight in ideas—but let that pass.) The comprehensive schools are more efficient than the 11-plus at separating the sheep from the goats. But beyond that? Life should move towards less selection, Mr Tapper moderately suggests, since there is no evidence that the able have so far suffered, and some of the middle ability range have benefited; perhaps a further advance in this direction would help the next group down. But Mr Tapper's conclusion is worth quoting, for it marks the end of an era of sociological optimism.

> The end result is not an egalitarian society. The educational system *per se* cannot possibly achieve this goal. As long as there is a hierarchy of rewards in the job market then there will be differentiation in the schools. Education must ensure that everyone has the opportunity to make the best use of his potential, and selection is a major barrier that must be removed. Of course what happens to those who are still thwarted in spite of a schooling system which allows everyone to fulfil his potential is another question. We are not all equal, and no matter how you manipulate the social system we never will be. By the time these aims are achieved perhaps we will have a different type of society, one in which although all men may not be equal, at least all their varying contributions will be equally regarded and equally rewarded.

With the bosses left out

L. ALLEN:
he Sociology of Industrial Rela-
ons
2pp. Longman. Paperback, £1.75.

L. Allen, Reader in Industrial
elations at Leeds University, has
re gathered eighteen essays writ-
n at various times since 1958 "to
lustrate one particular conceptual
pproach to the study of industrial
lations". This approach starts
ith the assumption "that social be-
aviour is a dynamic phenomenon",
hich means, he explains, "that it
subject to pressures both from
ithin and without which can lend
social change, sometimes of a
ualitative kind". Behaviour, Mr
llen continues, is environmentally
etermined. But environmental
eterminism is in itself static unless
is transformed by an historical
pproach which makes it historical
aterialism.

A selection of a few points from
e argument obviously cannot do
stice to it, but what Mr Allen
ems to be saying, in layman's
nguage, is that the way people behave is controlled by history and environment. This "dynamic" approach is contrasted with the "static" approach which he attributes to many of the best-known academics writing on industrial relations. It hardly seems sufficiently novel or controversial to explain the sense of martyrdom suggested by passages like one in the first essay beginning with the accusation:

> Conventional sociologists are so accustomed to being in an unchallenged position that they are intolerant of minority views which might threaten the validity of that position.

An odd aspect of his approach is that, while he points out that all other relationships in industry have developed out of that between employees and employers, he chooses to concentrate on trade union behaviour. He is not alone in this. Many of the growing army of students of industrial relations are content to regard employers and their organizations as vague baddies in the background and leave it at that.

Yet employers' behaviour is no less a product of an ever-changing environment than that of workers and their organizations and can also lead to social change of a qualitative kind, as it could be argued that it was doing in Germany before the Second World War. To understand it is as essential as to understand the behaviour of unions.

For instance, Mr Allen includes an essay on the National Industrial Conference of 1919. One of the most interesting things about it was the behaviour of Sir Allan Smith, the employers' leader who was commonly thought of as among the most diehard, but who actively supported some radical proposals by the committee which the conference set up and who was very angry with the government for failing to play its part. That was of no less significance than the behaviour of Arthur Henderson, leader of the union side of the committee, or of the Triple Alliance.

Mr Allen of course records it. He does not neglect his facts. But he marshalls them best when he is least self-conscious about his conceptual approach.

Welfare world

Penelope Hall's Social Services of England and Wales
Edited by Anthony Forder
357pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.25.

The latest edition of Penelope Hall's mammoth work, revised by Anthony Forder of the Liverpool Social Science Department, comes just as the Seebohm-inspired integrated social service departments are at last beginning to get under way. All over the country there are Child Care Workers struggling with jobs that used to belong to Mental Welfare Officers, Home Teachers of the Blind bewildered by the complexities of adoption procedure, who will fall with relief on an up-to-date version of this standard reference book. Some of them may be disappointed. In a book that seeks to be comprehensive over such a wide and crowded field, not every subject can be covered in enough detail to be of practical use to a social worker on his daily round. What the book valuably does is to direct the reader to other sources of information — more specialized books, articles, Acts of Parliament.

The retention of Penelope Hall's name in the title is largely a gesture of respect. Anthony Forder, with the help of his Liverpool colleagues, has in fact produced an entirely new book. Education and the Employment Services now get chapters to themselves, and the earlier development of the social services is mainly dealt with in Mr Forder's historical introduction. Penelope Hall herself undertook five revisions of her original book, which was first published in 1952, and in her preface to the fourth edition she said she felt like Alice in the grip of the Red Queen. But at least she could assume a basic acceptance of the idea of the Welfare State on the part of her readers and the government of the day. New services might be brought into being, one generalizations become inaccurate with the passage of time, but, with all the surface changes, the underlying structures seemed firm.

That is no longer true, which makes Mr Forder's task even more difficult. In the interval since this new revision was completed, the debate between selectivists and universalists, to which he devotes only the last four pages, has taken on a central importance. The present Government during its short period of office has made more fundamental changes in the nature of the social services than any in the previous twenty years. Areas which once seemed uncontroversial are now the subject of angry debate, and though the split is not a straight political one—the Labour Government's record was fiercely attacked by Peter Townsend, Richard Titmuss, and the Child Poverty Action Group—it has become much harder to follow a non-partisan line on social topics.

To their credit, Anthony Forder and his eight collaborators have not tried to evade questions in dispute or to deny inadequacies in existing services. Naturally not all the contributions are of equal value. Michael Oaine's chapter on education is distinctly weak, perhaps because of the extreme compression forced on him. Mr Forder's own section on income and need is particularly good, full of hard facts and easily read tables and charts. Taken as a whole, he has done an almost impossible job about as well as it could have been done, and "Penelope Hall" remains indispensable equipment for students and social workers.

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Top dressing

NORMAN HARTNELL:
Royal Courts of Fashion
192pp. Cassell. £4.25.

Norman Hartnell writes of the royal courts of England and France, with a glance now and again at the other courts of Europe, from the time of the Tudors until 1919. By then, many courts had been swept away in war and revolution and the couturiers were firmly established on the thrones of fashion.

The book notes the main styles from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, with some reference to the industries and crafts which shared and influenced the changing fashions. Contemporary descriptions, not only of dress worn within court circles, sometimes bring a person, occasion or period vividly to life—Emma Hamilton, "dressed in a white tunic with a belt round her waist, her hair down her back or turned up with a comb".

The changing social background is also lightly sketched. This is combined with an account of successive courts, their part in historical events, their domesticities and scandals, the personal histories of princes and royal mistresses. The courts of the title are the dominant theme, fashion the supporting one. Although royal dress is described from time to time, there is no discussion of the royal fashion of courts, as a special, distinctive form, dress at its grandest and most extravagant, encrusted with status and ritual. The author does not break into this new ground, nor is there any sign that he is writing of past fashions from his own individual point of view as a couturier. He says in his introduction that he has tried "to look back nostalgically on the old and vanished world", a world "which has left us a legacy of exquisite taste and memorable elegance". The elegance is clearly revealed in the illustrations, but nostalgia for some of the happenings related here seems a little out of place.

The choice of illustrations is excellent and most of their captions are informative about the dress illustrated. But there is scarcely a date among them, and one of the few which is given, for Hoppner's portrait of Princess Mary, is too late by thirty years. It should have been pointed out that, in Zoffany's portrait of George III and his family, he and the princes are wearing not their usual eighteenth-century dress but "Vandyke" dress for the portrait. Nor is their any suggestion that there is anything unusual about the Duchess of Rutland's dress in Reynolds's portrait except "a preference for simplicity".

In the text, a reference to corsets "growing more like instruments of torture every year" seems misplaced in a passage which appears to deal with the years just before 1815. Sixteenth-century corsets were certainly rigid, and, no doubt, uncomfortable, but does such evidence as we have suggest a garment (?) quite as brutal as "solid wooden moulds into which the long-suffering wearers managed to squeeze themselves, despite the splinters which pierced their flesh and rubbed their skin raw"?

Picture prayer-book

Les Grandes Heures de Jean Duc De Berry
Edited by Marcel Thomas
183pp with 132 plates. Thames and Hudson. £18.

This is a facsimile of one of the splendid illuminated manuscripts which once formed part of the collection of Jean, Duc de Berry, brother of Charles V of France and Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. It was completed by 1409, and the inventory of the Duke's goods made in 1413 tells us that some of its miniatures were painted by the Duke's artist, Jacquemart de Hesdin. Unfortunately the extent of Jacquemart's part in the work cannot now be established because the series of large miniatures which once decorated the openings of the various devotions in the book have long been removed. It is, however, highly probable that Jacquemart's work can be identified in the large miniatures in another of the Duke's Books of Hours now in Brussels. If this is so, it is equally clear that Jacquemart's hand can no longer be seen in the *Grandes Heures*.

The main illuminator of the surviving miniatures, who has been called Pseudo-Jacquemart, was a much more conservative painter, who had been employed previously by the Duke on another of his prayer-books, the *Petites Heures*. Much of this man's work is in the tradition of the fourteenth-century Parisian illuminator Pucelle, and the grotesque line-endings which are such salient characteristics of the *Grandes Heures* are demonstrably derived from such manuscripts as the Belleville Breviary.

The *Grandes Heures* is well named. For a Book of Hours it is of enormous size, measuring 40cm by 30cm. Its decoration is extremely lavish, consisting of small miniatures at the opening of each section with historiated initials, borders and grotesques. In the calendar, with which the text begins, the decoration is unusually elaborate. Not only are the months and the Zodiac illustrated, but there is a highly sophisticated visual commentary on the concurrence of the Old and New Testaments, enacted by a series of figures of prophets and apostles. The miniatures in the Hours of the Virgin are devoted to the apocryphal story of her birth and infancy.

For the other liturgical exercises in the book there are appropriate illustrations. The Hours of the Holy Spirit has some interesting ones; particularly that of the reception of the Duke by St Peter in Heaven. In many of the borders there are the badges and devices of the Duke. Perhaps the most striking feature of the decoration are the grotesque line-endings. Although they are derived from fourteenth-century models, they have been so transformed in a naturalistic direction that one can see in them the forebears of the fifteenth-century grotesques evolving through

such French artists as the
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such a magnificent man
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that they will consider p
Petites Heures, a mo
though no less fascinati

Constructing capitals

GIOVAN FRANCESCO CRESCI:
A Renaissance Alphabet
Il Perfetto Scrittore, Parte Seconda
Unnumbered pages. University of Wisconsin Press (American University Publishers Group). £5.95.

Early in the sixteenth century, several treatises appeared with illustrations to demonstrate how roman capitals could be made by means of rulers and compasses. Provided that compasses were handled as shown, it was claimed that readers could thus construct capitals which would embody the qualities of the finest classical Roman inscriptions.

Demonstrations such as those given by Pacioli (1509), Dürer (1525) and Veribi (1527) failed to convince one talented, arrogant, observant scriptor, by name Giovan Francesco Cresci (?1534-?1614). He came to the conclusion that

> If Euclid, the Prince of Geometry, returned to this world of ours, he would never find that the curves of the letters could, by means of circles made with compasses, be constructed according to the proportion and style of ancient letters.

Cresci wrote in Italian, and the words just cited are taken from an excellent English translation by A. S. Osley, which appeared in 1968 together with a facsimile of Cresci's first book *Essemplare di piu sorti lettere*, originally published in 1560. That part of Cresci's second book, in which he demonstrates and discourses on ancient roman capitals, has now been reproduced in *A Renaissance Alphabet*. It contains an introductory essay by Donald M. Anderson on "Cresci and his Capital Alphabets". This is followed by a line facsimile of Cresci's short discourse, accompanied by a translation in English. Then follow reproductions of the twenty-three capitals, shown as in the original edition, both on a background of solid black and also on a grey field, chosen as Cresci explained "so that all could more readily see the perfection and clarity of the lines". For he noticed "the requirement of less ink for the ground of the capitals makes them stand out more clearly and in greater relief without their lines being in any way distorted".

In preparing these reproductions, Professor Anderson has removed the decorative borders which surrounded the solid backgrounds and has placed the two versions opposite each other on one opening. Cresci's letters can thus be studied with greater ease than in the original. The quality of the reproductions in 300-line offset is very good, but it was unwise to have chosen a paper with very marked chain-lines which obtrude in the solid backgrounds. Bibliographers will regret that Professor Anderson has not stated clearly from which copy or copies his reproductions have been made, and that he does not supply a complete transcription of the title-page. Nevertheless Professor Anderson's edition is extremely welcome, and in conjunction with Dr Osley's facsimile and translation of Cresci's earlier book, it provides a fascinating insight into the scriptor's development during the ten years which elapsed between the publication of Cresci's first two books.

In his discourse preceding the showing of capitals in his second book, Cresci explains that he wanted

to preserve in his capital
curvature used in antiq
be seen in the inscription
column and on other
Rome". He was keen
easy for his readers to r
type of thin curvature,
highly made the models
book almost twice as big
first. This feature w
which, more than any oth
Cresci's capitals with the
"the desired majesty"
Cresci convincingly
that "one should not
down precise rules" for
tion of capitals, on
geometry. His texts on
of letters, and on the
portions and spacing, sh
was extremely penetra
examination of class
Because he made such
his own faculties, he w
create the superb model
available in Professor
edition

The French shelves

V. F. GOLDSMITH:
A Short Title Catalogue of French Books 1601-1700 in the Library of the British Museum
Fascicule IV: H-L, pp 241-344
Fascicule V: M-P, pp 345-452.
Dawsons of Pall Mall. £6.50 each.

Two further fascicules, covering the letters from H to P, have now appeared of V. F. Goldsmith's *Short Title Catalogue of French Books 1601-1700 in the Library of the British Museum*. Although they cost more than those previously published (*TLS*, January 8, 1971), they are not really more expensive, for they contain more pages, and it is possible that the whole work will actually cost less than was expected. Another good point is that the compiler, perhaps heeding a criticism made here, has now inserted the word "missing" or "destroyed" into the entries of books no longer to be found on the Museum's shelves.

The pattern of the library's holdings remains very much the same, with religion and history predominating. The two categories combine interestingly to list, under the heading "*Jesuits . . . Letters from Mis-*

sions", a reasonably
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Books received

rt and Architecture

rth, Paul William, and Glei-
ester, Richard. *On Public View*.
A Selection of London's Open-Air
Sculpture. 256pp. Hutchinson. £8.
ndon streets offer a permanent
e open-air exhibition of sculpture
Le Sueur, Roubiliac, Rodin, St
audens, Epstein and Henry Moore
d other distinguished artists. This
election of more than 100 fine
otographs will remind Londoners
well as visitors where to find their
orks. When Queen Victoria came
the throne there were perhaps
enty "major statues" in London.
the end of her reign there were 200
d the number has since doubled.
e photographs should encourage
ondoners to look more closely at
e features of Hogarth, Cromwell,
arns, Sidney Herbert and Gordon;
Wellington's unnamed guardsmen
d the gunners at Hyde Park
orner.

viation

ent, J. A. *One of the Few*. 255pp.
William Kimber. £2.75.
he experimental test pilot may have
accept peacetime tasks quite as
ngerous as combat flying in war
me. Immediately before the war,
A. Kent, as a test pilot at Farn-
orough, was required to fly aircraft,
ith and without protective devices,
to balloon cables. He also had to
rove the behaviour of aerial mines
ung on wires beneath parachutes
hen an aeroplane became entangled
them.
There proved to be little use for
e aerial minefields but cable cutters
ere valuable aids on certain special
omber operations when war came.
A. Kent's story is told modestly
nd without heroics, yet it gives a
enuinely vivid impression of the
ay the work was done and many
und technical explanations.

iography and Memoirs

unt, Richard. *The Shadowless*
Lamp. 173pp. William Kimber.
£2.50.
ichard Hunt has picked out from
s memories a number of excellent
les which he has told well. They
ecall, almost nostalgically, life in
eneral practice before the National
ealth Service was established and
fe in India, with the army, in the
ays of the British rule. This is an
asy and agreeable book to read,
nd reveals an acutely observant eye
nd a great deal of common sense
nd humour.

acnaghten, Angus. *More Differ-*
ent Than Others. 204pp. Marsland
Press. £1.75.
ngus Macnaghten offers some
ght entertainment in this miscellany
f articles on, for the most part, an
ssortment of notable eccentrics.
ess amusingly, his gathering in-
ludes that Daniel McNaughton
hose murder of Peel's private secre-
ary in Whitehall led to the
cNaughton Rules governing pleas
f insanity in murder cases; and
he German traveller Moritz's
ccount of his unpleasant reception,
s a mere pedestrian, at Eton and
indsor inns. But here too are the
ccentric Warden Brodrick of Mer-
on College, and a group of other
ddities. At times the writer turns
rom people to places; among them
lamis Castle, to whose mysterious
ecret he suggests a possible solu-
ion. A number of the articles ap-
eared originally in periodicals.

ookery

Lo, Kenneth H. C. *Peking Cooking*.
176pp. Faber and Faber. £2.10.
Not northern Chinese cooking as the
itle might imply but the better-
known dishes of the best-known
eking restaurants (do all of them
till survive?). So the northern
ooking of Shantung, the familiar
eef and mutton recipes of the Mus-
im north-west and a selection from
provincial restaurants in the

Hunan, Kiangsi, Fukien and Kwangtung styles make up this conspectus of Chinese cuisine. Lest this should seem too epicurean Kenneth Lo rounds it off with the food one gets at foodstalls and barrows. There is a short selection of what Mr Lo calls Chinese home cooking.

He adds a useful guide to the methods of cooking—nothing so simple as frying or braising but distinguished between bean-paste sizzling, salt sizzling, onion sizzling, quick-plunging wet quick-fry and so on.

The choice of manageable dishes for the British home cook is better than in many Chinese cookery books and where else does one get the benefit of a characteristic foreword by William Empson?

Education

Fraser, W. R. *Reforms and Restraints in Modern French Education*. 178pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.50.

This book is worth reading not only by those who are professionally concerned with education, but also by those who are interested in France and the place of French culture in the world today. The author describes the evolution of the education system and its present structure, the story of the present reform movement, and then deals in considerable detail with the way in which the reforms have entered into French politics. The book ends with a fairly lengthy section on the educational problems that underlie the need for reform and the political pressures for reform, and in many ways this is the most interesting part of what is, in any case, a highly interesting book.

Rose, Brian (Editor). *Modern Trends in Education*. 295pp. Macmillan. £3.95.

Brian Rose's collection of essays lays particular emphasis upon the use of modern technology, including, for example, an essay on programmed instruction by G. O. M. Leith, and one on teaching machines by Gordon Pask. He also attempts to put the modern problem of education into a wider social and psychological background with an essay by Sir James Pitman on the Initial Teaching Alphabet, which is of considerable interest, and one by Mr Rose on the culturally deprived child. Mr Rose draws heavily upon the work done by Bernstein and is somewhat disenchanted with that of Jensen.

History

Bradford, Ernle. *Cleopatra*. 279pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £4.20.

This cannot be rated as a significant contribution to the many difficult and fascinating historical problems of Cleopatra's reign. The Select Bibliography is a give-away. It does not mention—and, more serious, the text does not show knowledge of—most of the dozen or two dozen serious pieces of research on various aspects of the subject that have been undertaken during the past two decades. Ernle Bradford writes fluently enough, and in regard to the battle of Actium his special knowledge of the Mediterranean coasts is of some help, but at the end we are not really very much wiser about this most remarkable of all queens than we were before.

George Rainbird, on the other hand, deserve a good deal of credit for the appearance of the volume that they have designed and produced for the publishers. There are some attractive illustrations, in both colour and black-and-white, although they are not all very relevant.

Literature and Criticism

Mayakovsky, Vladimir. *How Are Verses Made?* Translated by G. M. Hyde. 80pp. Cape. 90p (paperback, 40p).

In the hope of bringing out Mayakovsky's "relevance", the translator has made some praiseworthy attempts to convey the spirit rather than the strict letter of his text. But he fails to appreciate the supreme importance that the poet attached to stylistic details. The title is a good example: instead of Mayakovsky's lapidary "How to Make Verse" we get a rousing question in the passive. Unfortunately too for the translator Mayakovsky gives specimens of good and bad Russian poetry; but in this version Pasternak's "inspired quatrain" emerges as a lifeless and padded piece of doggerel, while the wish to make a rhyme in Elmar Grin's *Carmagnole* (where it is not required) turns it into a respectable piece of Mayakovsky. Perhaps quotations from modern English poets might have reflected Mayakovsky's intentions more faithfully.

Local History

Archer, Fred. *The Secrets of Bredon Hill*. 158pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.95.

This country chronicle spans the year 1900 in a Cotswold village under Bredon. The way of life pictured, and centred in that of a typical old couple, was still of the traditional pattern, though hints of change were beginning to appear in the shape of new farm machinery and the tendency of young people to migrate to the towns. Fred Archer's quiet chronicle of a past time has caught the tone of country talk and the slow pace of life very happily, and the simple annals have the ring of truth.

Medicine

Wadsworth, M. E. J., Butterfield, W. J. H., and Blaney, R. *Health and Sickness: The Choice of Treatment*. Perception of Illness and Use of Services in an Urban Community. 114pp. Tavistock. £2.

The aim of this study, say the authors, "has been to describe what medicines and measures were taken by a randomly selected population of adults to manage their health complaints". A few, 5 per cent of the sample, had no such complaints; of the remainder, three-quarters had consulted a doctor at some time. Respiratory disease and mental or psychological disorders of some sort made the two largest groups in the sample. The number of people who diagnosed their own illness and treated themselves is large, but this is probably to be expected. This is altogether a useful little study, for it gives some indication of what may be expected to be the pattern of medical practice, in a town, in the future.

Poetry

Zabolotsky, Nikolai. *Scrolls*. Translated by Daniel Weissbort. 95pp Cape. £90p (paperback, 40p).

The idea of translating Zabolotsky is to be welcomed, but this book is quite unworthy of its subject. Despite the title, only eight of the twenty-two poems in *Scrolls* are given here, and one of those is in the revised and heavily cut version of 1958; most of the poems are taken from Zabolotsky's later years when he was moving away from, or had moved away from, the idiom of his first book. The introduction and notes contain the usual clichés on Zabolotsky's "expressionism" and his "satire on social-historical types", and the translator does his best to justify these verdicts by a heavy-handed free-verse rendering, which gives no hint of the characteristic bounce of Zabolotsky's rhymes and rhythms. Frequently the translator's knowledge of Russian is inadequate: elementary grammatical errors make complete nonsense of "The Circassian Girl" and "On the Stairs". No doubt most readers will blame these travesties on the poet and not on the translator: it seems a poor way of recommending him.

Social History

Huggett, Frank E. *How It Happened*. 100pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £2.

The theme is the circumstances of everyday life as experienced through the past 200 years. The writer groups these under the five headings of birth and education, love and marriage, work and leisure, crime and wars, and sickness and mourning. The narrative traces briefly developments in each field, and more detailed works are suggested for those who would follow any of the subjects further. Interesting also as a picture-book with a wide range of illustrations from many rather unfamiliar sources.

Sociology

Mill, John Stuart. *A Logical Critique of Sociology*. Edited by Ronald Fletcher. 431pp. Michael Joseph. £5

Ronald Fletcher has brought together selections from Mill's methodological and sociological writings, together with fifty pages of introduction. He has a clear sense of Mill's intellectual standing, and especially of his openness to continental influence. He has a good eye for what is interesting in Mill's approach to the methodology of the social sciences and a good ear for those remarks on politics which cut through our contemporary muddles as acutely as they cut through those of a hundred years ago. The selections are open to some criticism—the essay on *The Definition and Method of Political Economy* is less easily obtained than *The System of Logic* and the late *Chapters on Socialism* are harder to come by than the selected passages of the *Political Economy*.

Tourism

Beazley, Elizabeth. *The Countryside on View*. Drawings by Desmond Thomas. 207pp. Constable. £1.50.

John, Duke of Bedford in collaboration with George Mikes. *How to run a Stately Home*. 125pp. André Deutsch. £1.15.

Visitors to a countryside centre or historic home must be guided so that they do not unwittingly spoil what they have come to see. Elizabeth Beazley, a member of the National Trust's Executive Committee, gives the nuts and bolts of setting up and running these centres and writes with authority on how to avoid the "dry-as-dust museum" atmosphere and maintain the "lived-in illusion".

Woburn has been open to "gentlemen and foreigners" since the nineteenth century. To keep the family place going, the present Duke now employs three hundred people and each year some 1,200,000 paying guests share his inheritance. His advice to other Stately Home owners about to go commercial is shrewd and amusing, and based on his observation of visitors from all over the world. Thanks to his efficient methods, the Stately Fun Palace is becoming accepted as a national institution.

Ward, Philip. *Touring Cyprus*. 143pp. Oleander Press. Paperback, £1.40.

This is a valuable book for those who want a brief guide to Cyprus. It omits nothing of importance and is sensibly arranged. The information about hotels, methods of transport, shopping and so on is accurate. Philip Ward, who has long experience of Mediterranean and Middle East countries, writes well and amusingly about the history of the island and the many fine sights for the historically-minded to seek out. He is particularly knowledgeable on the Byzantine frescoes for which Cyprus is famous; most of the best are in rather inaccessible spots and his advice on how to find them is just what the tourist wants.

Transport

Thomas, John. *Scotland: The Lowlands and the Borders*. A Regional History of the Railways of Great Britain, volume 5. 288pp. including 29 plates. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.50.

In a typically lively book John Thomas looks back at the development of railways in the whole of Central Scotland from the Forth-Clyde valley to the Border. It is an area that witnessed every kind of operation from rural working to intensive inter-city running between Edinburgh and Glasgow and which at the end of the nineteenth century was the scene of the last stage of the Anglo-Scottish railway races. Scotland had an independent railway system before it was linked with England and the cut and thrust of competition was every bit as sharp as it was south of the Border.

War

Tugwell, Maurice. *Airborne to Battle*. A History of Airborne Warfare 1918-1971. 367pp. William Kimber. £4.50.

The results of using airborne troops have been so mixed in the relatively short period of air power that few dogmas on the subject have been formulated. In making his survey, Maurice Tugwell has not arrived at any fresh conclusions, but he has been at great pains to discover the facts of numerous airborne operations throughout the greater part of this century and his book is therefore particularly valuable to those who would re-fight these battles and frame their own verdict.

World Affairs

Austin, Dennis. *Malta and the End of the Empire*. 132pp. Cass. £2.50.

Integration with the United Kingdom, as a solution to the problems of Malta, seems in retrospect a singularly unlikely proposition. Yet it was, of course, for a time in the 1950s the stated policy of both British and Malta Governments.

To understand the development of support for the idea, and its evaporation, it is necessary to have some insight into the complex history of Malta, a history in which politics, personalities and religion are firmly intertwined.

In this short and lively study Professor Austin provides such an insight. He has managed to cut through the complications of the story and present it in its essentials, without noticeably losing objectivity or balance.

Perhaps the most telling illustration of his skill is his assessment of Mr Mintoff, who played such a key role in the integration issue. Professor Austin emphasizes the volatility and often erratic restlessness of Mintoff, but he draws attention also to the clarity of his vision at a time when British defence policy, vital for Malta, was in a state of confused flux.

Bell, Coral. *The Conventions of Crisis*. A Study in Diplomatic Management. 131pp. Oxford University Press for The Royal Institute of International Affairs. Paperback, £1.

Crises of a kind which once led inexorably from local conflicts to major wars no longer seem to do so, though local conflicts are more frequent than ever. Coral Bell examines the reasons in her lucid and readable study. In the background lies the unspoken fear of nuclear war; but in the foreground is a developing skill in the management of crises, abetted by modern techniques of surveillance and signalling. An interesting distinction is drawn between "adversary crises" between basically hostile powers and "intramural crises" within an alliance (such as Cyprus in 1955 or Czechoslovakia in 1968). Miss Bell derives and illustrates the theory that the peace has been preserved not by institutions such as the UN but by the evolution of an "adverse partnership" between the superpowers. Being temperamentally an optimist (though not without a touch of cynicism), she expects the same beneficent system to continue with the co-option of Communist China.

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Libraries

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APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST as CATALOGUE EDITOR to [illegible] in preparing a printed catalogue of the library's loan collection [illegible]. The appointment is temporary but will be for at least three years. Salary and conditions of service equivalent to S.E.C. Librarian's Grade (£1,512 p.a. [illegible] including London Weighting).

Applicants should have suitable qualifications in librarianship, a thorough knowledge of music and a working knowledge of French and German.

Application form obtainable from the Librarian, Central Music Library, 160 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9UD, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than 4th February, 1972.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BLACKPOOL

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience to take charge of the Children's Library and Schools Library Service.

Salary: Librarians' Scale (within the range £1,545 to £1,932 per annum).

No application forms, but further details of the post are obtainable from the Chief Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Queen Street, Blackpool FY1 1PX, to whom applications should be sent together with the names of two referees by Monday, 24th January, 1972.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF EASTBOURNE

CHELSEA COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the College Library.

This is an additional post in an expanding library catering for 550 students specialising in Physical Education.

Candidates should take a lively interest in recent developments in education and should preferably have had some experience in dealing with young people.

Salary in accordance with Local Authorities' Assistant Librarian Scale (£1,140–£1,932 with bar at £1,653, minimum entry point for Chartered Librarians £1,545).

Further information and forms of application are obtainable from the Principal, Chelsea College of Physical Education, Denton Road, Eastbourne (stamp for reply), to whom they should be returned by 24th January, 1972.

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

(Female)

required for small but busy Library of Professional Institute. Early 20s, must be able to do own typing and have had some special library experience. Knowledge of UDC and/or coordinate indexing an advantage.

Salary £1,250 to £1,450 plus L.V.s.

Telephone or write under confidential cover to Mrs C. Griffiths, Institute of Cost and Works Accountants, 63 Portland Place, W1N 4AB. 01-580 6542.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for the POST of LENDING LIBRARIAN at Bexhill Branch Library, salary on the Librarian's scale, with a maximum of £1,653 p.a., which is the salary point for a Chartered Librarian. Applications from persons with Part 2 will be considered, and the main requirement is experience in a busy lending department.

Applications, giving details of age, experience and qualifications, and naming two referees, to the County Librarian, 44 St. Anne's Crescent, Lewes, Sussex by Saturday, 29th January, 1972. There are no application forms.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

HERTFORDSHIRE COLLEGE OF BUILDING
St Peter's Road, St. Albans
Telephone St Albans 54273

Required from 1st May, 1972. TUTOR-LIBRARIAN to take charge of and to administer the College Library, and to arrange and conduct Library Tutorial programmes. Considerable importance is attached to the growth of library services within the College in relation to the development of all College courses, and the person appointed will be expected to maintain and develop further the Library function generally.

Candidates should possess a suitable professional qualification, and preference will be given to those with formal teacher training.

Salary £2,195–£2,575 per annum. Removal expenses and lodging allowance payable in certain cases.

Application forms, returnable by 28th January, 1972, and further details may be obtained from the Principal.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Hemel Hempstead Branch Library, A.P. II/III. Minimum qualifications: Part I of the Library Association Examination. Removal expenses, lodging and travelling allowance where appropriate.

Particulars from County Librarian, County Hall, Hertford; applications within 14 days.

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE
THANET TECHNICAL COLLEGE

APPLICATIONS invited for the POST of TUTOR/LIBRARIAN. Chartered Librarian preferred. Salary grade Lecturer I (£1,375 to £2,155).

Disturbance allowance payable in approved circumstances.

Particulars and application forms from the County Librarian, Kent County Library, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom completed forms should be returned by 28th January.

CORPORATION OF LONDON

GUILDHALL LIBRARY

RESEARCH ASSISTANT required for a large general reference library with strong historical collection. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and a university degree would be an advantage. Salary scale £1,429 to £2,105, with proficiency bar at £2,190. Starting point being [illegible] dependent on age and qualifications.

Application form and further details from the Librarian, Guildhall Library, London EC2P 2EJ. Closing date, 24th January, 1972.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET

LIBRARY SERVICES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Bibliographical Services Centre on Grade A.P. 2/3—£1,395 to £1,932 per annum plus London Weighting.

Candidates should have completed the qualifying examinations for Associateship of the Library Association.

Full details and application forms from the Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 4BE. Closing date 22nd January, 1972.
R. H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET

LIBRARY SERVICES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT [illegible] plus London Weighting. [illegible] should be Chartered Librarians [illegible]

The [illegible] Application forms and further details from the Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 4BE. Closing date [illegible] January, 1972.
R. H. WILLIAMS, Town Clerk.

MADELEY COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians, or Librarians who have completed the L.A. examinations.

Position becomes vacant in February, 1972, but consideration will be given to candidates who would not be free to take up the appointment until a later date (March or April 1972).

Salary at appropriate point on S.E.C. scale for Librarians (£1,140 to £1,653 then to £1,932), initial placing on scale according to ability and experience.

Further particulars and application form from the Chief Administrative Officer, Madeley College of Education, Madeley, near Crewe, CW3 9HY, to be returned by 28th January 1972.

MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (CATALOGUER). Candidates should have attained Associateship of the Library Association or hold a university degree or diploma in librarianship.

Salary within the scale £1,440 to £2,060. Point of entrance according to age and experience. Superannuation provision.

Applications, which should include the names of two referees, should be sent to the Director, National Institute for Medical Research, Mill Hill, London, NW7 1AA.

MIDDLETON ST. GEORGE

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

APPLICATIONS are invited from chartered librarians for the POST of LIBRARIAN.

Candidates should have proved administrative ability, and should preferably be graduates, able to undertake some tutorial work. Salary scale A.P.5 (£2,199 to £2,457).

Further particulars and application forms from the Principal, Middleton St. George College of Education, near Darlington, Co. Durham, to whom they should be returned not later than 31st January, 1972.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the undermentioned POSTS in the County Library.

(1) DISTRICT LIBRARIAN, Oxted. Grade AP 5—£2,199 to £2,457 per annum.

(2) (Readvertisement) DEPUTY DISTRICT LIBRARIAN, Walton and Weybridge. Librarian's Grade AP 4—£1,653 to £2,199 per annum.

Generous relocation expenses and assistance with house purchase in approved cases.

Further particulars are obtainable from the County Librarian, 140 High Street, Esher, Surrey KT10 9QR, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

CITY OF SWANSEA

SWANSEA COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for APPOINTMENT as LIBRARIAN (two posts: men or women). A knowledge of Welsh would be an advantage. Candidates will need, on occasion, to undertake some evening and Saturday duties, within their normal working week.

Salary scale: £1,140 to £1,893 (minimum for qualified staff £1,545).

Application forms (and particulars) from the undersigned; for return by 27th January, 1972.

L. J. DREW, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Swansea.
January, 1972.

WEST RIDING COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of:—LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE KNARESBOROUGH DIVISION MOBILE BRANCH LIBRARY.

Salary within Librarians Scale (minimum for Chartered Librarians £1,545 per annum).

For further details and form of application please apply to County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Balne Lane, Wakefield, WF2 0DQ.

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Application forms (NSC AP2) and Job Description available from the Personnel Officer, Highcroft, Romsey Road, Winchester.

Closing date for applications: 28th January, 1972.

WEST RIDING COUNTY LIBRARY

BRANCH LIBRARIAN WETHERBY. Salary librarians scale (minimum for chartered librarians, £1,545 per annum). Further details and form from County Librarian, Balne Lane, Wakefield.

BOROUGH OF WREXHAM

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APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the appointment of SENIOR ASSISTANT. Salary within the Librarians' Grade (for Chartered Librarians £1,545 to £1,932).

Further particulars from the undersigned.

Applications containing details of age, qualifications and experience and the names of two referees to be received by the undersigned by 31st January, 1972.

John P. Hughes, LL.B., Town Clerk, Guildhall, Wrexham.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM

LIBRARY SERVICE

Professional staff vacancies:

1. SUB-LIBRARIAN, LENDING SERVICES (AP 3-4)
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4. ASSISTANT CATALOGUER (Librarians' Special Scale)
5. SENIOR ASSISTANT, LENDING SERVICES (Librarians' Special Scale)

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Post 1 £1,653-£2,199 per annum.
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Posts 2-4. £1,140-£1,932 per annum.
Point of entry and progression in accordance with professional qualifications.
Post 5. £1,140-£1,653 per annum.
Point of entry in accordance with qualifications and experience.

Applications, stating post applied for: age: qualifications and experience: and giving the name of one referee, must reach the Borough Librarian, East Ham Library, High St., South, London, E.6, 4 EL., not later than Saturday, 22nd January, 1972.

G. E. SMITH Town Clerk.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Applications are invited for the post of

LECTURER

in the above Department. Candidates with a special interest in Literature before 1700 may be preferred.

Salary scale £1,491 to £3,417 per annum.

Applications, by letter (six copies), together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary to the University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh, EH8 9YL from whom further particulars may be obtained. The closing date for applications is 2nd February, 1972. Please quote reference 1084.

NATIONAL CENTRAL LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of RESEARCH ASSISTANT. The person appointed will join a team carrying out system analysis of various aspects of national loan systems, including the possible application of ADP. Knowledge and/or experience of libraries, ADP systems and statistical method is desirable, and a systems approach essential. The NCL will form part of the new British Library and most of its work will move to Boston Spa, Yorkshire, probably in 1973. Preference will be given to candidates prepared to move with the library; others can only be considered for a temporary appointment.

Salary on scale of £1,797 to £2,601 starting point according to experience and qualifications.

Applications, giving the name of two referees, to the Librarian, National Central Library, Store Street, London WC1E 7DG by 28th January, 1972.

PETERBOROUGH CITY LIBRARIES

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARY
AP 3 (£1,653-£1,932 p.a.)

Applicants must be CHARTERED LIBRARIANS. Peterborough has been designated a New Town and its population is to be doubled over the next 15 years. The post offers interesting experience in a dynamic and expanding community.

Removal expenses and housing in approved cases.

Further particulars from the City Librarian, Central Library, Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RX, to whom applications, with the names of two referees, should be sent by 22nd January, 1972.

SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON
207-225 Essex Road, London N1 3PN.
RESEARCH ASSISTANT IN LIBRARIANSHIP

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified librarians, or those who have completed their professional studies and examinations, for the POST of RESEARCH ASSISTANT to help in an enquiry into the dissemination of economics research papers.

The work is primarily one of establishing a controlled retrieval language (classification and thesaurus) capable of handling the literature concerned.

Interest in, and training in, the construction of retrieval languages is essential; some acquaintance with the concepts and terminology of economics would be an advantage. The work will be done under the guidance of a member of the School's staff.

The work will last one year, beginning as soon as possible. The appointment is financed jointly by the School and the Library of the University of Warwick. Salary: £1,400 per annum (under review).

Application forms and further details are obtainable from the School. Informal enquiries (to Mr J. Mills or Mr D. Langridge) are welcome. (Telephone: 01-226 0131.)

Closing date for applications: 26 January, 1972.

DONCASTER COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

High Melton Hall
Doncaster

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at this mixed college of approximately 700 students.

The library contains over 40,000 volumes and a new library building is nearing completion.

The successful applicant will assist in day-to-day library administration but will also be given opportunity to specialise.

Salary: Librarian's scale (£1,140 to £1,932).

Further particulars and application forms returnable by February 4th, 1972, are obtainable from the Principal at the above address.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY
Dartford College of Education
Oakfield Lane, Dartford, Kent
Principal: Mrs. M. J. Chamberlain

Librarian

Applications are invited from qualified and experienced Librarians to take charge of this expanding library, which has recently moved into new accommodation.

Salary scale £2,568-£2,670-£2,772-£2,874 plus £30 Supplementary London Weighting.

Further particulars and application form which should be returned by 28th January, 1972, may be obtained from the Principal at the College.

SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT to the Editor of the Scottish Union Catalogue, at a commencing salary of £1,545 rising by increments to £1,932 per annum, with placing according to experience. Consideration would be given to applicants who have passed the appropriate examinations but who are not yet registered as Chartered Librarians. Applications in writing, accompanied by copies of three testimonials, should reach the Librarian, Scottish Central Library, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh EH1 2PJ, within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Letchworth
TUTOR LIBRARIAN

The Governors invite APPLICATIONS for the POST of TUTOR LIBRARIAN from Chartered Librarians, preferably with teaching experience. The person appointed will be responsible for the Library's tutorial programme and for the administration of the College library services.

Salary scale: Burnham Senior Lecturer Grade, £2,920 rising to £3,360.

Applications should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal and should include full details (no forms issued) of age, education, training and experience (with dates), qualifications, subjects offered, other relevant information, and the names and addresses of two referees.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT DIVISIONAL SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

Mid Herts, based at Hatfield. A.P. IV. Minimum qualification: Associateship of the Library Association. Removal expenses, lodging and travelling allowance where appropriate.

Particulars from County Librarian, County Hall, Hertford; applications within 14 days.

Public and University Appointments

UNIVERSITY OF BOTSWANA, LESOTHO AND SWAZILAND

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of (a) LECTURER or (b) ASSISTANT LECTURER in DEPARTMENT of ENGLISH. Interest in Drama, Play Production and Speech Training advantageous. Appointment will be to the University Centre in Botswana in the first instance, but appointee may be invited to teach at Roma should the necessity arise. Appointment will be on contract for limited periods normally for 3 years in the first instance.

Salary scale: (a) R2,700 to R4,500 per annum, (b) R2,292 to R2,602 per annum (salary and entry point according to qualifications and experience). A 25 per cent gratuity is paid in lieu of superannuation. The British Government may supplement salary in range [illegible] p.a. (sterling) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Car allowance; medical scheme; installation grant; family passages; biennial overseas leave.

Detailed applications (six copies) naming three referees by 2nd February, 1972, to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT, from whom particulars are available.

LANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC

COVENTRY SITE

Applications are invited for the following posts w[...] result from the reorganisation of the Polyte[...] Library.

Deputy Librarian

(Main Library)

To act as Deputy to the Polytechnic Librarian and to be responsible for the organisation and supervision of the Main Library, Jordan Well.

Applicants must be graduate Chartered Librarians, Fellows of the Library Association, with appropriate experience.

Salary: £2,920 - £3,570 p.a. (Burnham Se[...] Lecturer/Principal Lecturer grades).

Deputy Librarian

(Art & Design)

To be responsible to the Polytechnic Librarian for the Faculty of Art and Design Library, where the former Librarian has taken up another appointment. Applicants should be suitably qualified with appropriate experience. A qualification in Art, a degree, or experience in Art Libraries will be an advantage.

Salary: £2,195 - £2,875 p.a. (Burnham Lect[...] Grade II)

Application forms and further particulars available from Assistant Secretary (Personnel), Lanchester Polytechnic, Priory Street, Coventry CV1 5FB, returnable by 28th January 1972.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL
requires

ASSISTANT

for BOOK EXHIBITIONS DEPARTMENT, LONDON

Duties include assembly and mounting of book exh[...] for overseas, and require knowledge of the British trade and of book selection for overseas markets. [...] dates should be graduates, aged 26 or over.

Salary scale [illegible] Non-contributory superannuation scheme with transfer arrangements.

Write, quoting F/1/C8, to Staff Recruitment Depa[...] The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1Y [...] for further particulars and application form, to be [...]mitted by 4th February.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF EDUCATI[...]

Applications are invited for the following post [...]

LIBRARIAN

Applicants should be chartered Librarians. A University degree and/or experience in an academic library or with [illegible] materials would be an advantage.

Salary Scale: £1,872-£2,457

Further information and application forms may be obtained from the College Secretary with whom applications should be lodged not later than Monday 24th January, 1972.

College of Education, Bothwell Road, Ham[...] Lanarkshire, ML3 0BD.

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE
ANDERSONIAN LIBRARY

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the above post. Candidates should be Honours Graduates and possess a professional qualification. They should also have experience in the administration of an Academic Library.

Salary: Senior Lecturer scale [illegible] per annum with F.S.S.U. benefits. Placing on scale according to experience and qualifications.

Further particulars, quoting 5/72, can be obtained from the Registrar, University of Strathclyde, George Street, Glasgow, with whom applications should be lodged by 31st January, 1972.

ISLINGTON LIBRARIES

DEPUTY BRANCH LIBRARIAN

(A.P.4 £2,076-£2,34[...] inc. L.W.)

ASSISTANT CATALOGUE[...]

(A.P.3 £1,797-£2,07[...] inc. L.W.)

Applications are invited from suitably qualified [...] the above posts. Candidates for the position of Dep[...] Librarian must have [illegible] library experience.

Application forms and [illegible] are available from [illegible] Librarian, 68 Holloway [...] London, N7 8JN (Tel. [...] Closing date 23rd Ja[...]

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES &c

[...]OOKS AND PRINTS

[...] bookseller from Aberdeen writes:
[...]A regular space in the TLS produces a steady flow [...]f enquiries, a most satisfactory number of which [...]sults in purchases."

[...]roof of the pulling power of the Classified Advertise[...]ent Columns of The Times Literary Supplement. Are [...]ou using them too? The rates are 35p a line or £5.50 [...]r a single column inch and pro rata.

For further particulars, please apply to: Rachel Grenfell, T.L.S., Printing House Square, London, EC4P 4DE. 01-236 2000, ext. 280.

Librarians

LONDON AND SOUTH EASTERN LIBRARY REGION

(Laser)
CATALOGUING SYSTEMS DEVELOPMENT

LASER needs a CHARTERED [...]IBRARIAN, at Departmental Head [...]vel, to assist in the design, and to [...]rganize the development of a computer [...]sed cataloguing system. Experience of [...]D.P. an advantage; enthusiasm for it [...]rtually essential.

Salary A.P. 5 (£2,025 to £2,457), plus [...]144 Inner London Weighting. Local [...]overnment Superannuation. Five-day [...]eek—no Saturdays or evenings.

Further details from J. M. Plaister, [...]ondon and South Eastern Library [...]egion, National Central Library, Store [...]treet, London WC1E 7DG. Closing [...]ate: 26th January, 1972.

BOROUGH OF GOSPORT

SENIOR ASSISTANT (MUSIC)

APPLICATIONS are invited for this [...]OST which will mainly be concerned [...]ith the Music and Gramophone Loan [...]ervice being established for the new [...]entral Library now in course of erection. [...]alary, A.P. Grade 2, £1,395 to £1,653. [...]inimum qualifications, Part I of the [...]eneral Professional Examinations and [...]referably a knowledge of and interest [...] music.

Applications by letter, giving two [...]eferees, to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, [...]sport, [illegible] by 31st January [...]972.

[...]UNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT for Reference Library. Previous library experience and typing desirable. Five-day week 9.00 to 5.15.—Apply: Personnel Officer, R.N.I.B., 224 Great Portland Street, London, W1N 6AA.

BANK OF ENGLAND
Vacancies exist for

Library Assistants

(female) for duties in the General Lending and Reference Libraries. Candidates should be not less than 18 years of age and salary is on an age-related scale.

Applications, stating educational qualifications and previous experience, should be sent to the Chief of Establishments (Recruiting Division), Bank of England, London, EC2R 8AH, not later than the 28th January, 1972.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF DUNBARTON

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from experienced CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for a POST as BRANCH LIBRARIAN in the New Kilpatrick area. Salary scale, £1,545 to £1,932.

Applications are also invited from qualified or partly qualified Librarians for a post as Senior Assistant in the above area. Salary scale, Trainee Grade, £1,092-£1,461. Placing on both scales according to qualifications and experience.

Applications, including the names of two referees, should be sent to the Director of Education, County Council Offices, Dumbarton, as soon as possible.

TYPIST/ASSISTANT CATALOGUER for small research library. Accuracy essential, languages useful. Salary according to qualifications. Write, giving details of experience etc., or phone International African Institute, 10/11 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Tel. 01-353 4751.

Librarian

Applications are invited for the appointment of a Librarian to take charge of the Board's Central Library at the London Headquarters. This Library is a part of the CEGB Information Services and serves the Board's engineers, scientists and administrators throughout the country.

The Librarian will be required to co-operate with information, translating and abstracting staffs to foster an integrated service in collaboration with other CEGB and outside libraries. Candidates must be Chartered Librarians, and a scientific or engineering background would be an advantage. They should have wide experience in a senior post preferably including special library work, and should possess an up-to-date knowledge of documentation techniques and library procedures.

Salary range £2895-£3279 p.a. inc., according to qualifications and experience.

Applications stating full relevant details and present salary to the Personnel Officer (Headquarters), Central Electricity Generating Board, Sudbury House, 15 Newgate Street, London EC1A 7AU., by 28 January 1972.
Quote Ref. TLS/316/P.

CENTRAL ELECTRICITY GENERATING BOARD

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

SENIOR ASSISTANT

£1,797–£2,076

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians, or from those who have completed the L.A. Final Examination or its equivalent, with suitable experience.

Further particulars and application forms from the Establishment Officer, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London, E2 9LN. Please quote ref. 9/1. Closing date 24th January, 1972.

India Office Library and Records

Director

£6135

The Director is Librarian of the India Office Library and Keeper of the India Office Records. He is responsible to the Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs as Librarian, for maintaining the Library's western and oriental books, manuscripts and drawings, and, as Keeper, for the custody of the archives, official publications and maps in the Record Office. Together these provide an unrivalled concentration of research material for both classical Indology and modern area studies.

Candidates, men and women preferably between 40 and 55 years of age, must be of high academic standing. They should normally be professionally qualified in, and have had experience of, librarianship or archive administration.

It is hoped that the successful candidate will be able to take up this appointment in September 1972. Salary £6135; non-contributory pension scheme.

Fuller details of this appointment may be obtained by writing to the **Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants,** or telephoning BASINGSTOKE 29222, ext. 500 or LONDON 01-839 1696 (24-hour "Ansafone" service) quoting reference G/7875/LS.
Closing date 4th February 1972.

Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts

Secretary

£5175—£5795

The Commission's main function is to locate and examine collections of privately-owned papers important to historical and other research, and to publish the contents where appropriate and approved. It encourages and assists the preservation and storage of such manuscripts and records, and helps those wishing to use these documents for study and research. The Commission also maintains the National Register of Archives.

The Secretary is the Commission's principal officer. He advises the Commissioners on policy, and is responsible for its implementation. There is a staff of 25.

Candidates, men and women, should preferably be aged between 35 and 55. They must be of high academic standing in an appropriate field, and should normally also offer other relevant qualifications.

Starting salary £5175; non-contributory pension scheme.

Fuller details of this appointment may be obtained from the **Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants,** or by telephoning BASINGSTOKE 29222 ext. 500 or LONDON 01-839 1696 (24-hour "Ansafone" service), quoting reference G/7869/LS.
Closing date 4th February 1972.

Librarian/ Technical Information Officer

£1926–£2199
£1644–£1926

This post is in the Department of Architecture and Planning under Gordon Redfern DipArch ARIBA, and provides a full technical information service to all departments of Northampton Development Corporation.

The successful candidate will be required to maintain and up-date a reference library (Cl Sfb classification) covering professional publications, journals and technical reports concerned with architecture, planning, quantity surveying and so on. He will also be required to investigate new sources of information, to maintain an index of suppliers and products, to index and file photographs, slides and samples, to provide feed back on the performance of products, materials and equipment used on contracts and to research data for reports and lectures. Applicants should hold an ALA qualification and should preferably have experience in a technical library.

Starting salary, within the grades shown, will depend upon qualifications and experience. The post is pensionable. Temporary housing is available, and there are generous allowances for removal and other expenses in approved cases. Applicants should state age, qualifications and experience, present salary and give the names of two referees. Closing date 20 January 1972.

Northampton Development Corporation

Write to:
General Manager
Cromwell Street
Northampton NN1 2JE

Government Communications Headquarters, Cheltenham

Librarian

. . . with professional qualifications and some practical experience required for the Library at Cheltenham. Those expecting to obtain professional qualifications in February, 1972, will be considered.

The work includes responsibility for the book ordering and cataloguing routines; classification and cataloguing of books and reports; preparation and editing of monthly accessions lists and occasional bibliographies, together with some reference and inquiry work.

SALARY: £1,083-£2,000. Starting salary may be above the minimum. Non-contributory pension. Good promotion prospects.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 3 February, 1972), write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, or telephone BASINGSTOKE 29222, ext. 500, or LONDON, 01-839 1696 (24-hour "Ansafone" service), quoting G/624/(A).

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Chartered Librarian

A Chartered Librarian, preferably with a degree in one of the Social Sciences is required for the Foundation's Information Service.

Candidates must have proven organisational capability and an ability to produce concise and meaningful financial budgets. Experience in compiling staff manuals and knowledge of or willingness to learn flow charting techniques would be added advantages. The successful candidate would be a man or woman who has knowledge of and experience in producing an effective library service.

Salary Scale £1,932 to £2,625. Contributory Pension Schemes: Teachers', Local Government, or existing FSSU Policies. 6 weeks annual leave. Post vacant from 1st April, 1972.

For application form and further particulars apply:
Mrs. P. P. Harris (Personnel) Post No. 103/B,
National Foundation for Educational Research in England and Wales,
The Mere, Upton Park,
Slough, Bucks SL1 2DQ.
Telephone: Slough 28161.
Closing date for application forms 31st January, 1972.